

## What's Inside Bone

None More Black

Slap device on a weekend but don't call me superstitious when mirrors feel like glass and ladders build the bridges. Single out all the unseen and ugly instigators. I'll pull my loop holes tight. And you won't fit a finger. If you have your theory say so. I'm sure it's interesting. If it's not water. It must be wine. Marrow from the bones in my back is sifting blue these days. I'm wrong I'll put my head down and die alone. You're right. I'll put my head down and die alone. It's time to say goodnight underblankets made of sighs.