

A Pity to Be Perfect

She's perfect
Her beauty is undeniable
Her raven hair
Milk chocolate skin
Soft hands
And rubber bands
Tied into bracelets on her wrist

She has friends
A supporting family
A life that was more than great
And she's nothing less than
Perfect
She's nothing less than stunning
She's nothing less than great
Nothing less than good
Okay
So-so
Sad
Sad because the standard of perfect she holds is like a piece of heaven
Unable to be visited by average people
Like the Fiji water we drink
Untouched by man
And never drank before something is broken
Her perfection is the seal that binds her to the unhappiness she can't express

She lives her life through a filter
She's like a trend
Other women see her and try to become her
Other girls look up to her as a role model
Someone they want to grow up as
No one succeeds

Her lifestyle is like a medical commercial
All of her beauty, intelligence, and stature are placed in bright, beautiful colors
Wide as a 72" screen
Broadcasted for the world to see
But after every commercial
There's always a risk with no reward
Always a part that is sped through
Or projected as nonexistence
A part that outlines the dullness of perfection
The lack of flawlessness
Within the thing that's been claimed as utopian

Most people skip over that part of the commercial
Think that they see the risks
Think that they're willing to take them

But just as Gandhi once said
Spreading those commercials around in every conversation we hold
In every mirror we look into
In every meal we eat
Is like an eye for an eye
Because they think they see perfection
But on the inside of that pill is pain
Heartache, hunger
Thirst, sadness
Imperfection

Making the whole world fall short to blindness and hatred
Because of the silly rumor of a commercial
Males accept nothing less than curves, clear skin, luscious hair
Females spend countless hours of their lives at the gym
Don't look fat or ugly
They might be seen
Might be shamed
They have to look like
Her

Her life is a perfection that can never be reached
Not by little girls, teenage girls
Women, elderly, or her
What she thinks she is, is unhealthy
It makes her unaware
Of her true feelings inside
And every time she looks in the mirror
She realizes that
It's a pity to be perfect

—*Esrael Nykea Bennett*