

Perfection

She hated her hips, the way they bulged out on the sides.
She hated her nose, the way it punched up when she talked.
Her legs, the way they touched when she sat.
She hated her voice, the way it squeaked when she got nervous.
She hated everything and wanted to change.
Her paintbrush and eraser in both hands, she looks at her reflection
and kisses the old her farewell.
Goodbye to the protruding hips, hello to the curves.
Goodbye to the pressed nose, hello to the straight angle.
Goodbye to her stout legs, hello skinny.
And goodbye to her voice, hello to the new.
Eraser marks and brushes strokes revealed on her new body
She was new.
She valued her new perfections and disposed her imperfections
But he saw her; the new her.
He noticed the new hips,
The new nose, the different legs, and her voice.
Why?
Her beautiful hips swayed when she danced to her favorite song.
Her perforated nose punched when she smiled.
Her legs exquisitely sculpted in precision.
And her voice. Oh her sweet character.
Calming clamor resonating from her body, made anyone's worries go away.
But why?
She was beautiful the way she was.
Society made her believe she wasn't good enough, pretty enough, small enough,
But, now erased and painted with new brushstrokes and marks,
She was her kind of perfection.
But not mine.

Written by Allyce Comeaux