pelican my son demands goldfish
pussy willow the phial of expired wishes

night train
a window screams
out of an owl

one-eyed giants a child calls it

empirical owls
the doors made
into sand
Intimations

Wattle & Daub

first home
the old pear tree
gives a leg up

Mortar & Pestle

second childhood
all the pencil marks
leave their walls

Cladding

busted moon
a little boy
stuck upstairs

Concrete

next childhood
the family home
gains a flaw

Pine

attic motes
the wasps caught
in window nets
Atticus

attic time
the boy gains
a superhero

Glass

super 8
the rattle
of family

Curtain call

last hurrah
ghosts under lock
turn their keys
tongue tussle
head winds
miss the bullseye

on his black cassock
he sweeps off ashes
from my hand
missing a third line
(a series)

a clay jar of
bubble heads

tipped picture
of black holes

raccoon and priest and
moon referee

born of
a humble bee

overheard
suns hissing

snagged
in a smeuse

caught in
a torpor

reading
the lives of (s)a(i)nts
h0rr0r
Van Gogh pretending same sunflower painted

wings
partitioned against your angel: Dead Hummingbird
drunk-
I throw up
the Trojan War
mole static on tongue loops
suddenly she becomes
a white lily
and soggy mud
white noise the three part drama of a detergent ad
twilight bomb a room of plum-stained pallets
small red flag
shaped by the wind
the unknown song
of an unknown bird
brackish water
I become tidal
weeping and forgetful

winter ideal the night more porous

sutra
alone in the cage
with an immortal

star dust to scar the integument

white camellias
the snarl cut, the click bone
up for ransom
winter wren often in these lamps of bone

every good echo written like a river

our fingertips known as tributaries

salt lines the welcome chamber

crows uploading miscellany to the brave new void

bird letters signed with smoke and ash
web strings / damp light

to Satie / Sarabande no. 1
bugs loll
in evening’s loss
men my age jump ship in a bottle

the branch they have will not break the tree frogs' song

manthicket
or face the damage
to your branches
Arthur C. Clarke after six thousand years cicada

those selves abandoned walk the dry shores of Mars

half autumn color. Come take my hand in the ghost land and

the game where we break each others fingers in spring
the little mist I understand is red

ladder
rungs

says
Rose

you. after. tunneling. awake

still shooting the breeze life buoys on ice

news of snowdrops
as his prison cell fills
with directional light
who'd        hug me          ebb tide
through the cracks
in the veneer
raw flesh
delivery
on a winter night
your steaming calf
detaching from all this floater in my eye

daydreaming home like no place is there
spring forecast
i reverse engineer
my ancestry

burning bridges
with a flare of words
in fits of ineffability

spring return
i try to live up to
my obituary
a disintergrative dearth

her myrrh
embalms for now
the murmur

humours
in healthy balance
hear the word

her need
(indeed only one)
she pours over
the word

one death ends
with a word
anointed
for its tomb

the word ‘poor’ always
and the word to be
no more
among us

a word dies
because it does not die
on her lips

emptied
of itself
the skin of words

sleep in-turning death’s portal
just below Orion’s Belt missile envy

smart bomb your fortune cookie inside
making love the phone rings
over where
everything is other

branches of this tree unpeopling above the sidewalk

we’re old
I tell
the grass blade

inside the cocoon no behavior yet
the night through woods baying

duck feather edge dipped lake

solar flare hairs of a bee
Crucified, he walks two dogs.
that sound again . . .
fish scraping the river

jaw to jaw stray dogs of Chernobyl
canned spell
looking out of the window
i corkscrew the sun
fall
grave
yard
sale

s
now
din
the
way
poetry
re
ads
on
TV
his secret closet unbecoming a man
its the oddments - oblique comments loose change
Sleep between Awake

moon scent her dead vibrator

insomnia drones in midspace radar

alien to alien the mosquitoes talk in mixed wave lengths

star crusts on dew thistles big bang

prolonged night her nippled eclipses
the sound of rushing water in his skull the usual routine
swimming upstream the Jesus fish
gnat wind misplaced comma
paint, lots of paint
seams to break everything
from the water
bridge ices before road sign icy before the end of time

spring dawn of the city men have come to amputate trees

bare hands numb under winter stars they’re made of
with no whit of wind we
the people I am
on the inside don’t listen
to me anymore
inland fog
death of the movie star
I pretended to be
a seed packet called “Quietude”

one stop on her one way to think of it

invisibly growing into my ghost know-how
colours of planets you declined to use
Mouth Without Lips

found in Anne Michaels

stroked upright
with invisible hands
we dream

looking for truth
discarded theories
painted caves

so much to burn
choking on fur
in our foreign blue flesh

a mouth without lips
the wind scrubs the air
the smallest colour
never the same stream your mouth twice
there is a bomb in Gilead
strontium-90-free Korea's Buddhist influence
either/or
i relapse into
a coda
Muslim Death...
I wrap the Afghan moon
in my headscarf
mudslide who is firmly grounded
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