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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.

Busby: Bare 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?