

THANKSGIVING DAY

By Tricia

Thanksgiving day, forgotten and alone,
once firm and real, now whispers of the past
long buried under this ancestral stone.

Another year, we mark the time that's flown
and watch in silence as the die is cast.
Thanksgiving day, forgotten and alone,

we ghosts don't fear you, nor your names intone.
We simply are. Our stories do not last
when buried under this ancestral stone.

We spend our days exploring the unknown,
away from breath and earth and skies so vast.
Thanksgiving day, forgotten and alone

comes every year in clockwork metronome,
time ticking, ticking, moving on so fast
'til you are under this ancestral stone.

Your tree, your roots have gone to dust and bone.
Not present at the time of your repast,
Thanksgiving day, forgotten and alone,
we're buried under this ancestral stone.

BONE CHILLING

By Mary Nida Smith

The men were playing
the game of dice.
They shake the bones
as the bone clacking rhythm
play background music
in the local jazz band.

The game players are quiet
as they bone-up the next hand.
One player yells, "One bone."
They all laugh.
Another player yells,

“I’ll raise you ten bones,”
as he laid his money on the table.

Then he adds,
“What do you bet?”

It was bone shaking news
when every man stood up.
Making no bones to why
the game was called off.
They yelled, “Fire! Fire!”
as they rushed to the door.

TO A HEAD BONE IN A GLASS CASE

By Steven Withrow

The intimation of these tooth marks in your skull;
Fossils of a T. rex row.

THREE WISHES?

By Liz Korba

I want to win the wishbone wish.
Is that a wish that counts?
Is wanting while one wishes
A wish that crosses out
The wish that one is wishing when
The wishbone game is played?
I wish I knew... When will this stop?!
Another wish I’ve made!

BONES

By Jackie Huppenthal

brittle bones
gall bladder stones
thinning hair
depends underwear
wrinkles deep
days filled with sleep

memory loss
pills I try to toss

but my life was full
and it was long
it'd be a shame to say
it ended wrong

no, I can't always remember
and I need some help
but so much accomplished...
(I let out a yelp)

skin hangs off these brittle bones
here I go with more moans and groans
... soon my own tombstone

and then eventually
just my
bones

THE LAST CANNIBAL STANDING

by Barbara Turner

Alone on an island, a cannibal paced.
Such a dilemma he never had faced.
"I must eat me to live, but to eat me means death."
His choices were awful. He took a deep breath,

and he thought and he mused, and he mused and he thought,
then he took out his knife and filled up his pot.
"I'll eat off my left side and save all my right.
I'll starve all day long and I'll feast every night.

It's a plan that could work, so I might as well try it."
Then he cut off a toe and began his new diet.

Day after day he cut down to the bone,
slicing off flesh with never a moan.
It worked rather well for a fortnight or so,
and then came the day when his left little toe

was all that remained for the poor man to eat
so he divided his right side between head and feet.

And every few days he divided again, and
again and again and again and again.

Now all that remains is his pot and his knife
and that's how the cannibal saved his own life.

UNNAMED VILLANELLA

By Andromeda Jazmon,

Thanksgiving for my friend is still my song
though stumbling lost beyond the road once known;
the days we walk alone draw shadows long.

I woke & rose too late to find the wrong
surprised that in the night the wind had blown.
Thanksgiving for my friend is still my song.

Although we parted once, we still belong;
the stubborn shoot unbidden yet has grown.
The days we walk alone draw shadows long.

Above us stars we counted wildly throng,
their muscle darkness stretched from bone to bone.
Thanksgiving for my friend is still my song.

We've traveled far yet come back here along
the pathways where the singing bird has flown.
The days we walk alone draw shadows long.

The light of sinking sun our hopes prolong,
with colors sharp & quick but short the loan.
Thanksgiving for my friend is still my song,
The days we walk alone draw shadows long.

-Andromeda Jazmon

BONE HAIKU

By Diane Mayr

winter winds
less biting than his words
...chilled to the bone

BONES

By Janet Gallagher

As a child, I laughed when older folks said,
‘It is going to rain, I can feel it in my bones.’
Now those who are left, laugh at me and say,
“I told you about those bones!”
Arthritis sets in around the bones
Making us moan and moan.
Sometimes it feels like those old bones
Have turned to stone.
Now that I am grown
I can feel every one of my bones.
I tell you who are laughing at me
One day you will see.
Telling the rain forecast, by the science of bones
Is as accurate as a barometer in a home.

