Perfection

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Every day is a day full of expectations.

Waking up to realities,

reminded of the things that need to be completed the correct way.

Every night,

wondering what the fates are,

thinking about who I should be.

Criticizing myself for all these mistakes,

I'm haunted by what the consequences could be.

Why can't I just be perfect?

If I mess up, what can happen?

If I don't make straight A's, what would my parents think?

What if no one likes my picture, am I truly ugly?

But you know what?

I've learned that perfection is only a sense,

no one has ever felt it.

We can still keep going,

correct our wrongs

and the only thing that will matter

is that we tried and evolved.