Puzzles

by Sarah Rossiter in the December 1, 2021 issue

It's a question of control, or should I say the lack of it in this fractured fear-filled world that draws me each free afternoon to focus on a wooden puzzle, solid, tactile, tangible, and for an hour piece together all that has been torn asunder, city, sunset, ocean, forest, to play at being the hand of God, as if in prayer, a sacred act to gather up the scattered fragments, and reconnect, make whole again.