Accident Bones

By Marjie DeWilde

Borrowing, trying, lacing, tying. Wobbling on blades.
I am only here to keep my promise.
Ankle bones in leather bones.

Lurching, weaving, balancing, careening. Lunging for support.
Really, my child, do we have to do this?
Hand bones grab rail bones.

Smoothing, slicing, soaring, gliding. Feeling more confident.
I begin to remember now.
Skate bones warm cold bones.

Speeding, flying, circling, smiling. Ending with a “snow” drop.
Little girl, don’t! I can’t stop well.
Leg bones change vector bones.

Deciding, collapsing, losing, crashing. Tangling blades at eye level.
If I fall backwards, I won't hurt her.
Head bones slam ice bones. Blackout.

(Yelling, crying, 911 dialing. Clearing the ice.
"Let me in! That's my mom!"
Taut bones surround limp bones.)

Waking, fogging, freezing, throbbing. Encircled by men in red.
"Do you know what happened to you?"
Backboard bones brace vital bones.

Pounding, darkening, flashing, recalling. Wall-bending siren.
Where is my daughter?
Metal bones speed fractured bones.

Battering, aching, pulsing, nauseating. Searing headache.
I need to throw up.
Competent bones tilt strapped bones.

Whirling, dipping, dropping, flipping. Passing out from vertigo.
My brain rides a major roller coaster.
MRI bones scan swelling in bones.

(Paralysis, blindness, dumbness, death. Telling the worst.
"It could happen at any moment."
Truth bones terrify family bones.)

Sleeping, waking, stirring, fainting. Existing in intensive care.
Why do all the doctors keep repeating themselves?
Question bones test damaged bones.

Grumping, snipping, eating, grinning. Grouching at doctors.
I have the answers memorized.
Word bones deter bonecutters.

Tottering, wobbling, reading, talking. Managing a walker.
I have lost so many words.
Drug bones ease bone pain.

Striding, chuckling, singing, studying. Visiting work.
My students' faces shine.
Healed bones are ready bones.

WISHES

By Linda

After dinner
Mom asked if I
wanted to break the
wishbone with her.

When I said, "No."
She didn't say anything
but I could tell
she was hurting.

I was hurting too
remembering how
you and I shared the wish-
bone every Thanksgiving.

You'd always laugh,
wrap your fingers tight
around your half
and pretend to snap it
before I was ready.

But then you'd
always let me win
so I could make
my own special wish.

Well, I'm older now,
you're gone
and wishbones
have lost their magic.

So what good are they?
Wishes don't come true,
do they,
Dad?

BETRAYED BY BONES

By Beth Carter

Rickety
Creaky
Achey

Brittle
Arthritic
Fossilized

Shattered
Splintered
Fractured

X-rayed
Broken
DNA-identified

Busted
Jailed
Guilty

Betrayed
By
Bones.

BONES
by Mimi Cross

I really wanted to laugh
At the word bone.
T. Bone Burnett! I thought quickly — Music!

That won't do. His music belongs to him.
Loving someone else's songs won't help me here.
I am reluctant.

Roll the Bones! Shake the Bones!
Dance and gamble, go ahead, but
There is a skeleton in the closet.

“Chilled me to the bone.”
Your suicide did that.
I don't want to write about you.

I can't put it off much longer,
The shortest day of the year approaches.
My poem is due.

I am thinking of my grandmothers' broken hips.
My Gaga, so excited to see me she rushed towards the door —
Only to trip on her telephone cord.

My father's thin form, his mother,
My Grandma Mary. One hip, then the other.
Family bird bones.

I have inherited so much treasure:
My heart glows in my chest like a jewel.
Skull and crossbones too.

My aunt sits in her Kentucky home.
Her 80 year old boyfriend is in the hospital.
Her pelvis is cracked.

When will it happen to me?
Sooner? Or later than my mothers and sisters?
Walking down the street? Making love?

My stomach can't tolerate the calcium pills.
I guzzle milk. Eat yogurt.
My son is allergic to all dairy.

During shivasana I visualize my bones.
I imagine them heavy, and sinking down
Through my flesh, and into the earth.

In a state of deep relaxation,
Imagining that I can feel the force
Of the earth's pull, of gravity,

I release my sesame oiled skin, my muscles.
I release my organs, my veins, my cells.
I release . . . my bones. Down, into the ground.