

Of His Beauty

Who left too soon.
Parts of my soul
that went with them.
Rather I forget.
And return

to the unfinished
painting of his sad smiling
faces, given to the light
of a certain feminine grace;
return

to dreaming his body
higher, and the almost manly,
almost earthly weight and ripple
of muscle
beneath the feathery skin.

Love gone too soon.
Rather I forget –
to praise the living,
the living memory
of his beauty.

Joe L,
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