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Skeletons: Dry Bones

Skeletons,
normally found in a party city
a cheap plastic accessory,
or after some time,
it would come from a corpse
decomposing itself in a grave

Yet
there are bones on the floor
walking through this path,
very, very, dry bones scatter across this land
war? famine? ...
what could possibly be the cause of this atrocity?

Bones..
lie at the entrance of
homes, schools, workplaces
even the streets

There's no difference from a dystopian Society
to the current one we are living in
bullets penetrate the interior,
causing damage to the whole

Disconnected from the source,
tendons disconnected from the flesh,
and the flesh
stripped from the very essence of our bodies,
and our bodies so unaware of
the lifeless spirit

As the fog thickens to not only blur my vision
enters to clog my speech
my throats now coarse
and I'm unable to breathe

We are told to not walk alone
but every part seems to be
disconnected from the body,
fragments of bone and flesh

Unaware
that without bonding together
parts of the body become lifeless
without breath
speech becomes meaningless

Without speech,
bones stay dry and stagnant

Observing the bones, how can we march forward
if we don't help pick up the bones of the past,
speak up and stand up?

Let our voice penetrate and echo forward
while we speak to the bones now

Just like bones,
the words we speak come alive,
but if we aren't careful
they can cause our bones to decay

How can you imagine a human to be whole
without each part of the body connected?

What good is a mouth without using your voice—
the voice MLK used for speaking rights
for life?

We cannot walk alone, becoming fragments of
dry, scattered bones

Each bone is vital, as it helps support the body—
the arms, head, legs
we are each bones,
then, when we are put together
and spoken into by our Father

He makes the time for our dry bones
to come alive,
to come together,
and make a skeleton

A skeleton,

that starts forming the body
that supports and protects
one another and our future.

Banding together like the parts of the skeleton
not knowing how we'll march forward
but looking up at the one that will

