

# The Bone Oracle – The Introvert

How nerve-raking heat was to bring rain,  
he couldn't ask. The sky would  
shed: slip leathery skin with a claw  
and let the fluid in, but only

if the bone abides – ox's scapula,  
clean and broad and bright,

cracks in the flames.

He couldn't ask. With an exacto-knife,  
he regenerates his name: the branches  
of his veins. Maybe the fire will follow.

Aren't we all stitched alive, tasting  
for the drops – cool, nursing,  
to tick through the straw  
onto our cracked lips.