

(I'm) Perfection

Inger Logan

Perfection is
Sterile / The muted clink of scalpels
Lacerating skin, my insides ugly and
Squelching across the spotless hospital tiles

Perfection is
Slithering / Waiting, watching, creeping like
Moss across a lake coated in a thick film of jet-fuel,
Oil alighting in an instant with the whisper of *"you're not enough"*

Perfection is
Incompletion / My skin brushing against the gossamer silk of
Skylight as if I were a memory, caught somewhere between
What was and what never can be

Perfection is
Infection / Charred scalp, fingertips crumbling to ash / My sins
Stain me like the pebbled seeds of a pomegranate / My failings
Sting like tears, streaking down my soot-coated cheeks

Perfection is
Terror / The hollowness of my cheeks, my eyes like bullet wounds
In the mirror as I trace the irrevocably-pockmarked planes of
My skin / Striped gums, corrugated teeth / It'll never be enough for me, will it?

I want to stop seizing into flame / I want to stop igniting everything I touch

Imperfection is

*Burden / The terrible weight of my hands; shaking, wanting, hoping / I'm not
Guilty anymore, for having hands / I couldn't
Hold you without them*

Imperfection is

*Birth / I was born trembling / All of us were, in the beginning / It's
Not imperfect to cry / All of us
Cry, in the very beginning*

Imperfection is

*Forgiveness / Perfection ravages you like a fire / It does not want
You to be / But imperfection says
I forgive you, for all that you have been, all that you are / And all you never will
be*