

# “Skeletal”

by

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You always were in love with Death,  
that handsome fiend with dark looks.  
You dreamt that he would capture you,  
and in his labyrinthine palace you would die forever  
and feast on ripe pomegranate seeds.

You have such fragile bird bones  
you seem skeletal at times  
and I think I will crush you  
with my powerful earth goddess love.

When I hold you I can tell:  
Death has already begun to steal you from me.  
Bone-cold-dry winter marks the onset of your absence;  
you pile on fabrics to hide the chill underneath.

You sing like spring when the first frost kills the grass  
and you ride away on the breath of a cold front.  
I wait and I wait and I wait and I wait and I wait.

When the snow melts, will you return to me?  
When the world floods as your frozen heart thaws  
will you return to the home you abandoned?  
Or will you choose to stay in Death's possessive embrace?

I knew you once, but now -  
now, I do not know the answer.