

Beauty in Imperfection

You call me lopsided
My fractured wing droops down
I'm feathered in beautiful plumage
To no ones notice in the crowd

My tiny home is missing aplenty
Broken off roof shingle
No perch for the front door
But to my amazement, under my feet a fine sturdy floor.

In humanity's struggle for perfection
Much is overlooked
Finding the beauty in Imperfection
Taking a second look.

True treasures lie in swampy marshes
Pearls of wisdom outside books
The world is waiting to be discovered
In dark, cobwebby nooks.

Suzanne Lynne Keller. June 6, 2021.