The Puzzle Piece

I empty the contents of a puzzle box,

swirling and smoothing its pieces across the table

like frosting on a cake.

Tangled and turned, they are a faceless mass,

blurred colors and shapes

Indistinguishable from each other.

I search for patterns and commence my work,

sorting and testing until bigger pictures form.

The leftovers dwindle and my anticipation grows

until I press the final piece into place and discover…

One space left unfilled.

A tiny hole in an almost-finished world.

My eyes search for what belongs there

but the piece is gone.

And the world that awaits it must remain incomplete.

There is no substitute for this tiny player.

Nothing can take its place.

Each piece tells its own part of the story,

its contribution singular and priceless.

We are that puzzle piece.

A story only we can tell, a place only we can fill.

In this immense puzzle of humanity–8 billion souls–

each human is precious and unique.

From the blood that makes us, to the villages that raise us,

we are an infinite mix of passions and sensibilities,

shaping us and the roles only we can play

in this ever-changing life.

For every person, a special space.

And without them, that void is felt and mourned.

It cannot be filled by another,

no matter how hard one presses it into place.

So, offer up the gifts that make you unique.

And take your rightful place in this puzzle we call home.

The world awaits your arrival with anticipation.

One step closer to becoming whole.