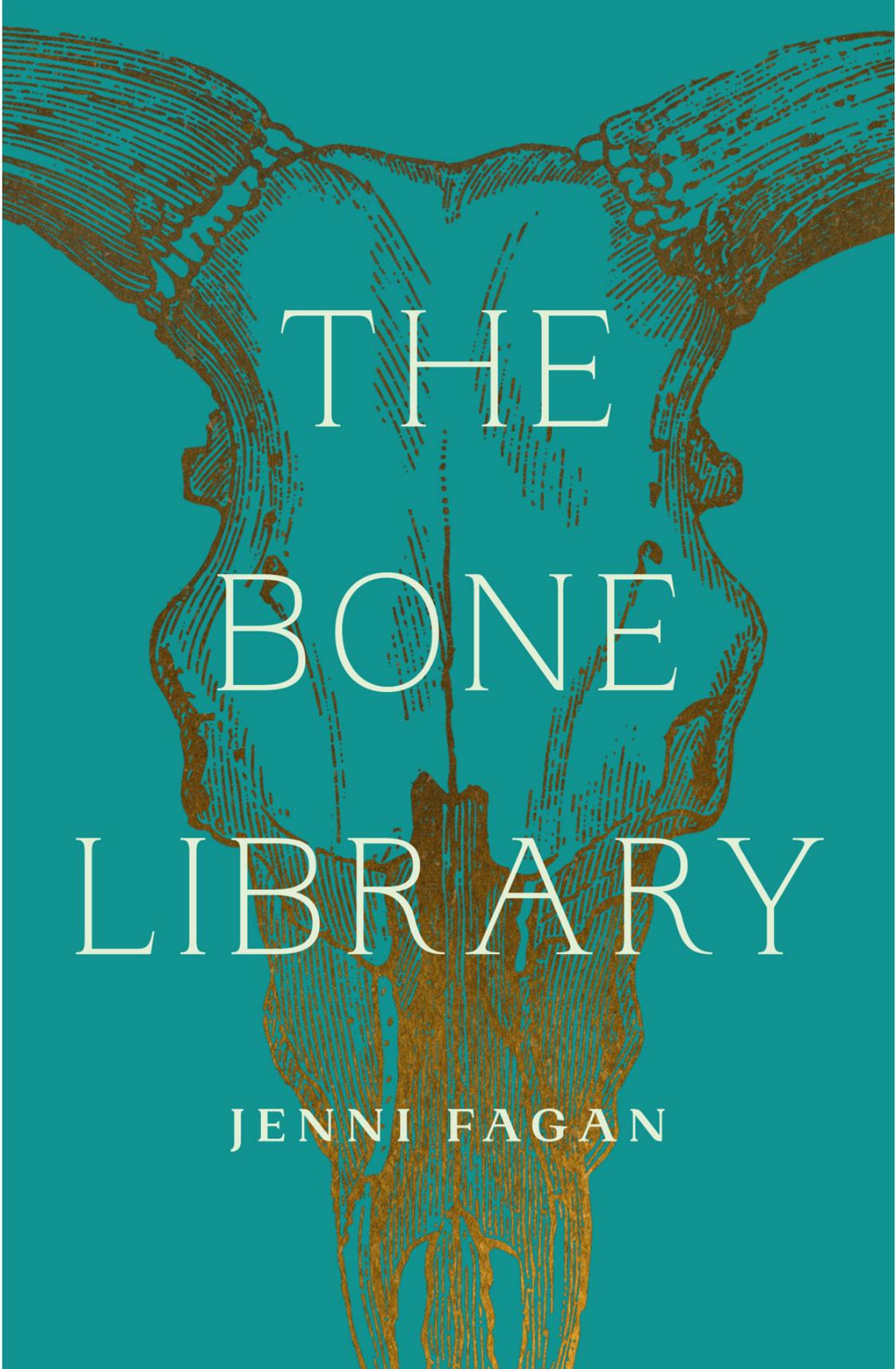


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A note on the author

I'M NOT A FOSSIL, YOU ARE A CURIO

My darling ossein, I have known your organic extracellular
matrix
since the first seconds it began to form, still . . .

Your bones did not come from my bones,
they coalesced in ether

where all osteoblasts dawn,
tell me . . . how many carcasses are walking this earth?

The utter idiocy of vessels!
Some poor skeletons have such twisted minds to carry.

Ones who must think this - is all there is?
Delusions tell them they shan't be judged on their actions,
in a place that will make this one look
pallid on the petrochemical

motions of Minerva,
such inciters of insanity and loss . . .

My dear sweet toxic male gene,
what's your fucking issue with humanity?

I raise one of yours and he is fuck all
like so very many of you,

this generation are better than those
before and their bones did not come from our bones,

they arose from the dust of dinosaurs
imbued with glacier hearts,

blazed their way into existence,
in the unlikeliest of flesh forms,

what a confine! Thing is,
you were the only one who ever taught me

the meaning of love,
you are the firm in all its truth.

I am genuinely sorry my life has been so strange as this,
it's a burden, I know it . . .

But the joy, the absolute utter brilliance
in just knowing - you, good day/bad, mercurial/sad,

raging/peaceful . . . trying,
in all of it, your bones taught my bones how to walk.

Your bones . . . taught . . . my bones, how to walk!
I am so grateful and this world . . .

It owes you and so do I,
so much more

than this, so I will lay my bones
down on the road -

just one more time, for you,
I'd do it ten more, ten thousand,

I'll do whatever I can, so you, can one day,
for a second,

be safe awhile in your home,
sit on an old porch

and maybe sometimes
take a moment to remember