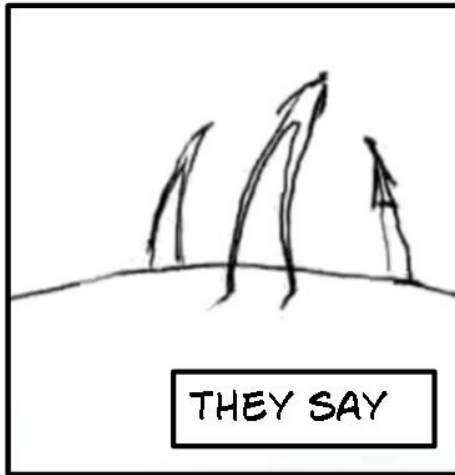
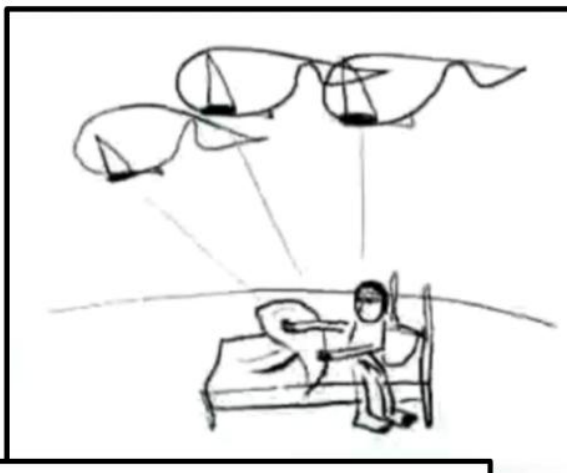


DESIGN: STEPHEN WOULD'S
POEM: BILLY COLLINS
ANIMATION: JUAN DELCAN

THE DEAD ARE ALWAYS LOOKING DOWN ON US ...



THEY SAY



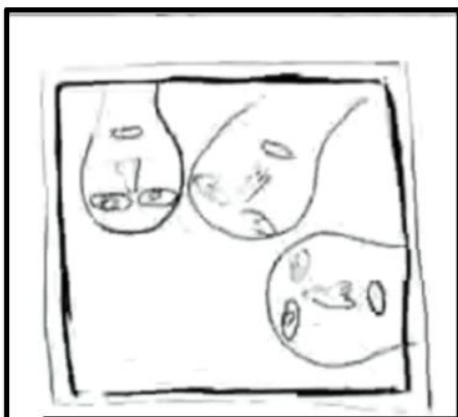
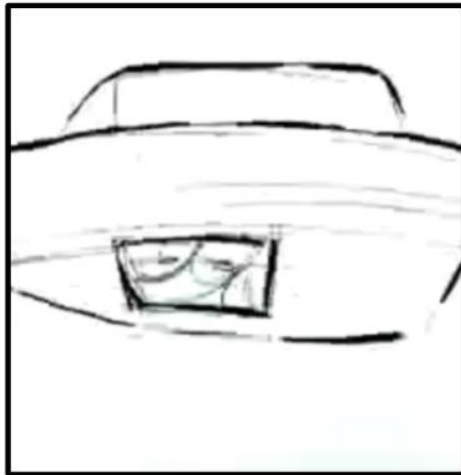
WHILE WE ARE PUTTING ON OUR SHOES



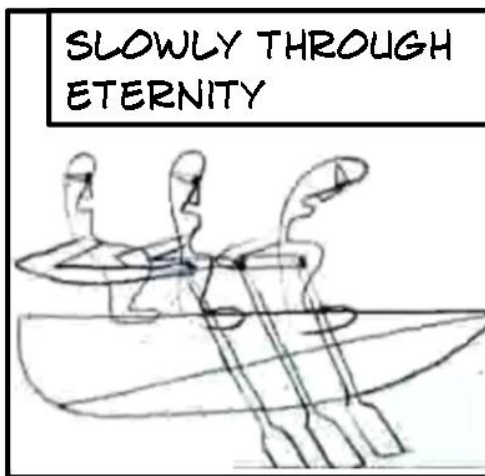
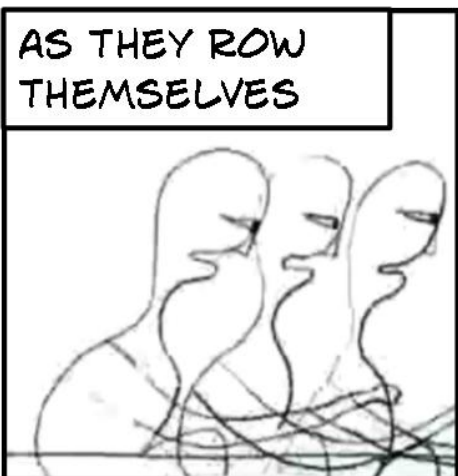
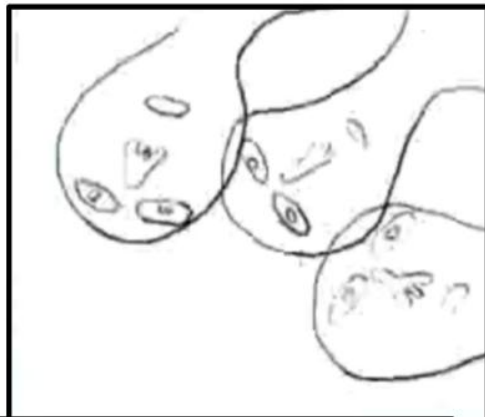
OR MAKING A SANDWICH



