**What the Bones Loves about Arthritis**

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Bones crave the arid space

arthritis brings, flourish in the by-product

of bodily desert, exploring cracks,

fissures, and sharp edges.

Other body parts think they are the stars,

and usually they’re right:

there is no human body without a heart, a tongue,

a brain, nerves, and skin.

The bones—so workhorse-y, the neglected stepchild

of the body’s glamorous family of parts—

can finally be the center of attention,

the bright star of doctor visits,

medications, procedures, side effects,

pharmacy consultations, and surgeries.

Bones do not care for cartilage,

all ooze and slime, smothering in its affection

like a stalker trying to overwhelm.

Once cartilage goes, bones can relax,

go noisy and brittle,

can hear themselves for once—the joy of scraping,

the relief of skeletal friction—

arthritis gives the bones what they

have desired for so long.

They creak in glory,

surrender to their grinding

as they forget roundness and strength.

Like teenagers in the backseat of a car.

*True love*, they think, rubbing against one another.

*This is more than physical—*

*I have found myself.*