

Funky Bones

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Thinking of *Funky Bones*
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At first it's a mess of white blocks
lying on an open, green lawn
with people walking and jumping
from block to block.

A kid sits on his father's shoulders
to get a better view: it's a skeleton.
All by itself in the clearing.

A couple leads their daughter across
the blocks, making a fun lesson:
five toe bones, just like you, they say.
The girl jumps from bone to bone
with her father holding her hand.
This is the longest bone in your body.

Standing on the hip bone,
a young couple takes a picture.
The girl hops around them.
Here's the spine. It's in your back.
This is your skull.
The holes where the eyes should be
stare openly up at the sky.
The girl jumps off, runs to the next
exciting thing.

The skeleton is alone.
All it has is grass and sky.

Leaping from each bone,
we see what we look like under our skin:
at our bones, we're all the same,
staring up at the sky with open eyes.