

# BEAUTY WASN'T MEANT FOR US

We will never be beautiful, my darling.  
Because you and I are comprised Of dirt and  
soot and snowy grey ashes. And beauty is  
truly only meant for flower and trees And  
elephant eye-lashes. Beauty is for the sway  
of bending bows and the way the water  
flows. It's for the flutter of wings in the  
springtime wind, And for the rustle of  
crunching leaves in the autumn dirt. Beauty  
was not meant for human forms to  
besmirch. Which is not to say that I will never  
see beauty In your endless eyes or sweet  
simple smile. Surely, You've found something  
beautiful somewhere inside me too. But this  
is not what we were made for, I bid you to  
see. We are creatures of a different  
character, Chaotic and free. Sitting like the  
great Nymphs, Precious and serene. We  
were made of clay and clear blue water, We  
fill up the outside space with our essence  
Breathing fire into life's flame with reverence.  
We are measured by our hands and feet  
That we walk on and make with We are  
signified by the softness of our hearts And  
the boldness of our guts. It's a playful sort of  
dance, Weaving our hips around obstacles,  
Bouncing our steps across the surface and  
plane I reach out to touch your flushed cheek  
and take your tears away Look! At this great  
big sea of us. Unlike the stars who embody  
light like self combustion, We relinquish what  
we are, And extinguish the fire of our soul.  
But our beams of brilliance are so too, seen  
long after we die. Maybe we only start to  
burn bright through space, Once we're  
already gone. So that those who come after  
us Will be able to hear the gentle humming  
of our songs. With only a few moments  
allotted to each life, Why waste any minute  
of any precious hour on such an impossible  
feat as beauty, I say. Something which was  
never meant for you and me, Anyway. -X

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