

My Broken Bones are Not a Show

Archaeologists dusted in
disintegrated life
hidden under
speckles of gray and brown.

Lowering their spectacles
onto rims of their masks to study,
to piece together—

knock,
knock,
knock

Their hammers intruding
At the door, history glares back—but then it's grasped
Left to hang for amusement on a wall in some museum.
Untouched by soft hands, worn down under radiant eyes,
Fluorescent lights, the spectacle suspended, no longer
Suspended in time.
If only they knew of the tears that evaporated from
The chasm between
The stories etched into the pages born from this book's spine.

Effortlessly floating in the depths of a midnight bath
A cool silk blanket swirling around arms, chest, head
A gush—it all vanishes in a sudden rush—yanked out
From this sublime life he goes, now stuck on roughness
Scratchier than a salty ocean scraping arms, back, legs.
Blue glow but no water
Weighing down on his head, a snorkeling mask
Muffled voices circle without the reefs, the corals, the ocean,
—and a towel on a radiating beach. A sunlight that blinds.
Vibrations reverberate from his nose, through his chest.
A tiny hand clasps a finger—he can't let go. *So small, so fragile*
Too small, too alone. Touched not enough so as not to tear. Adored
By eyes he cannot recognize. Missing
The midnight bath

Pricks and pangs ricochet down her leg
Encased in hardened paper machete
Once gold-winning feet impaired mere meters from the end
Tumbling down, the dream rolling away, disintegrating
Into the snow—white, scintillating, rough
Her cast binds the memories
She opens no pages, reads no news, knows the words
Any photograph as transparent as the x-ray
Mumblings continue beyond the door

Fracture ... surgery ... ambulation ... how unfortunate
She exhales
My broken bones are not a show