



## Old Habits Never Die

by Janie Reynolds

Rigid, the skeleton of habit alone upholds the human frame.  
Intractable, he bows with jaded weight, refusing recognition.

“I will break if you bend me,” he slyly warns. “Brittle as I am.”

And enveloped by cushions of such malleable fat, the scaffold stays safe and snug, threatened neither by day nor by night. Idle through his puppet life the hidden emperor is carried in a meaty chariot, dog sleeping under robust flesh, in born allegiance with tensegrity.

But, oh, how the vivacious tissues dance! Running, playing, mating, ageing and living...as dying bone never lifts a finger. While fascia bends and shifts in revolution, to free itself from limbs and trunk, the bones, antecedent, strings to the muscles' bows, play the same old symphony. Archeology incarnate.