

## TELLING THE BONES

After the funeral,  
we carve survival,  
laying out for our guests  
the meaty slices from the breast bone  
nestled around the heart. Then we pick  
the carcass clean, boil the succulent  
skeleton, create a bubbling broth,  
and with our hands, our strong  
hands, our strong, clasped  
hands, we take sustenance.  
Sucking the marrow  
from the bared bones  
of our experience,  
we take, eat, and  
remember.

— Trecia R. Greene

1988