



## **Edith Speers**

### **PLAY-TIME**

your mouth is a jigsaw puzzle  
which I take apart

your eyes are kaleidoscopes  
I see the coloured bits tumble  
behind frosted glass

your limbs are puppet stiff & puppet limp  
I pluck at each one in turn  
I'd love to see you dance

but here is an old top with a shiny knob  
and it goes: whee whirr, we were