

One thing after another

The ivory, angular vertebra I found
the day after the day my daughter found

and tried out her new word – fuck –
was bony, spiky to touch, rough as fuck.

I thought: *Depths! Essence! Bone!*
She bent to it, touched it, turning bone.

Leave it, I called. She said, *Is it real?*
White in the grass the contrast was real.