



LIFE IN PIECES

By Wayne Visser

I. Paradise

My life was full
Crammed and spammed and jammed
Full of stuff and puff
Beyond enough
There were people to meet
Faces to greet
Hands to shake
Deals to make
No time to take a break
From the busyness of it all
The deadlines and budgets
The headlines and fudge-its
And that's not even counting
The mounting expectations
And ladder climbing
To great destinations
Until the day
It all gave way

II. Disquiet

My life was full
A trumpeting horn of plenty
But gently
The cracks appeared
And what I feared
Came creeping
Seeping
Through the floors, the doors
And every gap in my crowded days
A shrouded haze of discontent
Malevolent
In silent ways





Sowing seeds of destruction
Growing weeds of corruption
Like the gnawing rust of years
And the clawing dust in gears
Like trickling sand
That's how it began

III. Descent

My life was full
Then in a flash it crashed
And I was dashed
On rocks of shame
My ego smashed
By waves of blame
Nothing would ever be the same
I clutched at straws
And heard them snap
I ran through doors
Into a trap
A maze of dead-end rescue plans
A band of thieves and rival clans
I fled
I bled
And every thread I grabbed
Unravelling only more
Of what my life had been before

IV. Disintegration

My life was in pieces
Shattered and splattered
And scattered to the winds
Of indifference
Amazed, I gazed around and saw
Shards of love
Unspoken
Now broken





Stunned and numbed, I kicked
A fragment of work
Once polished
Now demolished
I did not have the heart
To start
To pick them up
Those pieces of me
Torn apart
So I just let them be

V. Despair

My life was empty
Weary
Dreary
Eerie
With shadows shifting, demons drifting
Yelling in my head:
I should be dead!
What's the point? Just look around
Not a sound
Not a soul
None to console
No goal
No get-up-and-go
No flow
On life's stage, this page
Is stained and torn
Time to get out of town
Time to bring my curtain down

VI. Desperation

My life was empty
My hand and the gun were one
My finger, the trigger
The barrel seemed bigger
From close up





Everything else was far away
All the things I'd done
The battles won
The hollow acclaim
The pride in my name
My faraway life with my faraway wife
These were things from a distant land
And a living past
Now fading fast
Now, close to hand
A squeeze on the gun
Then the sun
Broke through

VII. Redemption

My life was empty
It needed to be, for me to see
What life is worth
What can give birth through me
If I open up to a greater force
That invisible source
That fires the heart and inspires the mind
That quickens the spirit
And whispers 'just do it!'
I've started again
Rebuilding my bridges
With paintbrush and pen
With family and friends
It's more about people, less about reasons
Less about busy, more about seasons
Less about doing, more about knowing
My life is full
But not overflowing

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