

**Imperfection** by Elizabeth Carlson

I am falling in love with my imperfections  
The way I never get the sink really clean,  
forget to check my oil, lose my car in parking lots,  
miss appointments I have written down  
I am just a little late.  
I am learning to love the small bumps on my face,  
the big bump of my nose, my hairless scalp,  
chipped nail polish, toes that overlap.  
Learning to love the open-ended mystery of not knowing why  
I am learning to fail to make lists,  
use my time wisely, read the books I should.  
Instead, I practice inconsistency, irrationality, forgetfulness.  
Probably I should hang my clothes neatly in the closet all the shirts together, then the pants,  
send Christmas cards, or better yet a letter telling of my perfect family.  
But I'd rather waste time listening to the rain,  
or lying underneath my cat learning to purr.  
I used to fill every moment with something I could cross off later.  
Perfect was the laundry done and folded  
all my papers graded the whole truth and nothing but...  
Now the empty mind is what I seek,  
the formless shape, the strange off-centre, sometimes fictional me.

Source: Teaching With Fire

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