

romancing the bones

Lea E. Arellano

dipping her fingers into the broth of her chicken soup
as I watched with intention
such an act of intimacy

she, lifting up and out from the steaming bowl
the wing of a rocky junior*
looking at it with her pure focus
offering it to her lips
mouth opens and she takes it right in
suck, slurp, suck, suck
tongue comes out to lick her lips
full circle

she takes it out and examines her work
her tongue wraps itself around it once more
and takes it back in
I hear the bone crack
I swear I hear her teeth smile
lips smacking she begins to suck and pull loudly on the broken bone
ah it's the marrow says she
the very best part

closing her eyes
she returns to sucking on that damn chicken bone
savoring the treasure she found at it's core

I said to myself how deprived can one be
the whole time I watched her
I wished it were me

(*Rocky Junior is the name of a free-ranging organic chicken raised
in the Bay Area that some lesbians are fond of eating.)

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