Assembly

Arve Henriksen

There's a piece of you on a piece of paper.
It's got you enveloped in a drug store letter
It's left in my pocket for moments I'd like you to share
Cause I believe that you're there when I read
How I caused a scene
How you're poorer than dirt
And it's then that I flirt with
The thought of our home
Emptied and alone
It seems clear what you know you should do.
Start new.

And though we continue to age,
We never change.
Still assembling new names
For a repeating problem
And if the sum and the parts stop where they start
There's no progress, there's no progress.

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