

Pieces

Patricia Barber

There's a piece on the chair
A piece in the hall
A nice piece of me
Stuck to the wall
Divide and conquer
The jigsaw in you
Has left me asunder
All over the room

There's a piece by the clock
Clinging awkwardly to time
There's a piece at the piano
Clinging stubbornly to rhyme
There's a fun piece of me
In a crack in the floor
An innocent piece
Who walked out the door

Call me a doctor
Or a structural engineer
Draft me a past and a future
That consert to adhere

Give me a pill that makes cohesion
A pharmalogical thing
Bring me the tape and the twine
The blueprint design
To fit the scraps and the threads
To the feet and the legs

There's a piece that was pretty
For a moment or two
But my mouth and my lips
Are somehow askew
A piece of a hero is
Behind the TV
The piece with the glue
Is looking for pieces of me

There's a piece in Detroit
A piece in LA
New York is a critic
She's funny that way
There's a piece prone to panic
A big piece is blue
All the pieces agree
The best piece went with you

In fragments and tatters, scattered
All over the road
Each piece has the other
But no pieces is a whole
Little maps in their pockets,
Reflections of possibility
The pieces pick themselves up
Dust themselves off
And start all over

Again