

Missing You

I see it first as a jig saw
puzzle: Woman with a Guitar –
Braque cut pieces out of her
body, then deftly rearranged.
Some parts he returned, just put them
in a new place. Other parts
he left missing. What's there tries
to work. There's beauty in amputees:
adaptation, innovation,
and sheer simplicity.

I continue to stand and stare.
Then I see myself there:
the part of me that was you
in me, though birthed and grown
is now nowhere. Your life lost,
you are missing not only
from your own dead body,
but from mine, like the woman's arm.
The rest of me is a muddle,
really: pieces not belonging,
transplanted without fit.
What's funny is I function
at least as well as she plays,
but parts of me are now missing,
and what's left has been rearranged.