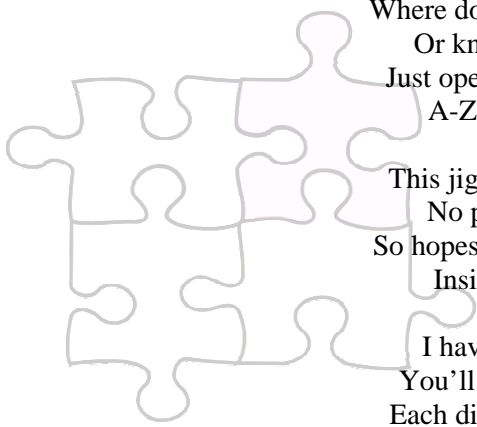


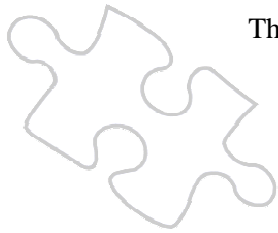
## The Jigsaw (By Atom)



Where do we find the one we seek?  
Or know for whom to look?  
Just open doors and take a peek?  
A-Zee entire phonebook?

This jigsaw that we call our life,  
No picture, map or guide.  
So hopes can quickly turn to strife,  
Inside ourselves we hide

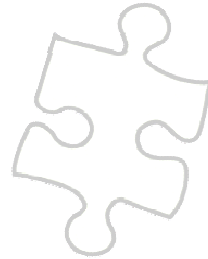
I have so many edges that,  
You'll not see from one angle.  
Each different view another hat,  
So many me's to jangle



How do I find that special one?  
Who'll know me as I do?  
There my heart's cloak can drape upon,  
Until our lives are through.

My 'me-ness'; all I have to tout;  
Though I think I not unique.  
Though ordinary it seems I'm out,  
"Abusual", I seek

Those plains of heart and mind and soul,  
That I exist upon,  
Can weight sustain or fabric hole,  
If tramped by two not one

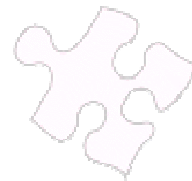


Loneliness; not feared so much;  
As a life by love confined,  
A soul in tort and manacled clutch,  
Your shackles round my mind.



My body can be judged by all,  
Within this flesh dimension,  
But flesh is of the soul a shawl,  
Fills need not wants intention.

So I look to see what pieces fit,  
If edges interlock,  
If minds can be an 'Arran knit,  
What me in me you'll mock.



This jigsaw piece the future faced,  
The picture so unsure,  
One click away from being placed,  
One flick and lost to floor.