

I Am a Mess

Contrary to the peaceful countenance
I try to display to you and everyone I know,
inside, I am a mess.

I'm like the 1,000-piece puzzle on the ferry,
where somebody wrote inside the box cover,
"pieces missing."

Baskets full of grief for my own losses
and the countless losses of countless others
make no sounds at all.

A small paint brush in my mind catalogs gifts,
water falls, sunsets, the Fall colors of maple leaves,
trying to quiet the mess.

I need a whole calendar full of hugs,
a hair clip to hold news away from my eyes,
and a tissue for my lonely heart.