

FISHBONE

by John Minser

Slivered bone, hands
over glass, lips smoky.
The oil-slick air, a menu
list of flounder names: *sea-sorrowed*,
coral-born, *for-want-of-tides*.
They circumnavigate.

I tell you: four dead today,
gurneys through the school;
heads a puzzle. Pathology
worked till dawn to solve them.

And after, it's not uncommon
finding chips of bone in pockets.
Bits of us, uncollected. We beg
for neatness: a box of looped hair
a stack of toes. A whole.
It sticks in our throats, the injustice.