

SKELETAL

there was no flesh
to satiate the starving ribs
that rattled as if key chains
hanging from branches in a weeping
willow, to fill the gap left,
untended by a feathered hand.

Only a heart where once a hand
whose meatiness tugged as flesh
that mends a void-chasm, left
there at the sight of ribs
whose mothers—left alone to weeping—
watch them breaking free of bonded chains,

hoping for something beyond chains—
for revival, a foundation fostered off-hand.
The grasping or gasping or weeping
of men bound on the basis of the flesh,
beneath and before which are ribs
not of hue or tone, but of fabric left.

Bound, not by a bond of words, but left
watching forefather's tears and broken chains
fall up to the imagination—a carcass of ribs
placed there by tethered hands,
and shackled together by the flesh,
to be filled only with weeping.

To be furnished by the weeping
of a declaration. The outline left
to undo itself from flesh
in hoping for the long-held chains
which Lincoln cast with a raised hand
to query which meats had stuck to the ribs.

And I wonder about those ribs
on the wall. Left weeping,
held by tentative hands,
the ones protruding in a proclamation left
tied up in link-less chains
as if a chunk of colorless flesh.

Touch a hand to the ribs.
Once flesh was torn away, they were weeping,
as are we, left with shackles lacking chains.