

Figure

By Robert Wrigley

You want a piece of me
to see, from the flesh of me,
a flesh from within me
no one's ever seen, not me,
nor the mother or the lovers of me.

A piece that will have been me
but then no longer me,
instead a synecdoche of me,

or possibly metonymy,
a figure of speech of me,
in contiguity or association with me,
a part for the whole of me,
a sliver that once was me,
so you might perceive the end of me.

Source: *Poetry* (December 2019)