**Give me ImPerfection!**

**By: Sarah Ward**

dashed in white. I want to see

moments slow down not

ashed over, beauty forgotten,

poet rushed.

I want to creep

between leafless Aspens, their

wide eyes only to see. No more

green nor gold . . .

I want to know the sacredness of life,

feel the breath immerse

me, tracking through my body

lovingly residing in my lungs.

We are alive. Inhale.

Give me uneven dirt!

Altering rays of sun,

outliving day-old scent of

faltering stale ice.

Nature is not regulated,

not a vice,

swayed away from society. Its fury

sought, an uncontrollable force

swept away from your hands.

Exhale.