

Georgina Banfield

A definition of Beauty

That person seemed to me,
an untouchable beauty.
An embodiment of all things desired,
petals flowered at her feet whenever she went walking,
and I imagined, as limpet-eyes stuck probing,
what glory be?
What glories be unto her.

In the weak of me,
jealousy pursued.
And in doing what was done,
there came a craving for soured things that I drunk of.
And I did drink.
In wanting to be her and as of her.
For I failed in physicality's comparison, or so I thought.

But I soon spat out what poisons consumed,
to make my blood curse my own vitality,
more than solid head and heart.
And I struggled to find companion.
to another strain of thought,
to drive my mind to high celestial places,
to look with keener eyes at such glories be.

High on that level of sustenance I penetrated.
Bore holes of cleverish ness like sting-like rays.
Eyes, once daggers, turned inward,
in a quest for questions answered on,
what is this definition of beauty?

Then I saw past the effervescent pretence of pretentious petulance,
that auroraed playful round lips puckered up for 'take me quick' pouts.
And wanting eyes of desperation lined heavy with black Desdemona curls.

This would be Goddess!
This fake sugar existence!
Was more like thick molasses,
inviting but held no noticeable sweetness,
that could be made faceable,
if lack of vanity existed.

Scanning the widening horizon with my own perspective,
I grew rhythmic from soul with cloudless vantage,
and saw that like fools gold,
what she glittered fell as jewels,
but held no more than empty promises.
Promises made from casual glances,
in exchange for affectation

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and a taste of her precious feminine within,
then so easily discarded.

And all the while,
all the while, strange that as she strutted,
taking gluttonous pleasure at my disadvantage,
sip by sip, she went stiletto cruising,
tip toe tipped past tables lit,
where leeches bit away at lips,
held back to sit with rings that bind their hands from matrimonial cyanide.
Forced back by cutting whip lashed lashes...I laughed!

And too I cried.
And I was warned.
Woman take notice.
Save heart.
Have a mind to control your own advances.
For what satisfaction lies in seedy joints does not last.
There can be more wisdom found in chiselled stone.
And Beauty?
In the inner depths of being me.

And the appeal of such weightless embodiment no more enraptured,
but I still wonder what glories be?
What would these glories be unto her?