

Dead Dad

Beneath the coffin lid,
my father's infamous bouffant quiff,
having already defied the skin-slippage stage of death,
remained intact.

Holding out to the very end;
beating even his hard-bitten teeth,
in the white heat jet blast
of the incinerator.

I just hope and pray he's in Heaven now,
with its impressive range of hair care products,
and not in Hell, where it's kept on a shelf;
eternally a fingertip away.