

# Five Bones

*by* Hazem Tagiuri

When the storm broke, my late aunt's dog  
fetched five favourite bones from his corner,  
and arranged a crude protective circle.

I'm told he remained within, shivering,  
until the lightning passed, as if those cavities  
were filled with shamanic strength.

On stale nights, I take comfort in thunder,  
in the coming rain. It falls on us all,  
but not all feel storms the same.

