

beautiful  
by Nishaun Smith

This is my revealing, do not curse the beautiful for being.  
Rebuke ourselves for letting those call us unappealing.  
What does one like, love; could it be seen or shall it hide between the cove?  
The dirt, the sky, the water, the sun, what is most precious to a dove.  
Is the blueprint of beauty the construct of life, or how life is spent?  
Who marks the golden lines, or crafts the golden ruler, or molds the soul's golden mint?  
Can attire compliment it, in the body, spirit or alias, where does it reside?  
To what definite form should one aspire?  
Would spiteful beauty, greet the meeting rightly,  
if it knew, pretty is not the pleasure who's view is not delightful?  
Do not despise, one who's spirit lacks fire,  
one who repels you with the sadness in their eyes.

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