

# Puzzle Pieces

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It is often the business of life  
to propel one along,  
to bring together, bond,  
then separate,  
leaving something  
of yourself behind.

Somewhat disconnected  
we are loosely anchored  
with ill-fitting  
temporary objects of desire.

And in the contrived adjustment  
we occasionally find  
excess pieces falling out of pockets,  
blurred photos  
floating from memory,  
odd puzzle remnants  
of what was left over.

