

## Theories Of Old Bones

### Mourning Beloveth

They passed by flames almost out  
here even the wind destroys bones  
time turns into space bones ache  
drawn out like an ache bones space  
it smelled like slow death bones ache

and they crawled along the floor hungry and lean and looking for more  
the stench followed me out of the gloom, a ghost of rage  
a memory of cruel fatigue screams heard bone deep  
there is nothing to breathe into the heart the cold drifted

to the pit where we twist and cringe bones ache  
huddled away from the daylight pale and white  
hollowed into a numbness no need for pain or wasting disease  
for it's the same ragged tangle of fears,  
the same strange sense of aimlessness  
that knot of rage scoured the floor of the skull

life had drifted away to some far off point inside leaving the  
body to automatic ruin  
fall through the ether and that slow sweat of time gnawing at my entrails  
silent as the drift of death