Missing You

I see it first as a jig saw puzzle: Woman with a Guitar – Braque cut pieces out of her body, then deftly rearranged. Some parts he returned, just put them in a new place. Other parts he left missing. What’s there tries to work. There’s beauty in amputees: adaptation, innovation, and sheer simplicity.

I continue to stand and stare. Then I see myself there: the part of me that was you in me, though birthed and grown is now nowhere. Your life lost, you are missing not only from your own dead body, but from mine, like the woman’s arm. The rest of me is a muddle, really: pieces not belonging, transplanted without fit. What’s funny is I function at least as well as she plays, but parts of me are now missing, and what’s left has been rearranged.