

Caroline

Beauty

It's the first thing to hit you
Surely "L" or Pretty Mirrors which
a k ays
through up
It strikes you like a man beating his wife might
a m_a_n_b_e_a_t_i_n_g_h_i_s_w_i_f_e
Come hither and see what's under these sheets and covers
A face so pretty, that face would be so much better smothered with a hand
a man's hand
And in the undertone of Beauty we can hear remarks
Ditzy slut French prostitute Tranny jezebel Victim...
And even more words, back there in the corners and recesses
A M A N B E A T I N G H I S W I F E
And blame me if you will
I'll surely be criminal in the exposure of truth
And we all participate and even if you stop reading this poem in anger
That this simple poet called you out
Because as long as you breathe and shit you are a part of it
And while she lays there alone with loving admiration
You, I, we long to have heart racing
Eyes bulging in shock of her demise
But still she sits there pretty as ever similar to cute, an older sister to kittens
But I find the human mind to be the most beautiful thing of all
Even with such deformity we only recognize the Beauty
Echoing
A man beating his wife