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The Bones

Susanna Ferrell
SFerrell4476@scrippscollege.edu

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The Bones

Susanna Ferrell

Because I have the bones of nothing human
And the ego of nothing sacred
I have not found a way to decompose the odds
And boil off the hatred

My soft soliloquies are always looming in the distance
—Monologues, until I can find something worth my interest
And my time—yours spent writing soft, sweet lullabies
That need reprise, because I miss what mattered most in life

‘Cause see, I was created—not out of some test tube
I was not fated to live by God nor some professor’s rules
Oh, I’ve got flaws, a dozen, but that is what I choose
Because I burst in on reality with balance sewn into my shoes.