

The Femur

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

In the desert, among mauve flowers growing feverishly in the ochre sand, a bone, completely bare. Without underwear, without a shirt, nothing. White as a small cemetery ghost, eroded with age, the weather, the vicissitudes of life. It was a femur. I put it on my desk to examine it closely. A miniature yellow flower was growing in one of its cavities. Cracked, flaked, trimmed, it resembled an undressed poem, touching in its primitive simplicity. It had to be filled out a little with nerves, muscles, flesh. I'm reading it now, well padded - an imperfect creation, incongruous for some, but I like it because it brings into my library a captivating charm of the desert.

