

ANGELA HIBBS

## BONES

I take dictation from one.  
I have taken note of its intake  
of light; the nose receives, the temples  
reject. My penetrability  
inverted. I have been made light,  
dining with him. His two cents  
not contributed. Alone  
responsible for the  
definition of our relationship.

I have not thanked my thumb  
for holding the pen  
or the skull for his company.  
A keepsake. A word that has  
yet to be invented. A paperweight.

The light has removed my arm. I hold  
the skull and resist  
breaking what I cannot repair.

The satiation of my desire  
was its cessation. Only skull  
has counted the brushstrokes  
made in the black. Light ignores  
ferns. Ferns are trampled.