

## ***Hollowed Bones***

*By Madison McCarty*

When I was younger  
on rainy days,  
my peculiar  
spirit,  
inevitably  
caved,  
would twirl outside  
in torrential rain,  
tap dance to the pond  
and feed the duckies;

(don't do that this was the 90's)

I'd study the cardinals  
in the sky, and their rosy reflections  
fluttering  
inside bottomless  
black puddles;  
to frolic so freely  
deeply  
humbling.  
To master gravity  
must be something--

to tame the wind  
as it thumbs  
through your feathers  
so intimately  
nudging.

The wisdom resounds,  
calling out  
of that beautiful  
hollowed body.

The labored breathing of earth,  
her unbridled  
nature  
an oasis,  
a toil,  
a door.

The reaching  
of Southern  
oak trees  
in worship  
of her omniscience/chaos/sacrifice  
her grandeur...  
branches curling  
every which way,

like a tangle of limbs  
in the love that's made,  
under ever shifting skies.  
the opening  
of blooming hips,  
releasing infant cries,  
the crunching of contractions  
that same gravity defied...  
I've always wondered  
what it's like...