

Pieces of Me
Ivanka Fear

Pieces of me are missing
cut off
living a life without me.

I, ever conscious of their absence,
long to be whole,
to sew them back together,
to mend myself.

I am not an island
broken away from the mainland
free-floating in the midst of a vast deep ocean.

— I cannot be —
the flotsam and the jetsam
of someone else's life.

I am not made of stone
a rock
detached from the mountain
free-standing amongst the rubble

— I cannot be —
the debris and detritus
swept under the rug.

Pieces of me are scattered
here everywhere
there
existing without me.

I, missing the pieces of me,
hope to find myself intact again,
to glue us back together,
to fix myself, to fix us.

— I cannot be —
without me.

Ivanka Fear is a former teacher now pursuing her passion for writing. Her poems and short stories appear in *Spadina Literary Review*, *Montreal Writes*, *Adelaide Literary*, *October Hill*,

Scarlet Leaf Review, The Sirens Call, The Literary Hatchet, Wellington Street Review, Aphelion, Muddy River Poetry Review, and elsewhere. She has completed her fifth suspense novel and is looking for an agent. Ivanka resides in midwestern Ontario, Canada, with her family and cats.