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# Bonegrinder

Richard McCarley

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## Bonegrinder | Richard McCarley

A once loose tooth sticks to  
the inside lip of a mouth stained  
matching the owner's brother's fist.

Mom said: "Stop this shit.  
I'll whoop your asses."

Deterrence sits beneath soil and sand  
dug into by bullets searching for sweet chocolate  
used to fuel iron stomachs that rumble rumble  
as legs squeal like metallic wheels on tracks laid out by providence.

Dad said: "Don't go looking for a fight.  
Don't run from one either."

Skeletons are ground up in walk-in closets,  
sprinkled over steaks drenched in wine  
that taste like hymns and apple pie,  
paid for by the backs of dollar bills  
composing a book called "Bible."



## College Life No.1 | Anna Brenner

Charcoal 30 × 22



## College Life No.4 | Anna Brenner

Charcoal 60 × 48