

*Kestrel*

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## **Taking Stock**

Imagine all the steps required to make bone broth.  
First, you must grow the animal, or capture it,  
if it has managed its liberty up to the boiling point.

After you've raised your fleshy edible beast,  
you discard the shameful bits, the chin hairs, the adipose  
tissue. You only want to draw the flavor from deep in the marrow.

Discard shame, skim froth, save for no other purpose,  
not even good enough for the garbage. Keep in a jar under the kitchen  
sink below the level of the slow-roasted bones.

What is not good enough for garbage is gravy and bacon.  
Out of the frying pan, bringing it home, baby. Strip down and there it is,  
good fat. At the core. Juicy sluice

brought home to nurse; imagine, cradling the bone body.  
Every step of walking further forms the bones. A body on a feather  
bed of bones. Slow comfort of soup: sip, savor, succor the flavor, suck

such luscious nourishment slow roasted bones form, splintered feathery  
bodies.

This soup requires steps: grow, kill, pluck, roast, simmer.  
Imagine managing your own liberty. Imagine reaching your boiling point.