**Jigsaw**  
*Robin Barnett*

There are pieces of me shattered, broken  
There are pieces of me lost, gone  
There are pieces of me hurt, dying  
There are pieces of me hidden, afraid and yet  
There are pieces of me laughing, loving  
There are pieces of me happy, here  
There are pieces of me mending, healing  
There are pieces of me apparent, brave  
This jigsaw puzzle that is me  
is quite complex as you can see  
some one way, some another  
someone's wife, someone's mother  
at days' end we all have pieces  
that stay in the dark, that laugh in the sun