

Devon Miller-Duggan

Bone Poem

old bones
dry as a bone
bare bones
dinosaur bones
bone-weary
worn to the bone
dog without a bone
hambone
soupbone
marrow bone
bone-of-my-bone
bone of contention
fishbone
wishbone
funny bone
bonehead
no backbone
old bones
rattle bones
Mr. Bones
skin-and-bone
dem bones
known in your bones
bone-deep

Piero Paints the Leaves

There's gold falling on them, the leaves on all four kinds of
trees

Outside my study window. Any good morning light
Turns every single leaf into Danae's lap,
And sunlight pours itself right down through the canopy,
Leaves every leaf rich, rich, rich as a god's imagination.
Not Piero della Francesca's leaves, though.
They're broody things for all their wrought-iron laciness.
The lights along each fretted edge can barely hang there long
enough

To be remarked, and even then they slide away.
Piero's leaves spurt up and out from trees whose sole and
only purpose is

To hold the ground here long enough
So Christ may walk across it, stop, stare out at us—
Reproach and invitation twining through that gaze—
As if to say he plants his feet down here so hard
So earth can't fling itself away and lose the sky.
Therefore, Piero's leaves are heavier
And darker than the leaves my trees unfold.
Therefore, the green he paints them with is mineral —
Irgazine green—and fuses green with gold itself, at least the
color gold.

And yet, he knows before he chooses it, irgazine green
Comes off the brush and onto plaster transparent as the air.
He has to build each tree in
Green laid over green laid over green until its leaves grow
Dark enough to reach their edges toward the light.