

# ODE TO MY RIBCAGE

JANELLE RAINER

My fingers glaze over  
the scaffolding  
inside my chest

as I dress in the morning.  
I imagine a collection  
of moon-white branches,

perfectly arranged.  
Each slender, stubborn bone  
is a beautiful stranger.

Reminders of the raw story  
beneath my skin.  
Lungs flare and fade.

My heart hangs  
like a lopsided sun.  
Some day my body will fail

and these hooked wings  
will crank open, revealing  
a scalding light.