

Ode to Puzzles

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I was on the subway, staring at an ad today. It was a poster for the Lavalife dating service. Now it seemed pretty innocent. There were puzzle pieces all over the place. Looked like it was raining jigsaw puzzle pieces. Each one had a picture of a guy in it. In the middle there was a piece of a woman. I get the analogy. Man + Woman is like finding the piece of the puzzle that fits you. Bravo to the Lavalife marketing team. Anyways, as I stood there staring at this ad, a few thoughts ran through my mind.

First of all, all the male puzzle pieces had male ends (nubs) on all sides. The female one had female ends (holes) on each side. I would like to applaud the poster designers for coming up with this nifty piece of work. I looked closer... something in the background looked weird... One of the pieces had both male and female ends on it... Now there was no picture on this particular piece. I stood there and pondered who would be the owner of that piece. Could it be a tranny? Could it be a bisexual? I needed to know more about this piece.

Then again I realized something else. Why did every piece have a nub or a hole on EVERY side? That's four possible places for a connection. I thought the pieces were supposed to match One to One. You know. Some little thing called 'monogamy'. I guess Lavalife doesn't believe in connecting with one person. They want huge polygamic relationships where men can have many wives (and/or husbands if that's how you roll).

There were a few end pieces. Not too many of them looked like they could be an edge of the puzzle. How sad would it be to be on one of those end pieces? Realizing that in the grand scheme of things you're actually meant to be on the end, like an outcast. That goes double for corner pieces. As for everyone else, they get to be in the middle of the puzzle where it's a huge mass of people that hook up. Think about it: huge Lavalife orgies and gangbangs in the hopes that one will find the two to four people they can connect with on every side.

And even if everyone was just a puzzle piece, I wouldn't care to look for the piece that fit with me. I'd just find the best looking female piece and make it fit. Cause as anyone who played with jigsaw puzzles as a kid knows, any two pieces will fit together through the means of pounding them together with your clenched fist. And I'm going to find the four best looking pieces and slam them together with me. Aw hell, I'll find more hot women ones and glue them to the piece with me on it.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that I hate puzzles and love women. Oh the IRONY!!!