

# A PRIEST AT THE CREMATORIUM

by

David Scott

Outside the West Chapel,  
I was flipping through the prayers  
in final preparation for the service  
of someone who had cycled  
the groceries around on a bike.  
The family in awkward suits,  
were nipping their fags, before  
stepping onto the automatic  
mourners' walkway. It was  
sticky hot. To eye the coffin in  
I looked up, and towards  
the East Chapel there flowed,  
like candles on a river,  
twenty upright women  
in saris; their veils catching  
and releasing the sun.  
They were so graceful, as if  
there was no such thing as death

(David Scott's new book, *Selected Poems*, is published by  
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