

PERFECT PERSPECTIVE

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Have you ever been in total awe of someone you see nothing but perfection? Do you honestly believe they see themselves as perfect too?

Perfection is hard to master because everyone's view of it is different.

How can you possibly achieve it when there are no set guidelines on how to get there?

If I was to ask you to define perfect what would you say?

Would it be the same as what I would say? Doubt it!

The dictionary says perfection is 'The state or quality of being perfect.' ... how vague is that.

If we all see perfection differently can it have only one meaning? Take insecurities for example they like the typical idealistic views of perfection vary person to person. What one person sees as a negative about themselves, a thousand different people will see as a positive.

The point I am attempting to make is the person you look up to, looks up to someone too. Your idea of what is perfect is probably their something to be fixed.

"I hope you can see where I am coming from today, perhaps something to think over for next week?"

She was my fourth psychologist in as many years. She was fairly well liked by those around her. One of these women who managed to turn their life around in seven short months with the help of nothing but one loyal friend and a decent pair of running shoes. Would you trust someone to evaluate your life and your decisions knowing full well eight years previously their mind and their behaviours were worse than yours are now? Does years of intensive education give you the right to determine the state of another's mind?

She clearly thought so and I admired all she had achieved despite the odds. I can spill my heart out and she will uplift it. We can talk out anything and everything. She will help me to understand the difference between anger and aggression and I can certainly rely on her to make me feel better about myself. I always smiled when I left, even if inside I was screaming. I jumped in a taxi, it was only a short walk to home, but it's that time of year when waiting for a bus wasn't the best idea and walking was absolutely out of the question. I watched people go by me while I sat cosy in the car, everyone looked so self-indulged barely glancing up to acknowledge anyone in their path. Pelican crossings are always the worst, having that shitty bit of eye contact with the car to your left. You see someone and for that split second you think you know them. You imagine where they are going or where they have been. You can be certain that their reason for being stuck at this red light is more exciting than yours. The taxi driver seemed to be avoiding conversation more than I was, I mean I hate talking to strangers and my PTSD ensured I never did, but it would of been nice if he tried. Who really likes silence? When things are quite it leaves you with only your thoughts, people like me do not like that. He stunk like last night's kebab and had some form of liquid nestled into his beard, when I noticed that I felt sick and just wanted out. "Just here is great thanks buddy."

£13 from there to here.

£13 to feel awkward and uncomfortable. What is an acceptable tip for a man to drive you 8 streets and not even have the decency to ask how your day was. "Fuck it, just keep the £15."

It was cold, January was not messing about this year. I could see the steam from my breath more clearly than I ever did before but I was seconds from home, seconds from warmth and seconds from nothing but my own company for another week.

Wide awake, always wide awake. Insomnia was just one of my many 'problems', it was one of the reasons I chose to be alone. No one really wants woke up at 3am by the sound of their other half stoating about trying to find anything to pass the hours by. Lack of sleep makes you an extremely paranoid person, any idea how many boyfriends I made hate me purely by asking "who is that?" Being mid conversation with someone and having them look down at their phone was always a buzz kill. You have to ask... "who is that?". Usually it's no one important, sometimes though it really is someone. Someone you are jealous of, someone you fear, maybe even hate. They in your eyes might be that idea of perfection, does that make them a threat? I always thought so but I'm starting to think I was wrong, it's hard to admit but maybe I understand what she was talking about. She did seem to of hit the nail on the head and I started to wonder what else I could take from my appointments with her. My eyes get heavy as I try to let life's problems drain away from me. Please keep falling... I repeat to myself aloud while trying to doze off. Eyes wide suddenly with the realisation that I wasn't alone by choice like I allowed myself to believe, I was alone because I still had a lot of work to do before I would be worthy of love. Six days. Just six more days and I'll be in her chair again gaining all the perspective I need.