VoyandI

You and I

We are both our own. Separated by matter. Delimited by our own flesh. An illusionary wall. I d not condemn your confusion

Yes, confusion. This is all illusionary. Don't you realize that flesh is no barrier to the beauty of this unit? There's no sides, but just one? We are but galaxies in a universe..



I may think that I am whole by myself. That I am sufficient without you, or anyone else

But despite what my mind may make me assume any given day, I am but a mere piece in this beautiful puzzle.

That's right, a puzzle piece. One of many. Capable to be appreciated and seen by myself, but opaqued by the grandiosity of the bigger picture to which I belong and help compose. Can I live



. Joined, entwined. We are part of something so much greater. Something unstoppable. Your

irtues making up for my flaws, and mine for yours. Are you starting to get the big picture?

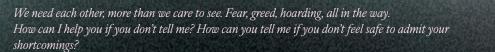
But this is only possible if you let it happen. If you accept to admit that you're not infallible. That you're not whole by yourself. If you're willing to accept that you're better as a piece, a part.

It's gotta be all of us. Don't you see?



And all of us, not just you and me, but them too. We are all part of
This wonderful arrangement of beauty. Of imperfection, for
Every shortcoming is amended by the other.

But would you want to amend me? Would you want to forgive me? Would you want to forgive yourself and accept that you cannot do it or have it all? or would you rather "prevail" in loneliness?



We are stronger

How could you know if you don't let me show you?

We are beauty Because this is how we are meant to be. This is always with To continue to

This is why we exist... To complement, to help, to build..

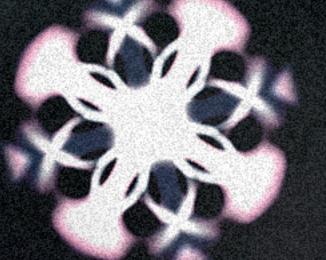
All as one...

A greater image develops in our togetherness. Our lifetimes entwined create such a greater sense. Such a greater meaning. The bigger picture revealed by our willingness to partake.

We are power, we are grace, we are love...

We are power, we are perfect together. Imperfect on our own. Incomplete. Perfect in junction. Completed. United as we are meant...

For beauty can't even being to explain what we resemble when united. It's too finite of a concept... Could anything truly fairly depict what we are In such a complete state?



Together, we are

Most accurately, together we amount to it all... Together we are...

