

The Skull

Smooth, polished skull.
Good teeth. Can't have been too old.
Jaw hanging open.
Did he die screaming?

Vertebrae attached to the neck,
held in place by a plastic rod,
nearly invisible.
Same pearly white as the skull.

Funny to look at it this way.
No sign of what kind of car he drove,
how much money he made.
Was he happy?

Look again at that open jaw.
Maybe not happy on this day.
Was he black, white, red, brown, yellow?
After it's all over, does it matter?

What remains from a life?
More than the frame that supported it,
More than the few cents worth of minerals
that composed it.

Turn it over.
Look inside.
Wonder what was in that cranial cavity,
now void of all but space.

Then see something,
A black speck just under the cheekbone.
Tiny, but something.

Pull the old metal encased magnifying glass
from the creaky desk.

Hold it close.
Squint.
Really tiny.

Then I see it.

Made in China.