

The dead are always looking down on us, they say,  
while we are putting on our shoes or making a sandwich,  
they are looking down through the glass-bottom boats  
[of heaven  
as they row themselves slowly through eternity.

They watch the tops of our heads moving below on earth,  
and when we lie down in a field or on a couch,  
drugged perhaps by the hum of a warm afternoon,  
they think we are looking back at them,

which makes them lift their oars and fall silent  
and wait, like parents, for us to close our eyes.