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Bones and Moonlight

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Bones and Moonlight

I found the bones of a fawn
by a quiet pond one sunny afternoon.
The small concave hip socket
weathered to whiteness seemed a place
to rest my thumb, not much bigger,
to lift the skeleton to its feet to run away.

The skull lay by a large rock
as if learning peace. I traced an eye socket
with a fingertip. Oak leaves rustled
and water rippled. I closed my eyes
in sympathy. I felt like tracery in the air.

I took a weather-polished leg bone
home, a tibia as long as my hand span,
and laid it on a windowsill. Those nights
when moonlight finds the fawn's bone,
I feel a threnody in my own bones.

Robert M. Randolph

ROBERT M. RANDOLPH has published poems in more than 40 journals in the U.S. and abroad. He has twice been a Fulbright Scholar and teaches at Waynesburg University in Pennsylvania.