

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,
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.