

## **bones & skulls**

**Bibio**

Shortened stones  
And weathered broken glass  
I'll never trace their path  
The reason for their form  
It's like the hairless brush  
Or the broken little things  
In the kitchen drawer  
Full of forgotten memories  
That are gonna be gone  
Like the people who made them  
And the people who broke them  
And the people who found them  
And the people who put them in drawers  
Or the children who let them out  
With the pottery  
And the bones and skulls of birds