

how beautiful

beauty is skin deep
that's probably why she weeps
but little does she know
there's more to her than what is shown
three primary layers subsist
but she doesn't care for that list
each deepens into her being
there's more than we are seeing
though not a soul takes the time
to hear her inner covert chime
what resides isn't furtive
hearing so deems her assertive
she holds many a quality
that the eye squints and still can't see
though stubbornness is utter bliss
she won't know what she chooses to miss
told every time she laughs
that each giggle skips upon our behalves
as she did when younger amongst nature
her character yearning for nomenclature
told every time she smiles
from the blessings and luck compiled
to hold it a minute longer
for optimism promises a future stronger
yet each high reflects a low
every sun is soon opaqued by snow
each light burns out as expected
irony lacks presence; locked up and protected
the result of wandering as those lost
waiting on mental exhaust
is a beautiful potential wasted
a life that will forever be lambasted
though it could've been a deal more
the choice was hers; not mine nor yours.