

RISHMA DUNLOP

## Postscript

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*for my daughter who would be my eulogist*

Last night you had a dream. It was my funeral.  
You were reading my eulogy. You spoke of my  
perpetual claim that any day was a good day to die.

There is nothing definitive to be said of the dead.  
But I have some requests for your future script, my darling.

Tell those who are gathered that I have loved and  
I have been beloved.

You do not need to speak to virtue or morals. You may  
wish to say I endured suffering but I believed  
my bruises to be pale beside the wounds of history.

Tell them that I loved my companions most of all.  
Tell them you were one of them who gave me  
a better way to journey alone.

Spread my ashes into the blue waters of the bay I have loved,  
for there, on the wings of cranes, in the embrace of the delta  
and its wetlands, it is always morning.

P.S.

You may have:  
my black dress  
my red shoes  
my pearls  
my hats and suitcases  
my books and manuscripts.  
Make of these things a breathing archive.  
Write yourself into every century.  
Find me again and again as one with whom  
faith could be kept.