You make flesh disappear, as death will do less gently; make me of mineral like the moon, waxing or waning.

I feel nothing as your hail of rays glides over. I’m reflecting belly-up, though it probes my backbone. It will find how hard my hardest parts are, measuring the shadows.

So much of me is fluid, easily stretched or gathered; the heart squeezing returning blood, alveoli thinning their films against air, the liver embracing sugars and toxins, the surging circuits packed in the brain. But bones sustain their shape, unyielding as belief. From density the risk they take is known, the grief if they should break.