

## Perfection

Oh, if I were perfect, and the symptoms never came...,  
the powerlessness, the guilt, the sadness and the shame.  
The world would be a different place, and I'd be at my best!  
No memories of a life of pain, not everyday a test.

What if, just once, I could be the same, just like all the rest?  
I may very quickly find that I feel like the best.  
There is no one in this world today that perfection smiles on,  
Perfect people in a perfect world are the days of by gone.

So, in my imperfectness, I really am the same.  
I should not carry guilt and worry, sadness, blame or shame.  
The world is just like me you know, with all its black and shade,  
Every one of us the same, no perfect thing be made.

Deborah Deforest