

## **Kelly Joe Phelps "Piece by Piece"**

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piece by lonely piece the mountainside tumbles away  
back down to the river bottom lined with pocket worry  
stones  
a hundred years in hand worn smooth by long  
grandmother nights  
sitting by the rocking chair waiting for the world

oh, if I could roll back all the years and talk to my  
daddy's dad  
about all the fears I'm leaving in that maybe he had  
had  
I might get some light to shine down this dusty old dry  
well  
hear the bucket hit the bottom and the rope come  
rolling by

when three hundred years has been the time from  
whence it came  
why hadn't someone yet figured out to lower down the  
gun  
and shoot out the middle of this clawing, staring eye?  
hear the bucket hit the bottom and the rope come  
rolling by  
sitting by that old rocking chair waiting for the world

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