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## Bedroom, Abiquiu; Cow's Skull

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*Lavonne J. Adams*

## Bedroom, Abiquiu

Georgia, so much has remained the same  
that I expect you to walk exhausted into the room,  
to drop onto the white coverlet of your narrow bed,  
hands clasped above your own pelvic bones.  
The walls are your favorite gray, dirt imported  
from a hundred miles away for adobe  
just this shade. Around you, a gathering  
of what you love: rocks along each windowsill,  
as if the sky were little more than a river run dry.  
One by one your friends have left behind  
the relics of their lives, and even you are not immune  
from nature at its capricious worst—loss of your breasts,  
loss of your sight. In this moment nature renders dark,  
a bronze hand of Buddha perpetually gestures  
“Fear not.” Yet you would say that only this is fact:  
the longer we live, the more we have to lose.

*Lavonne J. Adams*

## Cow's Skull

Each day we weave our bodies through air,  
grind down a bit of earth beneath us,  
fill our mouths with the juice of words  
that don't matter, tie each grief  
to our spines like sinkers on a line.  
Study a flower long enough and it will reveal  
itself in a language of color and shape,  
each shade vibrating like violin's string.  
Heavy with the weight of muscle and sinew,  
animals are more reticent, hide inside  
skin and fur. But long after movement  
ceases, when it seems that nothing is  
left, look again. Bones are like footprints,  
like fossils, like bugs held in amber.  
They imply certain stories:  
a jaw that unhinged whenever  
water was found, two half-dollars  
of darkness that no longer stare back,  
the empty cathedral of the skull.