

The Skeletal System of Seasonal Sadness

there is an opening into movement,
a latch pulled upward, abduct
from the hinge of the door,
there is a swinging out
from stagnancy,
a following
through
dig dog, spoon
down, carve a
path for unearthing,
carry a fraction
of the moment
transmit the weight
bicep
to radius
to ulna
to palm,
invisible pounds
living in ligament,
in lifting
freshly fallen snow
powder
is denser
than solid
when everything disintegrated
is packed tightly together
a remembering
crystallized from pieces
of that which is
trying to be
forgotten, unfelt, let go of.
clawed hand
half open to
feeling, indent
the air with the

sharp edges of
shaded silhouette,
suspend
pull back the arrow,
the dull gravitational
collapse,
instead bridge under
toward the release
bended bottle
caps of knee
joints holding,
contort the space
between scapula
and
clavicle
get in close
blind spot, the angular arm
in its
triangular shape
before rewinding into something
more
straight.

hung up on the clothes-

line, wrists bear wind
get in
between,
floss free
whatever's
stuck, whip
cream in the
wires of a
whisk,

shift directions

halved sunset, a snake
head to head, a pinch.

remember this backyard
when you were three?
piles of burnt orange

leaves
leave it,

release,
return out from within
step away

from the
episodic memory
crack open the hip from the butterfly bone
eagle at the knee,
lunge into that which
cannot be seen,

let the sun do the shadowing,
defined branches of skeleton trees.

follow
the lead.
the
humerus
of a wing
compass,

a clock
gliding on the frontal plane, isolate.
pivot gears to the transverse track,

circle in like a cork screw
get up underneath yourself,
midline
straight,
subway pole,
adduct,
the absence of ceiling, no
corner
to curl
into, pull up, off
the ground swallowing your
feet,

follow
the fallen ash
of freeing
feeling,
down,
get in close, grip,
time is just as lonely of a thing.

next is the dust

suspending.

the pressure of redeeming.
dig deep,
lean.

leap into limbo,
oppositional resist,
breathy lingering
kick.

there is a softening
of metatarsal bone,

of the winters hard hurt,
carry

the serving
platter

of presence
through
you,
a collected now,
dangling
into a split.

skull tilt,

the body's audible lilt.

dark continuum of light.

check the mechanical
make up

wired flexion of the wrist
step

step and don't sink in
tethered leg spin around
the rosey planted root, no rot,
thick skin, there is an opening
into movement, into grounding,
an easing in

toward
the ability
to bend
backward,
not break,
in the strongest wind.