

A Rejected Bone

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

I offered you a piece of prose. You tell me it's just a bone. You say you're not impressed, you want nerves, muscles, flesh and ...

It's solid, I retort, slick, shapely, ivoryed. True, it's chipped, cracked and gnawed.

Why is it so? you ask.

In its imperfections lies its mystery, I say, for you to unravel, to untangle. Here, hold it in your hand and feel it. It's malleable.

Just a barren bone, you insist.

I ignore your comment and go on: surprises could be hidden under its fragile layers. If you care to ...

It's guess work in the dark.

Try looking at it under your lamp. Use a magnifying glass. Feel free to toss and twist it. See if you can add your own magic.

You shake your head: it's still just a barren bone to me, dried out, left in the sun, now bleached, dehydrated, decayed, exfol ...

I've seen flowers grow in crevices.

