The Fitting

The mastery of my skill lives in permanence etched in mankind’s timeline and proven by those who replicate, duplicate, and imitate my style. The mastery of my skill is a visitor witnessed by a fickle memory who can’t quite place me. And when it transfers to the youthful thinkers, nourishers, and fighters, I retreat to my cabin in the woods to die. You don’t know me but I was born in the wrong box. With jigsaw pieces who spend to expend their concerns over our disconnection. Hiring diagnostic pill dispensers to alter the chemistry of my peace. I, along with all you other jigsaw pieces, are looking to connect. With those who were designed to fit into us. As opposed to being forced to be molded into their unique pieces. But don’t you see what is here and has always been? We are all belonging to the same jigsaw puzzle. I am the motor mouth located in the dirty south. Fighting for you to open your eyes and realize, yes, that I am with you, sticking right beside you amongst all the other phenomenally weird pieces forming, shaping, actualizing our collective.