

**To the Bones: About the Beads: Talking**

By David Mills

*On your right wrist, why the bracelet of turquoise and yellow glass beads?*

After the pound and soak of Master's  
nankeen breeches, I would find myself  
inching on dawn in his damp cellar: kneeling.  
My swole hands gloved in foam.

*I'm confused*

That bracelet: cruel jewelry. Or may-  
be just a blue and yellow warning,  
if the hand I favored bent too far back

*Your bracelet puts me in mind of a cute shackle*

What?

*Pardon me*

See where back of my hand,  
below my pinky, meets  
my wrist? That peeking  
bone pressing against  
my bracelet was once  
a shy, *bent-on-hiding*, bead