Imago

Galahad

Like a jigsaw, our inheritance builds us, moulds us
As individuals, hybrids, mongrels
Never quite perfect, but perfect in our own way
We are different from our kin, though parts of us are
The same

There is a part of me that is my ancestry
Therefore am I not free, am I unique?

I am imago
We are imago
We are all imago
Imago

We carry traits of our relatives
Through generations of gradual change
We carry on the order natural chaos that binds us
In to living, breathing human or not so human beings
But our legacy, offspring keeps us searching through
Tinted eyes

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