

Jigsaw

A jigsaw picture of his friends,
Their lives and places they have been.
And in his hand his own reflection,
Puzzling where the piece fits in.

The puzzle was a crooked set
Of many pieces, large and small,
But his piece was a different shape,
And it would not fit in at all.

This piece would have to change, he deemed,
And be re-shaped and cut in size.
And on the table sat a knife,
With gleaming blade that tantalised.

He held his piece before the light,
And if he cut just one bit out,
Ignoring how it shone so bright,
Then it would fit without a doubt.

He pushed the jigsaw board aside,
And gripped the piece within his mind.
Its place was in another scene,
Another jigsaw he would find.

W. M. R. Simpson