

## 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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