

The Cog In The Machine

The cog begins all shiny and new, excited for this day, could it be true?
They have become a part of the larger machine, important, needed, fulfilling a dream.
They slot in with ease, just the right fit. Their manufacturing and preparation ensure they are the correct bit.

They settle in with the cogs all around them, joining together to drive the momentum.

The cog looks around, excited to see, their new friends and environment. Just happy to be.
There are big cogs and small, older and new. The machine needs to get bigger as the environment grew.

The cog has its role, important as all the rest. It readies itself to do its very best.
It toils and it grinds, working as hard as it can. Doing its best for every school based human.

The cog feels that it has found the place that it should be. Sharing the space with the others, all fun, happy and friendly.

Together the cogs work, all different and unique. The future looks bright, nothing appears bleak.
Over time cogs leave, worn out or going on an adventure new. In their place are new cogs, they become one of the crew.

For so many years, the cog work so hard. Surrounded by others, it ignored becoming scarred.
It worked and it toiled, giving everything it could. It tried so hard to be productive and good.
It wanted to be the best that it was able, needing approval to keep it feeling stable.
The cog thought it had found the place it could stay. Valued, appreciated and wanted each day.

But one day the cog realised the truth. It was battered, scarred and broken, eventually seeing the proof.

Far from the valued and wanted small piece, the cog realised that its worth in the eyes of others had ceased.

The cogs all around it, once supportive and kind, decided a new cog was needed in its space, to grind.

The cog carried on, working so hard. Trying its best, despite being badly scarred.

Over time, the cog, it finally knew, the place it once felt wanted and safe, it had clearly outgrew.
No longer was a secure, snug and cosy fit. The cog was misaligned in the place it used to sit.
The machine was no longer running as smooth as could be, the cog was feeling unwanted, needing to flee.

The machine was rewiring, rearranging its space, no longer was there room for the cog to stay with any grace.

The cogs that surrounded it were no longer snug. The little cog's needs were met with a shrug.
Changes were happening as the other cogs grew. Jostling for position, sensing something new.
The little cog realised that in the machine it no longer fitted. The other cogs had changed and in turn it had been outwitted.

Isolated and alone the little cog rotted, watching from afar as the other cogs plotted.

Till one day it knew that a change was needed. The current machine had to be ceded.
From a place where the cog was once so shiny and proud, it realised that it was no longer one of the crowd.

Rather than sit all dusty, forgotten and alone, the little cog decided to look for a new home.
Now once again, it has found its right place. It can look back on the past with pride and grace.