

## Pieces

by trayce *Thursday, Oct 29 2015, 9:47am*

international / poetry / post

torn apart so many times  
it is preferable to remain in pieces,  
before anyone wishes to tear it apart again  
they would be forced to reassemble first,  
it foils further attempts

the phone is disconnected  
a girder protrudes from the collective brain  
supporting collapsing towers,  
it may require surgery  
before structures remain stable

in desperation a dispatch is sent to oblivion  
asking for assistance  
years pass before a response,  
'tough luck' this is the void  
what did expect, signed the queen of diamonds?  
thank u, exactly that!

streets overflow with somnambulists  
black is white and white is piebald  
the awake dream haunted dreams  
surgeons sleep-walk hospitals with bow-torches,  
sledge-hammers and other precision instruments

nothing is able to return to its former state  
disintegration foils all attempts,  
another dispatch perhaps, but to what avail?

fish fly, birds swim underwater  
this world is upside down  
like the arms of an old clock racing in reverse,  
time has not stopped it is approaching  
midnight in the full light of day

a dreamer screams in his unrest  
the world defies reason,  
it's 2015  
what did You expect?

i'll save personal pronouns for  
happier times.

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1954.html>