



Seeking perfection

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Received: 14-JUL-2023

Accepted: 25-JUL-2023

Published: 03-AUG-2023

I've got bones
that can't be glued;
I walk metal-backed,
pinned and screwed.

Fed cheese and cream
and oil of whale;
was soaked in the sun
but to no avail.

I broke my hip,
my arms and shin;
am carrying a bag of bones,
wafer thin.

My genes are dressed
in aberrant hue;
my eyes tell it all
with all the blue.

I wonder when God
makes perfect craft,
why was I left
like his first draft?

Despite the gracile
shaky frame,
I am not the one up
for a blame game.

Undying will
marks my way;
a road less travelled
everyday.

Cite this article as: Dharmshaktu GS. Seeking perfection. RHiME. 2023;10:17-8.

I'll hold on to life
for as long as it be,
for life is no less
fragile than me.

Handle life with care,
my advice is for all;
make mighty memories
before the last fall.
