

Life's Perfection

Every coin has two sides, heads and tails,
Opposites, where the sun shines on one side, while on the other it hails.
Contrasts that can range from big to small,
Contrasts incorporating spring and fall.

When judging something, the difference is between zero and ten.
Why though, as there is a zero behind the one in said number?
Perhaps it could be explained as a simple coincidence or blunder,
Though I find it more intriguing, to think of life as the number ten.
Zero equals death with no more days left to live,
Whereas 1 is the first day you get to live.
There is no life without birth or death, hence
Putting 1 and 0 together, would therefore make sense.
But ten is perfect and life is not, it is a fact,
Then again, what is perfect and who decides that?

If the sequence 1-0 is perfect and life is not,
Is the whole point of perfection being 10 for naught?
10 can be a friendship in one's life, and no friendship is perfect.
Maybe it is something we tell ourselves, where ourselves we protect,
Then again, we set ourselves up for disappointment
As there is nothing perfect in the sense, in this living appointment.
We strive to reach 10, when we already have it in ourselves,
Every day we live, we have reached ten, though the act alone, sometimes overwhelms.
Our achievements, however small, eventually sum up to ten,
A different understanding of perfect, that repeats again and again.

Zero and One, are one more pair of contrasts, but together they form ten,
A coin with two sides, that flips every day for all of men.
When thinking of this number, try not to use it to judge what you cannot see,
As perfection, always lies in places hidden beneath the deepest sea.

In this sense, try to use this new thought when wanting to reach 10,
As long as you breathe, you and I will have reached perfection again.

-Apollo