Bare Bones

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BARE BONES

Christina Busby

The 27 bones
in this delicate hand
whisper 27 ways
I’d like to die:

Aspirin O.D.
  Belt loop from closet
  Bullet through brain
15th story window
  Exsanguination of carotid
  Carbon monoxide bliss

I scratch, tear, shred
the endless layers of skin
hiding these 27 bones
from my hungry eyes.

My lips moving,
my bones, my bones,
tell me how I should die:

Bottle of bleach
  Air bubbles in veins
  Deep breaths of sea water
Sharp railroad tracks
  Petroleum and matches
  Nitro-glycerin explosion

The skin is unraveling,
my insides trickling
down my arm and still,
no bones, no bones.

Where are my bones?
Nurse, where are
my bones?

Bring me my bones,
my beautiful, fragile
skeletal companions.

Nurse, where are
my bones? Do I have any?
Please

My bones, my bones,
answer me this:

Does anyone even care
whether I die
or live?