

SANDRA FEES

*On the Consolatory Pleasure of  
Jigsaws When the World Is in Bits*

—headline from *Psyche*

When the world is in 1000 pieces  
of sturdy recycled  
cardboard, the dissected  
map offers you —  
    what?

A roundness? The edges  
are tricky angles of resurrection.  
I group parts of myself  
by color — pink, brown, orange,  
velvet blue, cirrus eyelashing  
the outer limits.

The first to be assembled from the cradle-  
box — the raccoon and red-crowned crane.  
Then the endangered *Manis Pentadactyla*  
poached to the Wuhan market.

    A deer leap-  
frogs the mountains that point their triangular fingers —  
    *go higher.*

A peacocked comma takes shape,  
twirl of turquoise feathers and lapis baubles.  
Expands the prenatal womb. The world always  
gestating, always ample.

    There are no humans.  
I see what's falling apart, what's assembled,  
oceans and forests, ear by ear by wing.