

## Puzzles

*Glasgow, November 2022*

Maybe I don't fit, or maybe I just don't want to,  
Maybe I worry that if I don't fit, I might just miss my cue,  
For when it's time to leave, there can be no hesitation,  
And maybe being unfitting when the time comes will lessen the devastation.

But I do want to fit, I think, don't we all want to fit?  
Maybe I don't want to fit, maybe I'm fine just to sit,  
Watch as others click into place around me, click click and then a corner piece,  
Envious glances as I feel cold and look upon friends wrapped up warm in fleece,  
But I do want to fit, I think, it's better to fit than get lost on the floor,  
But I should have realized early on that what once was is now closed behind a door.

My door stays open, as I panic about Puzzles, I cling onto fleeting memories,  
I wish if I closed my eyes I'd fit, but fitting is more than sight for me, it's sensory,  
I hear it and smell it, yes puzzles have a smell,  
I feel it and taste it, yes puzzles taste like hell,  
Until they don't, until the last piece snaps into place and suddenly you're tasting rainbows,  
But that road can be quite long, bendy turns and "do I fit" stepping all over my toes.

Fucking puzzles man, they're so fun, until you hit a brick wall,  
And then you've got to forget the puzzle, perseverance can't do it all,  
What is my place, in this place, a question that will never tire,  
For the answers to that question give off different fuel for different fires,

Some will make it rage, burn out of control, threaten your being,  
Some will make it fizzle barely more, a fire so small you wonder if it's worth seeing.

But wherever your place, in whatever this place,  
Your fire burns on, yourself you should brace,  
It's going to be a bumpy ride, even when it all seems to click,  
But puzzles can be fun, and one day it'll all just seem to stick,  
Together at last, your corner piece found,  
The completion ringing out like the purest of sounds.