



You and I

We are both our own. Separated by matter. Delimited by our own flesh. An illusionary wall. I do 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 with that?

We are complicated system of our own, perfectly autonomous, or so we think. But is it true? Is it true that we are meant to be by ourselves? I ask this question, simply because you are beautiful, and I am too, but...

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

Together...

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

We need each other, more than we care to see. Fear, greed, hoarding, all in the way. How can I help you if you don't tell me? How can you tell me if you don't feel safe to admit your shortcomings?

We are stronger

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

We are unstoppable

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 beauty

Because this is how we are meant to be. 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.

**Together, we are
"Beyond beauty"...**

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?

**We are
everything.**

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