

INCONSISTENCIES: A Poem Inspired by Nikki Giovanni

i could find an inconsistency in everything
i could find it in the wind
stop start blows then stops
then blows again

i could find an inconsistency
in a painting done by a master
who forgot a single
dollop
on their cheek

i could find it in a novel
i treasure
then it would metamorphosize
backwards from gold to iron,
no longer holy in my hands

i could find one in myself
my hands are too dry, so i need lotion
or i trip up or mumble when i speak
so i need to speak clearer
or my eyes are tooclosetogether or too far apart

is that who people are
fixers of broken things
or plumbers of drainage conundrums
truly believing we are only here
to unclog all the faults in all of us

should we not accept all the inconsistencies
we can't change and recognize
that they are
the jewels that glow brightest
in the fractured moonlight

i wonder about this as i watch a petal fall
from a plum blossom tree
shedding her leaves for the season
bare against the cold

the petal drops
stunning and yet
has dents scratches inconsistencies
but immaculate just the same
and i smile
because by then i realize
that's okay