

Marrow-Morrow

Bone marrow is the flexible tissue found in the hollow interior of bones.
In humans, the marrow found in the large bones produces new blood cells.
There are two types of bone marrow.

Red and yellow.

Yellow is comprised of mostly fat cells, which isn't to imply that it is useless,
just that it is also there
sitting

in the same body.

Red is responsible for producing billions of blood cells per day.

When we are born almost all of our bone marrow is red and devoted to cell production.

As we age, the red slowly converts to yellow.

I imagine that the insides of my shin bones are now a fallow yellow.

They feel weak anyway.

But the bones in my arms, they are still burning bright red, and trying to make up for the now
sleeping lower extremities.

I attribute this imbalance to all of the heavy lifting I have done.

In cases of severe blood loss, the body can miraculously convert yellow bone marrow back to
red to increase cell production so that the body may live at least until tomorrow.

Morrow is a word that means "the next day".

For example, I could say on a particularly good Friday night,

"I will see you in the morrow," Whitney Houston.

And it is true, I almost always want to dance with somebody.

But instead, I would like to address Morrow directly.

Dear Morrow,

Morrow, Georgia

Morrow County, Ohio where the official facts and figures show that
there are 70 cemeteries and only 1 summit

Morrow County, Oregon

Morrow Mountain State Park, North Carolina

and

Morrow Township, Missouri

I have developed an appetite for things that only remind me of how hungry I am.

That remind me of something better that awaits.

Such as yellow sunlight splashing on the backs of a room full of chairs that are somewhere else.

Or rain puddles that not only smell good, but also reflect a face that I want to look at.

And this makes me think more about the possibility for beauty and less about how no one ever
seems to want to stop when I am crossing the street.

Dear Morrow,

“One could become mired in all of the morrowing that is going on about town,” I say laughing, putting both of my hands at my hips and making pistol-shapes.

You know what this means because I make this gesture anytime I want to talk about our poor aim.

“I want to morrow you.” And you respond, “Not if I morrow you first.”

Its kind of funny to think that we are selfish. We are selfish. We are selfish.

Now I think we have less dense flesh. Perhaps because of some trauma.

And Someday is just Morrow dressed in a shiny evening gown of distance, mixed with the gratitude that we can muster in the present.

So Someday, there will be enough of us to be continuously becoming in a shiny black obsidian kind of way. And when we’ve sharpened our arrowheads long enough so that they will stick into just the right flesh; just the right piece of land.