

Maceration (bone)

The jaw bone I just two days ago tore from the skull will not let bleach white those broken teeth. And this shoulder blade, like something shaped by water, will not part from the mossy clutch of muscle along its edge, no matter how I cut at it. These bones I've been carrying and caring for. Mine and not mine. I can touch their surface, and know this was once buried beneath flesh and muscle. Was grown, worked, held together the structure that was a body as it grew. The femur shakes chips all down it like a rain stick. In water they release thin, insistent streams of bubbles. This means: holes; this means: air, escaping.

I am making bread, and to test the yeast I stir it in a small amount of warm water with some sugar. It foams about double and I think, Okay, it is done, and I set it aside. Throughout the afternoon it continues to grow, bubbling up, creating semi-solid froth to fill the whole glass and then to rise over it. Growing, in my glass, this thing.

These cotton-candy looking strands and webs and loops. The lace pattern of bubbles, the web of caves and loops inside a bone. Why nature chooses to build in this form: A pattern more re-occurring absence of a thing than the presence of the structure around it. The yeast supporting it, building it up, so it does not burst nor break the surface but continue to rise. How, how, how do these things happen. How do I feel myself becoming the reoccurring something that is not there. I am studying this to better understand a pattern, some breath that has entered us. Filled our lungs, is expanding in our bones. Our own breath, even. And when at last we wear, are worn away, what then rises, lighter than air?