

# It's tough being perfect



After many, many walks with my iPhone playlist, I decided to create a “super favorites” short list (which still ended up being over 3 hours of music) for my little 5-mile excursions.

Of course, since these were super favorites, I found myself belting out some lyrics to one of the tunes. Before 7 am in the morning, there was little danger of damage to anyone nearby, but it sent me down a thought trail much more arduous than any of my usual walking paths.

It went something like this:

“Boy, I have a bad singing voice.”

“No, make that very bad.”

“Oh well, it’s not like I’ve got to impress anyone.”

“And, I do other things well.”

“I can write well, I can draw well, I can speak well, I’m compassionate, I’m thoughtful, I’m generous, I’m respectful, I’m imaginative, I can make people laugh.”

“It’s not like I have to do everything well.”

“Nobody’s perfect.”

“Imagine if someone was perfect.”

“How lonely would that be?”

“Would everyone else feel inferior? Would the perfect person feel guilty?”

“How could a perfect person find a match? Wouldn't life be boring if a person was perfect?”

“Would life be frustrating if a person was perfect?”

“I'm glad my singing voice sucks, because it shows I'm not perfect.”

“...along with the 467 other things that show I'm not perfect.”

“...ooh, I love this song...”

And that's when another tune grabbed my attention and I went on with my satisfyingly imperfect life on an unpredictably unboring day in ever-changing South Florida.

Relieved and content, because it would be tough being perfect.