

Sonnet 327

By Caitlynn Therrien

I think of life as a giant puzzle
Scrambling to find all my missing gems
But looking for them pulls my heart's muscle's
It feels like everyone is handed them
For me god doesn't seem to give a care
Everyone's pieces look beyond godsend
As I sit back and watch them in despair
Nemesism rains to my bodies end
But through your life memories will arise
Some are good and others to be disowned
Puzzles not meant to be solved, but despised
Throughout your life you will forget all known
When fading the pieces will be restored
In the end your picture is your reward