

Fragmented

I am not of one place, or time,
Having lived in many places with many people.
I got on with most, with others I had my differences.
Some are still around, after all those years.
The ones I love and cherish.
And they have a part of me with them, and I of them.

However many have gone, disappeared into the void,
Taking a part of me away with them, lost to myself.
That is why I feel fragmented, not knowing where I am,
for I left myself behind,
With those strangers, those others,
Who came and went, and never stay.

I send myself out, to touch others' lives,
As and when they need me, or I need them.
Now I call to myself, my parts to return,
Become whole again, here I am,