

POEM OF THE WEEK

PERFECTION IS

1. [what]?

Are you seeking perfection?
Do we all do it?
Am I in a minority?
A majority?

Are you seeking perfection?
Is it possible? Is it wise?
Perfection? Perfection?
What is it? How will we know?

It's an all-encompassing quest;
We forget the rest; both in the sense
of relaxing, and relating to the horde
Of demands, we face every day

What are they doing?
Seeking is not gender-specific
Seeking perfection
Do they have time for me?

They have no time for that which
is not their quest. The quest is everything
The quest is all. We rise, we fall; we must
Continue. Climb every mountain. Ford every stream.

Follow every rainbow until we find our dream.
Thought you would enjoy the sound of music
Quest? = Dream? = Perfection?
One of those words doesn't fit!

"Dream", makes its appearance as a line
From a song. Leaves Quest? = "Perfection"?
Imprecise. "Perfection" is a state of being.
A quest is a journey, that brings us no closer

To that, we seek!

2. Evasive

Perfection's evasive
Why does it hide?
Does it stare at us, openly?
We just can't see it.?

It's an all-encompassing quest;
We forget the rest; both in the sense
of relaxing, and relating to the horde
Of demands, we face every day

What we see through our matrix
Is unique. Matrix? Our perception
Our experience, our emotions
Our plans and expectations

All define our view of the world
Do they not? I believe such to be true
Change our routine. I think I'll leave
"Best" to find itself.

3. Exclusive

Is Perfection an absolute?
Does it repel our clumsy attempts?
Are you seeking perfection?
Is it possible? Is it wise?

If it's an all-encompassing quest;
Forcing us to forget the rest;
both in the sense of relaxing,
and relating to the horde of demands,

we face every day
What's the point; what's the aim?
If the quest is everything; The quest is all.
Does it matter if we climb every mountain?

Ford every stream. Follow every rainbow.
Until we find our dream.
Yes, the sound of music
Whilst we carry on, doing better

Consistently challenging ourselves
Compare thyself not to another
You don't live their life.
Ask yourself: "Have I achieved?"

Have I done better than yesterday?

That is real, that is realistic
Maybe, one day, the sum of your
“Better than”s might creep deceptively

close to a “best”

4. Absolute

Are you seeking perfection?
Do we all do it? On that, are we agreed?
Is it possible? Is it wise?

It's an all-encompassing quest;
Exclusive. Forget the rest; both in the sense
of relaxation & relating to the horde Of demands,
we face every day

I have argued that “perfection” might be a lifelong quest
But the cost is high. Mt Everest high.
The cost of reaching it is your life
Either in fulfilment or death

I conclude. I believe this to be true
We might find perfection, the absolute
One day; it won't be in this world
We won't be alive.

For such a quality as perfection to be an absolute
It can only be found when we're dead.
The irony is, we won't care.
The living persevere, do better

One day, all those “betters” might
Equal a “best”. The highest compliment
would be they improve or they improved
They kept trying, refused to give in

I'll say, “Veni vidi vixi”
Veni: I came (had no choice),
Vidi: I saw (with eyes open)
Vixi: I lived (to the fullest)

Vici? Conquering is folly.

5. BE DAMNED

Perfection! We've given it its due regard
Compared to the highest peaks
Has it once tried to speak?
We listened. We tried hard

Analysed it, tried to negotiate with it
Does Perfection hear or care?
no, its demands are implacable
You say, I did my best

It replies, not good enough
Enough is never enough
A different approach is required
Before we retreat, exhausted

How about this?
Perfection be damned
It's all a scam
Bam, bam, bam

I consider it unhealthy and insane
Devoid of logic, inane
Let's look at life
Unencumbered

By feelings of doubt or failure
Say, "I tried, I did my best
Now, I'm tired. I need a rest.
Tomorrow is a new day

I'll try again. I'll find a way

I'll say, "Veni vidi vixi"
Veni: I came (had no choice),
Vidi: I saw (with eyes open)
Vixi: I lived (to the fullest)

Vixi? Conquering is folly.
Perfection can only
be found in death
The final appraisal

The final goodbye

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