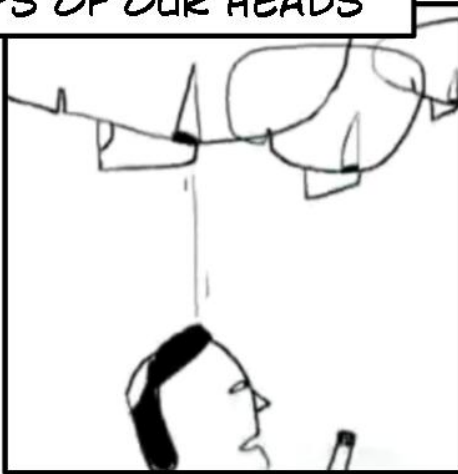
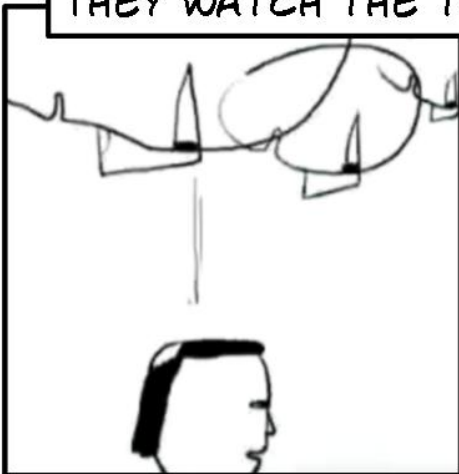
THEY ARE LOOKING
DOWN THROUGH



