



BITS AND PIECES

By Wayne Visser

Hidden in drawers
Are pathways and doors
To mindscapes and heartshapes
And times long forgotten

Under the bed
Are words left unsaid
Like jars still unopened
And nest eggs unbroken

Stacked up in piles
Are papers and files
With thought-crimes and love-rhymes
And hopes now forsaken

Back of the shelf
Are bits of myself
Like gems left unguarded
And rags now discarded

Stashed in a box
Are keystones and locks
To histories and mysteries
And fates still encoded

Left on the floor
Are clothes from before
Like clues to unravel
And notes from soul-travel

Inside some books
Are triggers and hooks
To dark-nights and wing-flights
And trips still untaken





Strewn on the ledge
Are tales from the edge
Like sparks to enkindle
And memories that tingle

Flashed on the screen
Are photos and dreams
Of sun-bursts and moon-thirsts
And worlds yet untested

These are the bits
Though none of it fits
Each a random played part
To turn life into art

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