

2017

Garden Bones

Nick Alti

Western Michigan University, nicholas.a.alti@wmich.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate>



Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Alti, Nick (2017) "Garden Bones," *The Laureate*: Vol. 16 , Article 33.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol16/iss1/33>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.

Spring morning, my Rottweiler
hobbles across dew tipped grass,
hip dysplasia rattling his bones.
He stumbles, struggles to squat
near the moist corpse of a newborn bunny
he killed yesterday.

In the subterranean acres of my mind
reserved for suicidal ruminations
& admiration for animated pornography
I'm overwhelmed with envy of his organic hedonism.

My spring evening, I scour an abandoned basement
lit by one dangling light bulb,
steal rat carcasses from spider webs
glimmering in the sporadic lighting so much
like twinkling stars in lost nebulas.

I boil their meat
with stolen spices
from grandmother's warm kitchen.
Watching snuff films in black&white
I eat cold soup out of garage sale vases
which once held anniversary roses.

