

Bequest

Convert all residue of my estate
to U.S. currency of varied denominations.
Assemble it with my ashes
in the bomb bay of a B-17.
Fly low over Buffalo County.
Calibrate the crosshairs for the Crow Creek Reservation.
Release my dust to sun dance in the wind amid
a waterfall of greenbacks and light.
Let the members of the tribe stuff wads of cash
into their pockets for unrestricted use.
When they're poor again,
having bought their way through Christmas,
some random bills might wash up on the riverbank,
or waft down from a blackbird's nest.
To Hell with conventions and social implications,
I hereby, expressly revoke all other wills.

— Caroline Sposto