



# Jigsaw Family

## **Jigsaw Family**

I have a step-this and a half-that,  
Connected somehow, but knotted like a giant woollen question mark.  
I have a dead one or two, and some unborn too.  
There are some who simply disappeared in a breath of a moment  
And others who are there but unseen.  
The jigsaw people in my life, held safely within the box of my brain,  
Make fragments of a picture that will not come together.  
I am theirs and they are mine.  
I love them and they love me.  
Perhaps the box that holds them is my heart,  
But it does not help the pieces fit better to know that.

Recently they have taken all my strength and thought  
As I try to shake the jumble into a story I understand.  
I have nothing much left for all those expected things –  
Loving, liking, learning, laughing.  
People have hung on in there with me  
But I can see that they are letting go,  
My fingers slip through theirs and soon I will fall into the darkness,  
Into the void of a stumbling, stuttering life  
Where nothing quite manages to flow or fit.

Will you help me with my picture?  
Start to make the jigsaw family fit the box and have edges and a shape I understand?  
It is my right, your responsibility.

*Val Cuff 2010*