**Segments June 2020. Dissectology – The art of jigsaws**

**Poetry inspired by the workshop**

**Jigsaw, a terza rima sonnet by David Winbow**
These are the pieces, place them how you will;
believe you have the power to decide,
but some design will guide your fingers still.

The fit of cut and colour cannot hide
the picture painted long before you knew
that jigsaws bring you close to homicide.

An error to believe all acts are free,
untrammelled, subject only to our will:
acknowledging the other is the key.

These are the pieces, place them how you will,
but some design will guide your fingers, still.

David says: “Thanks for the session. I enjoyed it, as always- probably the best part is hearing what different people make from the same subject.”

**Baked Bean Jigsaw in Lockdown by Maggie McGladdery**
Shopping- not the same.
Tension rising, can’t find the…whatsit.
Not that way! Go the other way!
Don’t put that there! Don’t touch!
Tension rising…THERE ARE NO BEANS!!
Frustration increasing- can’t cope
Throw in the towel and leave.

Relax- sit down- think about the beans.
Memory stirs and a dust covered box is found.
A box of beans! A plate of orange loveliness.
Spilled out on the table, clean and neat, The pieces each containing half a dozen ovals.

Start to compile the meal
Curved edge of plate- filled with glistening food.
But what’s this?
Tension rising, can’t find the …whatsit.
Not that way! Go the other way!
Don’t put that there!
Tension rising- There are too many beans!
Frustration increasing- can’t cope
– throw in the towel…
Make egg on toast!

**My Grandson by Sue Bicknell**
I’ve found the missing piece of the picture of my life You fit so perfectly into the irregular vacant space I’d lost this segment so long ago It remained untenanted until you arrived unexpectedly

You made your unforeseen appearance straight into the available gap You interlocked into place and dovetailed Creating a whole beautiful image That is absolute perfection

**The missing piece by Christine Hopcutt**
I’m lonely, lying in the dark
On the floor, by myself, sad
It isn’t fun, no longer a lark

I am important, needed, a Jack the Lad
Without me no ending, left in suspense
They don’t it yet but they will feel bad

The picture is growing each piece must condense
Into a view of a carriage moving in State
A man stands watching leaning over a fence

The end is in sight, “ well done there mate”
Now they’ve noticed I am not there
They’re frantically searching but no it’s too late

They need me, they want me. “ Look under the chair”
Depression sets in, times up, “ Oh it’s really not fair”