

you probably need to be less perfect
than the perfection
that you seem
to need.
the burdens in the sack of perfection
do not travel
well.
constant breakdown repairs
constant maintenance
constant vigilance
the seams of the sack
are always ripping apart
or tearing in unseemly places
or worn away by the weather
or loosely stitched by the blind fates.
you become the caretaker of the sack
to keep the things inside calm enough to
move a few steps further
and tell them lies when they ask if they are there yet.
the larger the sack
the more nutrients required
they must be fed by your unprotected hand
remembering there are no antiperfection medical treatments if bitten.
the material for the sack is a thin membrane veined with unreal expectations.
the thread for the sack is spun from the never tree of happiness infested with leaf disease.
the sack is form fit for crooked spines or the spineless so they will walk upright in spite of the pain.
the sack is bioattached by parasitic melding hanging over the shoulder so its shadow cannot be seen.

i have no objection to the perfection
of accumulating less perfection perfectly
for successful failures
that travel better.

to be less perfect.
wf.h.
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