

Imperfect

To be what we are yet to be

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We are all imperfect in some ways, in many ways. In important matters, we may even be autistic: not knowing what to feel, what to say, what to do, what to think. Maybe we know this, usually not. Yet, we somehow get back on our feet and move on.

There is something in our imperfection that says we cannot stop there. We cannot stop at imperfection, because of imperfection. Imperfection means we must move on. Perhaps we may move on to more imperfections. There seems to be a purpose in this.

We make that purpose because if we don't, when we don't, we will stop with that imperfection. We stop growing. Imperfection means we are growing, moving in many ways. Most of it we do not understand.

We have lost many things we like. We have lost many people we love. The best people that we like cannot always be with us. There are times when we can have those wonderful moments with them, but it must always end. We will have to be on our own again.

Those who only see our imperfections are just passers-by. They do not know us, we know them even less. They are not worth knowing because they do not know their own imperfections. They do not even know what imperfection is.

In our limited ways, we do what we think would be good for us, good for others. We are not always right, but when we are right, it's like we were meant to be so. It's when we are wrong, it makes us think: what went wrong?

That's when we get to know ourselves better. We have to do this ourselves, alone. Even in a crowd, we cannot get a single person to help in knowing ourselves. How can that be? Only we can know ourselves.

Yet we only have all these imperfections to work with. What else do we have, what else can we have? No matter how many steps we want to take, we can and must only take that one next step. That changes everything: every step is a new step.

Those who see these imperfections like a baby still learning to walk, stumbling again and again. Yet they keep watching us, curious about us, chatting with us, wanting to know more about us. They love us. That's just perfect.

But this comes from another. It's like a slap on the back: it comes, it goes. We cannot have it all the time. It would not make sense then. It is not love then.

Love means we know that that loving hand will touch us again, from that person. He has a way of slapping us on our back. Then there are others: they may not slap our back, but they smile at our imperfections like old friends.

They know what we are going through; they know we must go through this. They have done that before, and they are there watching us, like the sun giving light and health, like a large tree giving shade and rest. We feel safe in our imperfections.

No matter how imperfect we are, no matter how many times we fall, they are there to be with us. They know we can rise up again; or they will give us their hand, not because we need it. But because they love us; we remind them that they were once like us.

Imperfection means learning by doing and by not doing. By thinking and by feeling. We think and do; we feel and do not need to do anything. To think is to look into the imperfection: what do we see? Feeling is to embrace that imperfection: that's what we are.

We are yet to be: so we think. Whatever we are, we are well ahead of others who do not see their imperfections. This imperfection is what makes us real to one another, makes us feel one another, makes us love one another.

In time, we learn that imperfection is not what we are, not what we have. It is the desire to be everything all at once: this is called TRUTH. Just to know this gives us that sense of being everything all at once. This is called BEAUTY.

I have used the simplest words because the heart speaks not in words. Yet it makes the simplest words meaningful; it makes every word beautiful. These words are our breath made visible: we take them in, we breathe them out. We learn, we feel.

Now we are ready for that next step.

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