by: David Clink • for your 2017 Aurora Award consideration (Poem/Song category)

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The City of Bones

Whalebone arches greet you. In the visitor's hotel

wallpaper is made of skin, table legs are tibia.

If offered a drink, take it.

Cross the street when locals approach.

Long hands circle mute faces. All bones have their origin.

In the city of bones, cranes lift and lower, day and night.