☑ Middle School (Grades 6-8)

☐ High School (Grades 9-12)

I understand that THIS FORM IS FOR the Literature Arts Category (Check ONE only) *

☑ Literature

Title of Artwork (REQUIRED) *

I Am Imperfect

DETAILS Include word count for literature. Describe technology/platforms used in the creation *
process, including any generative elements.

601 words

Artist Statement (REQUIRED) In 10 to 100 words, describe your work and how it relates to the *
theme. (Please DO NOT exceed 100 words.)

My work is a reflective essay that elaborates on how I've learned to accept imperfection and the beauties of it. It discusses how humans are imperfect, and that no matter what, we'll never be perfect, which relates to the theme because this revelation helped me to accept imperfection.

DETAILS If background music is used in dance/film, citation is required. Include word count for literature. List musician(s) or instrumentation for music. List dimensions for photography/visual arts. Describe technology/platforms used in the creation process, including any generative elements.

601 words

ARTIST STATEMENT (Required). In 10 to 100 words, describe your work and how it relates to the theme.

My work is a reflective essay that elaborates on how I've learned to accept imperfection and the beauties of it. It discusses how humans are imperfect, and that no matter what, we'll never be perfect, which relates to the theme because this revelation helped me accept imperfection.

I've always struggled with imperfection, but rather, the idea of perfection...

Perfection is an odd concept. Humanity reaches for it but never can grab it. We always wish for it, set it as a standard, yet we all know it is impossible, our idea of gods even, they have their faults, nothing we create is perfect, even if it is labeled as such. Everyone, at some point, has either reached for imperfection or watched a friend endlessly climb for it, and I think we all need to come to terms with the fact that, we can never be perfect. If one were to ever become perfect, then they wouldn't be human, and I think the trouble I always had with accepting imperfection, was that I thought Beauty came from perfection. I would look at myself, and notice the blemishes on my face, worry about my weight, and in turn I would notice other's imperfections. I think many people struggle with this, and the truth is, nobody is perfect. I've watched friends panic about how their project wasn't perfect, or complain that their grades weren't perfect and that is me, but the main thing I had trouble with was, well, me. Many days I felt horrible but then, everything changed. It was one summer day when I looked at myself, this year had already turned out well, as I had enjoyed school and now was hoping for a fun break, and noticed my blemishes, but in a different light. When I smiled, my braces brought out my eyes, all my acne and rosacea brought life to my eyes, and I felt, beautiful. I looked at my friends, my family, and once again saw their imperfections, these too had changed, not physically, but in my mind, mentally, I found them comforting. In my mind, I realized that these blemishes, they make us human, and no matter what they will always be there. I had always known I wasn't perfect, but it was at this moment, this idea, this way of thinking, being carefree, not burdened by societies ideals, drew me in. I... I wasn't perfect, nobody is. Maybe imperfection isn't about looks, but even in personality the little differences, these make us human, our creations aren't perfect either, and that's amazing, because this means we can always improve. I learned to use my problems, to accept them. Even now my characters I write of are shadows of me and the people around me. Their imperfections, their personalities, they make my characters human, because humans, aren't perfect. Do I still struggle with perfection? Yes, I want my grades, essays, projects, and life to be be perfect, but I know many of these things are impossible. Often I pressure myself to work harder and harder, which lead to hard nights, but even then it never is perfect. Sometimes I make mistakes, say the wrong things, get questions wrong, and I think I'm coming to an understanding with myself. While I've taken the first step in accepting myself, I still need to understand these paper things, I made them, and if the creator isn't perfect, neither will be the invention. Humanities knowledge that we all are imperfect in some way, and our reach for perfection amazes me. Perfection is an odd thing, and the topic intrigues me. While i stove for it, in the end, I am human. My blemishes, mistakes, they make me, me, and other themselves. And that, thats what makes us human, it distinguishes what is real and what is not, and in my opinion, imperfection, THAT is beautiful, our imperfections, and humanity.