## **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.

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