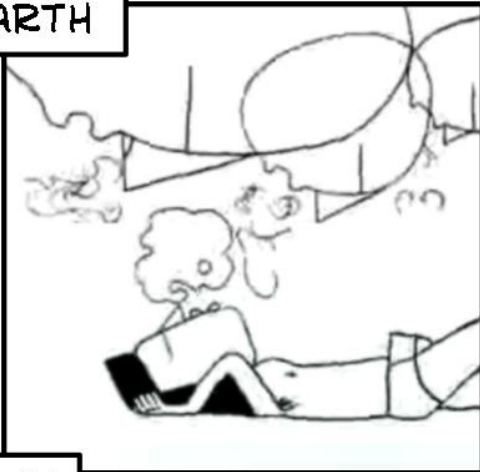
THE GLASS-BOTTOM BOATS OF HEAVEN



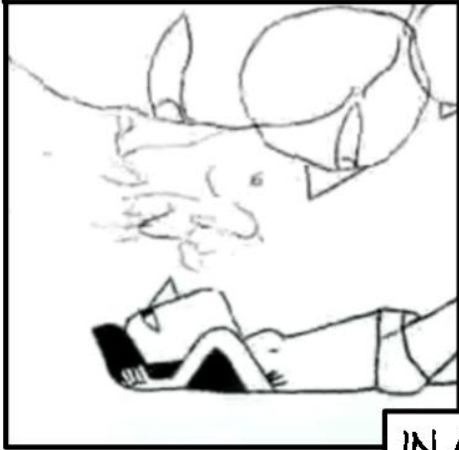
THEY WATCH THE TOPS OF OUR HEADS



MOVING BELOW ON EARTH

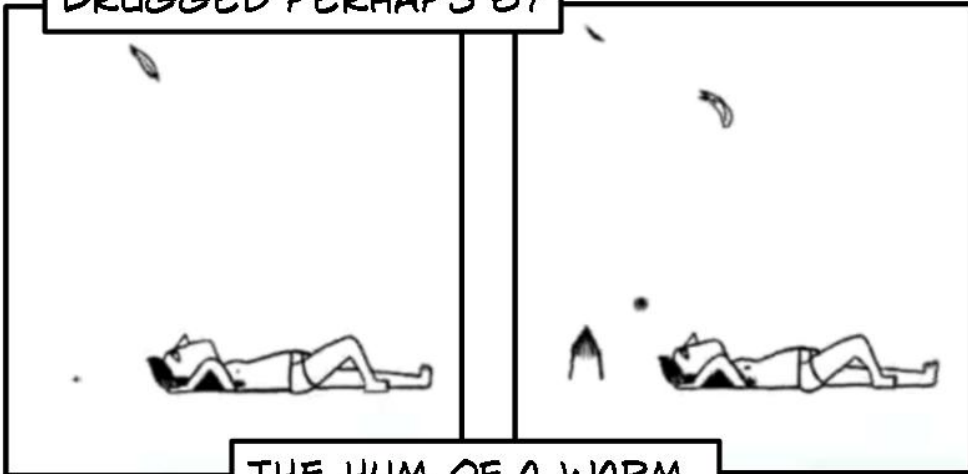


AND WHEN WE LIE DOWN

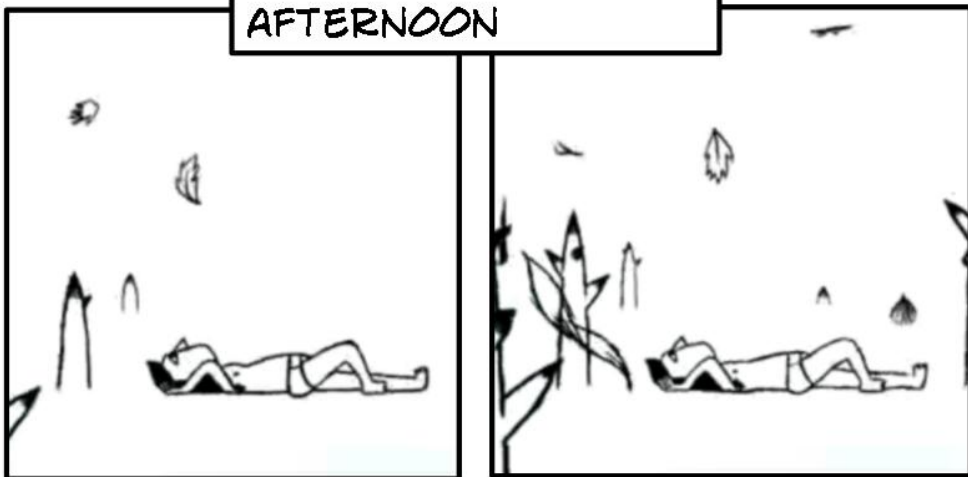


IN A FIELD OR ON A COUCH

DRUGGED PERHAPS BY



THE HUM OF A WARM
AFTERNOON



THEY THINK WE ARE



LOOKING BACK AT THEM

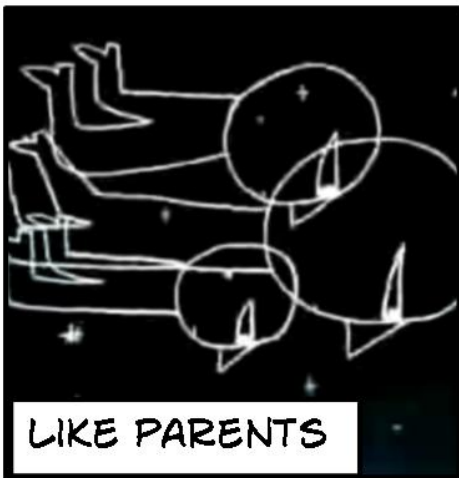
WHICH MAKES THEM LIFT THEIR OARS



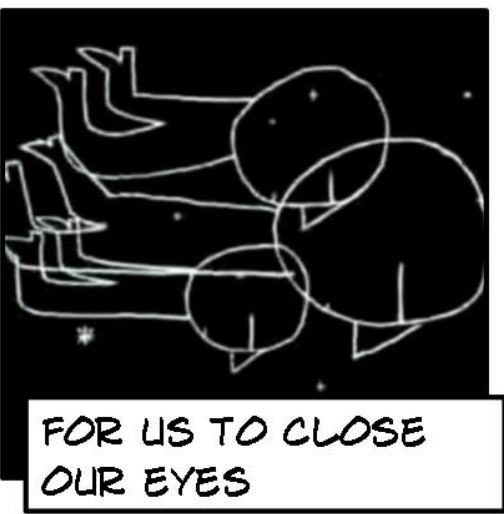
AND FALL ...



SILENT AND WAIT



LIKE PARENTS



FOR US TO CLOSE
OUR EYES