be kind to your pieces…/torn

by Jamal H. Iqbal

“Be kind to your pieces”, she says. Pieces of that soul you leave behind as you move forward leaving a glance to the left, to those that left with a piece of your soul or where your soul should have been, be kind to your pieces.

Be kind to your ego, as you cut loose and squint where the right eye was lost. Lost to the ayes, those subservient eyes those eyes that lost the light that they sought so vividly still pools that could soak in the pain sideways poured in bursts.

“Be kind to your pieces”, she says. Pieces of places of paces you walked somewhere in between a meander and a trot not the trudge you then begrudged. Pieces that had color even in black and grey. Pieces that said shrug a shrug and then another and one to right with the eyes that squint and one to left with rhythm that never left. And piece after piece, after piece they stich themselves, née weave a tapestry that is the dance your very walk swayed in. Be kind to that dance. The memories that pieced together each tiny movement of necks tilted, fingers posed and hips throbbed.

“Be kind to your pieces”, she said. And in them, find your peace.

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Strung out from a prompt by Priyanka C

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