

Her Perfection

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She doesn't see what I see. She only sees her flaws. This is too big. That is too small. It's all just nonsense to me. She's always too hard on herself. Trying to quell the pain inside. Hiding silently like a wounded bird. Resting, trying to find the strength to fly. It's the yearning hurt that she feels that makes me want to hold her, to comfort her. Her angel face. Her caring eyes. Her silky hair. All working in unison to make me melt. All I see is her perfection. That is all I will ever see.