

# A JIGSAW PUZZLE

(for Fanny)

Death makes a jigsaw puzzle of us all,  
A whole smashed into a thousand tiny pieces,  
A world exploded into a box.

We lay them out on green baize under a light,  
Try to stitch the fragments back together -  
A smile, the chink of glasses, a game of cards, a text.

And yet nothing seems to fit.  
The threads we are left with do not make a cosy blanket.  
The crumbs do not add up to a feast.

And how could they  
When all that we had is broken  
And all that we shared is lost?

But still we cannot put the puzzle away -  
A silk scarf, a scrap of paper, something she said,  
A woman watering her flowers in the dark.

And slowly we see how we can build another picture:  
Imperfect, as life is, with a hole in the middle  
And the missing piece of jigsaw in all of our hearts.