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Bones

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Bones

By Sadie McDonald

If I passed my bones,
Walking down the street,
Would they stop to say hello?
Would they even recognize me?
And if indeed they did,
Who's to say I them?
Would I greet them with a smile?
Or curse them, spite my limbs?
If you stripped me of my skin,
Would you still like what you see?
If I no longer had bones
Would you still hold onto me?
If I began to rot,
And my bones began to burn,
Would you plant a kiss between my eyes?
Even if it hurt?
And if that kiss grew ugly roots,
Attaching to my brain,
Would you be there to water me?
Or cry that I'm insane?
And if my bones said something cruel,
Would you bash them in?
Or would you let them be unkind,
And help repent their sins?
And when my bones begin to break,
Will you glue them back together?
Or will you sweep them far away,
And lose them, then, forever?