

Her Bones
Natalie Timmerman

Her bones rest in soil
with grime and overgrown moss,
naked amidst ferns.

Brushed by gleaming worms,
she hides with sun-blessed clovers.
Creeping vines sheathe toes.

Pallid arm sprawled out,
marrow carved by termite wrath:
etchings left behind.

Calderas for eyes,
her aged skull a hollow dome
where bog waters slosh.

Spores collect on ribs.
Mushrooms replace all gashes.
Her ridges flourish.

Silver ring hugs hand,
tarnished from thundering rain.
Crows peck nonetheless.

Her bones rest in soil,
a cadaver feeding new life
where she now returns.