

Crunchy

When your bones crunch under the weight of all your flesh
Crunching and twisting
Snap, crackle, and popping like a bowl of good cereal
Every morning climbing out of bed
Hearing the noises of your joints popping, your bones aching
Like the Statue of Liberty up in your joints
"Give me your tired, your huddled, your yearning ache longing just to disappear"
You resist the urge to scream to the sky
"What's crack-a-lacking God? And please tell me why you made me like this?"
Why did you give me cartilage just barely holding me together
The ribs that like to pop out and suffocate me in my sleep
Fifteen years old and crying about joint pain
People suffer across the world
And all you can think of is how your knee cricks and your wrist pops and how when you sleep,
your shoulder twists
In such a way that isn't healthy but oh so natural
You are so young with better things to focus on
But all your mind can see
Is how your back cracks when you yawn

by Hannah Cartwright