Bones

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Recommended Citation
Barlow, Lynn (2011) "Bones," The Oval. Vol. 4 : Iss. 1 , Article 15.
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol4/iss1/15

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I imagine myself in the context of your bed
I imagine myself a collection of bones on your sheets, white
against navy blue
tangled somehow, though bones do not bend they are brittle, they break especially in the cold
I used to think that bones were the core of people skeletons— the architecture of what it means to be human calcium and marrow spanning the gaps between us—a skeletal solidarity and greenstick fractures were the worst thing I could imagine happening to a body internal structures exposed to gravity and expelled violently into the air, out of their element but existing— I could be sure, then that I had something permanent inside of me, something enduring like a soul but more concrete more believable now I imagine the feeling of your hands on my bones counting my ribs and grasping
my femurs, cupping my iliac crest
reaching down through skin and tissue
uncovering my truths, you could
do me a favor and check if there’s
anything broken or missing
I felt a disconcerting crunch
a couple weeks ago and my mind
hasn’t really been the same since.
I want you to hold my bones
in your hands and feel—
I am a display skeleton whose wires
have been carelessly cut and you
clearly have no idea where to start
my skull is mute and unhelpful
in your palm.