

# Bones

*by Rebecca Saalfrank*

I once was a Georgia O'Keefe print—a bleached, bone-brittle cattle skull baking in a lonely desert gravel pit—and thought, my God, that looks **exactly** like the ancient horse-drawn combines and thrashers rusting away in the barnyard. Desolate iron ribs clanking against each other, reaching out starkly toward the sun setting in the dust. . .