
Afterlife

You know how I learned fierce discipline?
From when I was about three years young
I milked my aunts four cows early in the morning,
Weeded the vegetable garden in the afternoon
And in bed I ate the scratched chalk from the wall.

You know how I learned the perfect etiquette?
I pressed thick books under my armpits
Which got thinner in the course of time,
And when they happened to fall to the ground,
I got slapped in the face by the strict nuns.

You know how I became a good Christian?
Six o'clock sharp Hail Mary in mass,
On Sundays and with Celebrations twice,
And in between I had wild fantasies
Of designs for a grand Afterlife.