

Bone & Air

by Jowell Tan

These metal giants, they loom over you.

Devoid of flesh and muscle,
Composed of bone and air.
Occasionally they have coverings-

Telling you what to eat and drink,
And wear and believe.

But mostly they're just nude objects,
Constructions standing alone until their purpose is decided.
Their bodies cut the air up into squares.

To see what's behind, you simply see through them.
Faraway buildings framed within scaffolding.
Planes flying behind draw a line through the blocks.

Until the day they find their meaning,
They stand unwavering, metal bones and air.

They are invisible, until one day they are not.

