

Mike Jurkovic

BROKEN BONES

They test this
And they test that
And still I feel
Like shit.

Maybe it's memory
Accustomed to the pain
Of hand and idleness,
Prone to the ink of the grifter.

The salacious and sacred
Knit an odd rigor mortis,
Each demanding
A specialized hunt
For cause and effect,
X-ray, tincture.

Pink eye. Blue Cross.
A knot of fibrous swelling.

The little volcanoes
We douse with aspirin,
The cure we all
Mistake as joy.

If only we
Could tell each other,
How much we love
Their broken bones

Poetry
On a prescription pad
Discarded
In empty waiting rooms