

Bukowski

Emma Jackson

He titled it, "Bone Palace  
Ballet," and my vision of  
Bones adorned with  
Tiaras and hoop skirts,  
Ran through my head  
At a galloping pace.

Bones wrapped  
In pieces of meat  
And fat,  
Buttoning up suits  
And tying ties.

Smearing on globs of  
Cherry lipstick and  
Rosebud blush.

Dressing up to impress  
The ones that are still  
Simply bones, gnawed  
Away at by the dogs,  
And when you look closely.  
Peering in on the lives  
Through a magnifying  
Glass, you can see the dents,  
And cracks they possess  
From the wear of the mouths  
Of not yet dead humans.

Still thriving, but only  
Alive from feeding off  
The others,  
The dead.

And who killed these  
Now dancing, pirouetting,  
And body pulsing tangos?  
The ones that once ruled  
The graveyard, kept order,  
And gave us our kool-aid in  
a silver garnished cup.

And I am just a bone.  
You are just a bone.  
We are all simply bones.

Fallen to the leaders who  
Stabbed us slowly, nit-picking  
Away dry skin, to fresh  
Plush flesh.

Flesh, to the winding  
Tendons, and veins that  
Kept the blood pumping.

Blood to organs, and thick  
White tissue.

They pulled through our  
Ligaments, and scraped  
Away the cartilage and  
Then popped the vessels,

Leaving the endless  
Creation that only  
Results in man-made, dry,  
Destroyed,  
Bone.