

why poets are always writing about bones

It is something about the fragility of bone, swollen white shattering into curved sharps and soft life. It's like dancing naked, when you could catch fire by running a fingernail along your collarbone. Something with nourishment and bereavement, burned mouths and salt-licked palms pressed against a world of bones, still sanctified. It's like when the poet goes to the graveyard to hear wind throw itself against stone. Or whistles through their teeth to hush the wind and rattle the space between teeth and bone. It's the soul in disguise, isn't it? When the mother builds a home out of dead words and imagines it can raise a baby. Holds it between cracked coos and warm flesh greased in tallow. A bone out of body, something hallowed and picked clean, something carved out of tenderness.