

## Puzzle People

Facing each other like unlucky mirrors,  
untold fragments reflect between,  
you touch me along my broken edges,  
I trace my fingers across your jigsaw scars.

Piece by piece  
we are dismantled,  
each by the other's hand.

You reach inside and find the heart,  
the lung, the deeper part,  
your hands becoming finger puppets  
behind my eyes.

This is no metaphor, this gesture.  
This reach is real.

Between our kneeling frames  
it's been all laid out.  
I have no skin left  
to safeguard.

I take, give  
a cutaway from my sternum  
and it fits you  
like a badge.

Pieces from the pile complete the riddle.  
One, two, after the other,  
onto, into,  
leaving gaps and seams and happy overlays  
and spaces waiting to be entered.

Drying pools  
we leave behind:  
stains tattooed in memory,  
covering what was once just a map of lines...

One easy moment,  
replacing all the questions of the world  
with something greater than an answer.

From you, I  
this miracle  
like loaves and fishes welling.

There is more of us now  
than when we began;  
pieces left over,  
spilled onto the bed  
before us...