

The Perfect Spouse

It amuses me the way people stride for perfection. If it's not in themselves, they demand perfection in everyone around them, especially so in their better halves. Especially young people are very picky, the younger you are the more specific your demands for perfection. A twenty year old boy wants a tall slim blonde, nice body, would look like a slammer in a bikini with her fake tanned body and when meeting your friends she isn't going to open her mouth but just sit there looking at you admirably and giggle once in a while. Under no circumstances should she have a brain and even if she does, it is unthinkable that she can be smarter than the man.

Now at thirty, a man is looking for something a bit different but specific none the less. The woman has brown hair, she is still slim but with wider hips. She still looks good in a bikini, but not so good that when your mates look at her they start picturing her out of the bikini. By now you've admitted to the fact that the woman is more intelligent than you, if and when she giggles you know that it is fake and is actually a way of mocking you. If she is nice to your friends you will without a doubt believe that she is sleeping with them, so you much prefer when she complains about your late night out with your mates, or how your friend who is sleeping on the sofa keeps forgetting to flush the toilet. It is actually a demand that she complains about these things because it makes your fear of her being adulterous diminish.

Forty is a complicated age for a man; it is like living with a split personality. At one side you have that twenty year old coming back from the memories at the back of your head, reminding you of that long legged slim blonde that used to make you so happy. In most cases this stays in the back of a man's head, over-ruled by the mature and calm thinking forty year old at the front of the head. A forty year old man has realised that the reason why he, as a young person, always used to put looks first was because women were trophies, something to look at, something to have sex with and someone to boost their ego. Now the forty year old misses the days when he had his ego boosted by this young blonde, especially as his hair is getting gray or falling out and a more and more apparent beer belly is sneaking out from underneath the work shirt that he wears instead of the t-shirt of his 20year old self.

Starting at 60 and upwards things are pretty much the same. Instead of expectations, you have appreciation for women. The hair that used to be blonde or brunette is gray, either obviously so or hidden by hair colour. You wouldn't want your wife parading on a beach in a bikini, but not because you don't still think she looks incredibly beautiful, but because you don't think it is respectable for someone to show off so much of their body. You love the way that after all these years she still makes you dinner, still washes your clothes, and when it is cold at night you can lie closely together in bed. When you were younger, these were the things you took for granted, now it's the things you appreciate even more, not only because she does it every day, but because she kept doing it after all those years when you never appreciated it. You don't expect or demand perfection

anymore, because after all those years you realised there is no such thing as perfection, just accepting and loving both the good sides as well as the bad.

At twenty, a boy is still a boy, but a girl is already a woman. There is a tendency in society where girls date older men because they feel they can relate better to them than men their own age. In her mid to late teens a girl's requirements for perfection is not as much for the boy she is dating as it is to herself. She works out, diets, colours her hair blonde and when she is with her boyfriend's friends she sits watching them, sometimes laughing at some of the silly things they do. At other times she is looking at her own reflection in his sun glasses, which he has on despite being inside, admiring herself in them and making sure her make-up is spotless. You religiously self tan every night because you want to look like the celebrities you see in magazines, dreaming of the day when you can be stolen away by someone who looks like Brad Pitt or Johnny Depp who will think you are equally amazing and won't force you to spend countless hours watching football, but instead will take you to glamorous parties.

As you are heading towards your mid and late twenties you are still caught up in the same things as you were ten years earlier. You don't call it dieting anymore, you just eat healthy. You work out, but not obsessively to look like Kate Moss, you're happy if your body is like Kate Winslet's (before she herself went on a crazy diet). The cans of fake tan have been replaced by a weekly session in a sun studio. The blonde hair has gone; dark hair is more mysterious and sexier. You're still dreaming of that mysterious man to come take you away, George Clooney or Bruce Springsteen is his name. You've learned that you no longer can be nice to your boyfriend or fiancé's friends, as that means you want to sleep with them, but it's not a problem as you didn't like them ten years ago and you like them even less now. You've stopped giggling at things your better half says, it's no longer fun now that he knows you are laughing at him rather than with him.

You are dreading the days that bring you closer and closer to the big four-O, and you live your days in fear as you remember the days when you were thinner with less wrinkles. After years of carrying children, being a maid, cook in addition to working 9-5 makes you feel old and knowing that menopause is coming up soon isn't helping. You know that when your husband looks at you he imagines that blonde at twenty who looks great in a bikini, and you sometimes get scared that he might want that again and hence leave you, but deep down you know it isn't the case. As you continue striding for his acceptance and to look good for him you ignore the fact that his young physique is fading and you continue giving him compliments because you don't want him to feel the need to go elsewhere for them.

Your child bearing days are over, the heat waves and tiredness of menopause has passed and you feel almost like a new person. You still sometimes colour your hair, but you know it is gray underneath, and you have no problem with that. You love who you are, you're content with how you look, and you know that the years you spent striding for perfection were wasted as you were already perfect. You're happy, and you realise you always were happy, but sometimes that nagging fear comes that makes you feel old and unattractive. Luckily you still have the memories of being twenty, and you know those

fears were there even then when you looked as good as any one of the people who were celebrities back then.

Maybe this is extreme generalization, but I would like to meet the person who would read this and don't recognize something of themselves in it. People spend their entire lives searching for perfection, yet they rarely if ever achieve it, and that is a good thing. The media's view of perfection isn't what we come to realise is true perfection. True perfection is to recognize the faults in your loved ones, and only then can you achieve true happiness.

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