

## Imperfect

The floor with black and white patches,  
pure and unstained.  
My mother bends down again,  
'whiter than white,' she says.  
She scrubs the floor vigorously  
but the black patches are now grey.  
A yellow puddle left by the dog  
and she sighs, quietly.  
The floor has been tarnished.  
My sister walks in,  
lively and filled with youth.  
Through the cracks of her door,  
I see my mother,  
with folded clothes carefully held to her chest,  
staring into her own youth  
as one would stare into a window.  
I go into the shower  
and see scattered grey hair,  
disbanded and dead.  
Many water drops, genuinely perfect.  
Not with the help of soap or my hands,  
I let them wash away.

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