

Angie Macri

## Bone Town

When they lived in a town of bone,  
the girl didn't mind  
because fingers were taken from the hands  
and there were no toes, and it wasn't often that family  
would come back home. A body would go  
to a master where it was taken apart and sold  
as beds or chairs or made into a house itself. Small bones  
were shredded to glaze in window frames,  
and arms and legs became the walls, and ribs the roofs.  
The girl called ribs regular bones, as there were plenty to use.  
Being young, she learned the habits  
of the town early on and faster than her parents,  
who were caught inside a shell  
of what had been before. There were no skulls,  
no limbs attached, so that in time you could forget,  
especially if you didn't go far. The spring was one direction  
and the dry branch another, and the gravel pits  
near the church would fill with rain or dust,  
depending. In the cemetery, the headstones  
held the dead's names, earth disturbed for show.  
In her rare idle time, her mother pulled  
apart a room to try to reconstruct a hand.  
Her father sang old songs he knew halfway.  
Her teacher, who had been to war, had lost his leg  
and finger there. All knew it wrong, those bones gone  
in some strange place, unused, bones nothing to waste, and him  
still speaking, although never of that day. The girl



found she shied away from things not whole.  
Her father made sure  
the windows of their house were square, and her mother  
kept them sparkling, free of any prints  
that she might leave. Their windows  
were the best money could buy, bone gray as sage, thin  
so you could almost see through.

