

# 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