I tried to write a poem to the tune of "Dem Bones" about you. But truthfully, I've never seen your bones. All I've ever seen of you is the face, the haircut, the glossy coat you wear into the world every day—pale as bone, perhaps, but softer. I can imagine that intimate act of clackin' our dry bones together, not a sin of the flesh but of the bones, a deeper thrill than sex or hugs. When Ezekiel connected dem dry bones, they walked around coupled like that: tibia and fibula, carpals and metacarpals. Each formed a pair as you and I might be.
But knowing you is harder
than knowing my own bones
(I guess I’ve never seen those either)
or writing a poem
about a song
with very few words.
It never mentions
what the hand bones are
connected to anyway,
and you know I can’t talk
without my hands.