World 'Piece' - A Metaphor

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Yesterday I realized that my life is a lot like a puzzle. Then I realized that so is everyone else's.

So, I have this box full of puzzle pieces, a whole box. A rather large box. And then, I have so few of my favorite colors and so many of others'. I have so much to give. And if my second epiphany was right, then everyone else has a box like mine; a bunch of colors like me. They have so much to give, like me. But then, despite all of these pieces, there are several missing pieces. There are people with my pieces. Every person has a different color and a different pattern of pieces. Clearly, it won't be easy to sift my way through the crowd to gather all of them. And honestly, that's not what it's about, because this is a different kind of puzzle. There are no edge pieces. There is no end. In fact, it continues on. Everyone has a piece of my puzzle; I have a piece of everyone's. We all have so much to give to each other, but we're selfish; so greedy and selfish that, well, we don't like to give away what we have in our box. Here's the trick: It's like a barter system. You give a piece, you receive a piece. You can't go wrong, can you? Everyone has something to give. There's no way to complete your puzzle unless you help everyone else complete theirs. We need everyone to give. And there's another secret: at some point, all of our colors blend together; the different edges fit together. Once everyone has given to everyone, it all fits together in a big sphere - a never ending puzzle, a whole piece. So really, I don't just have my puzzle. WE have a puzzle. One puzzle divvied up between the whole world. And the only thing we need to put it together with is love.

- Ally Six

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