

Meg Kelting

Bone Man

His shambles rattle in his clothes
creaking a story everyone is tired of
“yes Bone Man,”
they say
“the wind howls through your heart
but your catacombs call.”

It is not his time to rest.

Instead he wanders green hills
chittering to the trees about his long departed fingers
“I used to be a poet,”
the Bone Man says,
“love letters to the world, those were my words.”
but the trees listen to none but the birds.
“I used to be a poet” his ribs whisper.

His bones groaned the tale as he went along,
searching for someone to show shaking fingers.
But the Bone Man’s story was one the lot had heard before
an old skeleton forsaken by the wind and embraced by the howling
the more he held his arms out
the farther the wind took his racket
until all the world knew his tale before he could tell it.

The Bone Man looked up into a storming sky and lurched farther,
showing his old fingers
and in the wind the splinters shrieked and shifted.
“Great Time, you took my tale and now what is there?
I cannot make words, I am only bone,
let Wind reunite the rest of me!”
Time saw the Bone Man
and the wind went silent.

The Bone Man slunk on and soon all who had heard his tale on the wind
forgot it, for the wind is fleeting.
Bone after bone, unable to keep them quiet,
he wandered, waiting for dust.
Then one day the Bone Man came to a field
completely flat but for a figure in the middle.
The Bone Man shook through the corn and regarded the straw
“I used to be a poet,” his fingers said.
“I used to be a pilot.” the straw murmured