

imperfect

imperfect

a collection of prose and poetry

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~ *imperfect* ~

when i could not breathe
i turned to these words for support
and in return
they gifted me
an elegant rebirth

now i share that gift with you

~ *how words save lives*

~ *imperfect* ~

embark on the journey of a wilting rose
who learns to thrive from the lessons she learned
in her twenty-three years of existence

i gift to you

imperfect

~ imperfect ~

words i call myself:

too much; needy; [redacted] expectant;
[redacted] anxious; ambitious;
imposter;
chaser; never chased;
writer; chemist; [redacted] daughter;
woman;
terrible sister; [redacted] loyal; ally;
lover; never loved;
doormat; [redacted] destruction; damaged goods;
thick-thighed; but not thick-skinned;
hurricane;
crier; baby; [redacted] broken;
dark; [redacted] desperate; blue flame; flawed;
osmium;
compromising; [redacted] consuming;
altruistic; intense; weak; meek;
unoriginal; unremarkable;
unworthy; [redacted] unforgiving;
unlovable;
people pleaser; pathetic;
petty; [redacted] but not pretty;
self-loathing;
imperfect.

[redacted]

~ imperfect ~

this one's for you

to your giving, grieving, grateful heart
to your colorful, creative, captivating mind
to the evenings and nights spent in agony,
as you waited for the words to flow from your mind
and out your fingertips,
the sounds of your mumbles quiet
amidst the buzz of your brain.

to your ever-supporting friends,
those who applaud you for every word you write,
good or bad or ugly
to the minutes you spent on this piece,
the second you imagined it inside a book,
your name on the cover, glowing.

to the rumble in your belly,
the swirl and sickness you felt the first time you decided,
this is it. this is your time.
this one's for you.

~ *imperfect* ~

imperfect

you do not arrive perfectly packaged into this world.
you arrive bawling, bloodied, bruised, and battered
after a nine-month journey in your mummy's tummy.
a journey that pictures the monster inside you
a journey that rips your mother apart
for you must claw your way out, and leave her to
scream for help,
gasp for air,
plead for it to end,
before you pop out,
a colored combination of pink, peach, and scarlet.
and even then, the doctors must scramble,
until you let loose a wail that convinces everyone you're okay.

how ironic is that?
that your cries symbolize your arrival?
that your pain confirms your life?
for this day, the day of your first cry, is celebrated until the day you die?

so, remember this every time you wonder why you must suffer:
there is no smile that comes without a touch of pain.
you would not be here without that first cry.
you would not be you
if you weren't
imperfect.

END OF SAMPLE