

Saturday 4 August 2018

## **Perfection, Perfection**

I have had it with perfection.  
I have packed my bags,  
I am out of here.  
Gone.

As certain as rain  
will make you wet,  
perfection will do you  
in.

It droppeth not as dew  
upon the summer grass  
to give liberty and green  
joy.

Perfection straineth out  
the quality of mercy,  
withers rapture at its  
birth.

Before the battle is half begun,  
cold probity thinks  
it can't be won, concedes the  
war.

I've handed in my notice,  
given back my keys,  
signed my severance check, I  
quit.

Hints I could have taken:  
Even the perfect chiseled form of  
Michelangelo's radiant David  
squints.

The Venus of Milo  
Has no arms,  
The Liberty Bell is cracked.

- Father Kilian McDonnell (Monk of St. John's Abbey)