



Perfect by Jemma English

Perfect.
Beautiful.
Putting on her brave face.
She's trying to be flawless, with no mistakes.
She's a warrior.
Courageous.
She goes against all fear.
Her soul shining bright, though still filled with tears.
She tries to know her place in this forever-changing world.
In a culture filled with lies, she holds on tight to her soul.

But sometimes she falls and is kept down for days.
She can't get up to where her friends are so she feels forgotten and betrayed.
The sand beneath her turns to stone like her thoughts turn into aches.
Sometimes the pain is more than she can take.
Waves crash in but she's chained to the ground.
Darkness creeps in and builds walls all around.
It tells her she's trapped, incapable of feeling.
She can't have hope,
Or ambitions,
Or freedom.

The darkness takes shape in the form of media and fake friends and it tells her she's not good enough and she shouldn't try and her life's a mess, it isn't worth living, that she should be ashamed that she ever let herself actually be this way and it hits her and it pounds her and she feels alone and afraid and she feels too anxious to move forward and get better each day and it's such a sad part of the world now that she feels apart and doesn't belong now and the people who should support her say she's just sad and should move on now.

She's told that Jesus loves her
And she knows that it's true
But she feels sinful and ashamed
Because Christians "aren't supposed" to feel blue.
She tries to rest in His presence,
In His peace and His grace.
Because when she is, she is fearless and can keep those lies away.

So she keeps her gaze focused,
On what is good and what is right.
She doesn't know her eyes hold her Saviour's light.
Her whole form is arrayed with beauty and grace.
Her Father is with her every step of the way.

I wish I was like her,
Dancing without fear.
A warrior who knows her one focus is near.
The one who holds His love in their eyes,
And wherever she goes is left with joy and with light
Maybe she's perfect... Then again,
Maybe she's not.
In the end, she has all the same that I've got.
A Father who loves her,
Heart, mind and soul
He's the only eternal source of love I've ever known.

Though it's hard and it's difficult,
She knows the truth that her God is faithful.
She knows that His strength is hers and His strength is unstoppable.
His side is the winning team.
He fills her up and makes her heart full,
And through Him and His strength
She is STRONG.