

Beauty

William Albrecht

One time I met a stranger
She was beautiful to me
And once I got to know her then true beauty I could see
But true beauty is an ugly thing
A veil above the eyes
For beauty in its purest form is no different from a lie

I was a blinded fool back then
I was blinded by the lie
And retrospectively I know that love was never mine
No person can be perfect
Yet this lie was perfect still
With love as an obsession then no dream can be fulfilled

One time I met a stranger
She was no different from the rest
That stranger was in love with me: to me another test
Try as I might to feign a fight to hold that veil up
The lie was sweet
The lie was real
Her love was beautiful

Author's Comments

Basically the only poem I've ever written that is any good. Parts of it will be featured in the short story I'm doing.

Uploaded to qualitynomad.deviantart.com Feb 22, 2007