

## **None More Black "What's Inside Bone"**

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Slap device on a weekend but don't call me  
superstitious when mirrors feel like glass and ladders  
build the bridges. Single out all the unseen and ugly  
instigators. I'll pull my loop holes tight. And you won't fit  
a finger. If you have your theory say so. I'm sure it's  
interesting. If it's not water. It must be wine. Marrow  
from the bones in my back is sifting blue these days.  
I'm wrong I'll put my head down and die alone. You're  
right. I'll put my head down and die alone. It's time to  
say goodnight underblankets made of sighs.

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