

Five Bones

by Hazem Tagiuri

When the storm broke, my late aunt's dog
fetched five favourite bones from his corner,
and arranged a crude protective circle.

I'm told he remained within, shivering,
until the lightning passed, as if those cavities
were filled with shamanic strength.

On stale nights, I take comfort in thunder,
in the coming rain. It falls on us all,
but not all feel storms the same.

