

SECTION A - Pieces of My Am

October 29, 2003

Undivided yet the same,
My heart is more than two.
How can I fix the past a whole
When all I am I do?

I need to make the pieces one.
But this defeats my will.
If grace be grace, I need its taste,
Or else I flounder still.

The Psalmist asked for what I ask
He won it too, I'm sure.
The Danish Saint wrote of the same;
His heart, I think, was pure.

But I am left to scribble verse,
And ponder what I miss.
One part of who I am is true,
So I will write with this.

-- Flint McGlaughlin