

*Each Part Apart*  
by Andy Havens

A part of him welcomed the hard-morning punches,  
and he clocked in gut-first to his duties in bunches.

The thought made his bacon.  
The thought taught him wishes.  
The thought wrought a First Thing  
that then piled up the dishes.

A part of him flew from inside his lost clout,  
then proney retreated to a bone-lonely doubt.

The thought stacked his papers.  
The thought brought him wishes.  
The thought sought a birthing  
that then burst from its stitches.

A part of him sat oddly apart from his peaces –  
the grant diagnoses the wish's diseases.

The thought's unrelated to  
The thought's rotten missives.  
The thought's naught but Springing  
That then dies where it misses.

A part of him sat in each part of the place  
Each part apart and no parts face to face.

**Andy Havens** writes poetry, fiction, and essays in Seattle, Washington. His poetry has been published at Seattle University, and his short fiction has been a finalist in a Glimmer Train competition. Andy is a dedicated husband, full-time father, and US Army veteran who is studying the Arabic language.