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Bonegrinder

Richard McCarley

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Bonegrinder | Richard McCarley

A once loose tooth sticks to
the inside lip of a mouth stained
matching the owner's brother's fist.

Mom said: "Stop this shit.
I'll whoop your asses."

Deterrence sits beneath soil and sand
dug into by bullets searching for sweet chocolate
used to fuel iron stomachs that rumble rumble
as legs squeal like metallic wheels on tracks laid out by providence.

Dad said: "Don't go looking for a fight.
Don't run from one either."

Skeletons are ground up in walk-in closets,
sprinkled over steaks drenched in wine
that taste like hymns and apple pie,
paid for by the backs of dollar bills
composing a book called "Bible."



College Life No.1 | Anna Brenner

Charcoal 30 × 22



College Life No.4 | Anna Brenner

Charcoal 60 × 48