Carried Off In
By Andy Breckenridge

Your coffin is made of wickerwork, so very light. Like the garden furniture of the nineteen seventies, it creaks and snaps as you settle back. No. Your coffin is made of a pale blue balsa wood substitute. Empty, the wind could drag and scrape it across the car park, a pushover compared to your average wheelie bin. No. Your coffin is made of white A3 sheets of paper held together with strips of masking tape from a fresh roll. Foldaway, portable. I'm bringing it round now. No. Your coffin is a 3D design on my screen. I use the mouse to whirl and pivot round every elevation, see the pixels stretch and tumble. I'll ping it over in a minute. No. Your coffin is 30 thousand tons of concrete supporting the new flyover, hardening around you and I'm one of the select few who know where you are. No. Your coffin is the sea and you sleep with the fishes. Your bony fingers caress a soft toy dolphin, clutch it to your ribs. Wait. Your coffin doesn't contain you, any more than you contain your coffin, because you are held in the cloudy breath of a memory told, one friend to another, on a bright October morning.