

Good Bones

Maggie Smith

Life is short, though I keep this from my children.

Life is short, and I've shortened mine
in a thousand delicious, ill-advised ways,
a thousand deliciously ill-advised ways

I'll keep from my children. The world is at least
fifty percent terrible, and that's a conservative
estimate, though I keep this from my children.

For every bird there is a stone thrown at a bird.

For every loved child, a child broken, bagged,
sunk in a lake. Life is short and the world

is at least half terrible, and for every kind
stranger, there is one who would break you,
though I keep this from my children. I am trying

to sell them the world. Any decent realtor,
walking you through a real shithole, chirps on
about good bones: This place could be beautiful,
right? You could make this place beautiful.