

## WINTER

*at age 9, watching Grandma piece her large scale puzzles together*

The pieces that lock together, now fully define empty. Negative space becomes enclosed-- surrenders itself to the rustic scenery where

I find myself trapped in her puzzle in progress, looking up at her with admiration, like a god creating her own world with each piece she locks into place.

She stands positioned with statue-like posture, crouching over with a stern right foot on a chair, elbow touching knee with an extended hand clenching a long neglected cigarette,

Everything is hushed, except for the occasional clicking of cardboard pieces between thumb and hard surface.

In the process a piece or two out of three-thousand would always be accidentally brushed onto the floor, vacuumed up or chewed up by the dog to be lost forever.

Yet, she would still enslave herself to this pastime, always left incomplete, fully content the final piece was missing.

Then at closing,  
like a Buddhist demonstrating impermanence,

she would brush it all away, links would disconnect as they slid apart back into the puzzle's box or origin. A new clean area to work.