

walk around

Craig Middleton

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.