The Deep Fatigue of Bone

M. Bennet Smith
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Near the foundation we found the skeleton of a cow, and we brushed away dirt and uncovered the curve of the spine, the crumble and rot of marrow, the pelvic crush, stacked pieces of teeth, open mouth full of dirt army of vertebrae, the fine line between bone and earth, ashes to dust, the dark clay calming of the mind which says death but cannot connect the word to this dark being. We touch the decomposition of thoughts, the impression of a legbone in the earth, like a rivet. Bone lasts longer than flesh, and is reluctant to become dirt. Even now it tries to hold, compose a form, unearth itself.