

[1]

The featherbone shift, slip shallow wrack, shucked in veinway crush:
Predatory. Steelfever body, oily-eyed slit the featherbone split.
Descent. In bonesplit crack, in featherslip fuse, mutation
all blue all sky wrench the featherbone in body ascend.

“There is so much more sky—”

Stripped, slick and sanguine with the featherbone fuse, liminal
and splash, not end but apparatus masking the crack
of the featherbone. And why not transform in the scorch? Waxblood and sear;
dizzy rip and sweep of air through bone, the feather, the bone.

“—so much more sky—”

The featherbone sought to root. In boneflight, in featherfall, in asphyxia
the featherbone seeks. Still. The featherbone seeks history and flight,
skinrip and slough already opaque where the featherbone sinks
its point to fleshfallow feed in shallow to marrow to hollow.

“—than land.”

—
In every other telling it fails,
the word flight on the horizon—
to burrow, to flash, to flesh, to tempt like glass in a wave and shift the edge.

No whisper of change,
the unsought gift, just failure and fall and that part's true. The featherbone
can't resist. You have nothing to surrender in the archback fall the sunsear fever
the center sucked out.

—
*The framework of a bird on its back, wings untouched, still attached, the breastbone and all the main
bones of the body fleshless. If the head has been left, the neck vertebrae will be fleshless too.*

(This is not always true of very large birds, which have thicker bones.)

The wind blew open
the shattered-glass glint
a surface that doesn't reflect.

In fear the breath
and here the form took shape.

Everything is full of bone.

—

“In all the overgrown neglected places the bones are sifting down—”

Music depends entirely upon silence.

If the medium is moving, sound is transported further.

Many species have developed special organs to produce sound.

Prolonged silence is distressing to humans.

The medium in which sound exists is silence.

—

Searshut your throat & open soundless:
again—it pierces your back—
spins—you lurch and plummet—
light is: to blame you: unother.
The light is already bleaching your veins
metasomatized
—blooming in the cracks the fissures.