

## How Many Pieces

No matter what it's still there.

Regardless of the distance of time or day.

It refuses to depart.

Like a sleeve tattoo it won't leave.

How many pieces can it be.

Each breath I find another.

A particle, a section or a remnant.

I got a yard fill.

A barn overflowing.

From just the taste of knowing.

How sweet did the buds enjoy.

A flavor Ramsey could not concoct.

And then the plate broke.

The shattering pain of a thumping pump..

Chapped lips of a broken heart.