Extract from: *101 Poems*

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# Beau

Your eyes are galaxies, vast starry shores,
abiding by their own sweet laws;
defying beauty in their magnitude;
an idol for all pulchritude.

Your lips are quilts of honey drops,
a sweet gold garden of syrup crops.

Their words are poignant, dulcet, strong,
and to each of those words, I belong.

Your hair is supple, fine and lithe,
gleaming opulence, beaming life.

Your beauty fair and beauty fine
alters the world, pleating time.

Like mountains high, your chest is wide,
a safe retreat in which to hide.

Your arms’ embrace is rich and tender,
a strong, unyielding defender.

Your heart is grandiose and pure
and births a deep compassion sure.

Your love is endless, honeyed, profound,
by time and condition forever unbound.

Your body is perfect, ethereal,
mesmerising, compelling and beautiful,
unowned by any other but you,
defined only by resplendence true.

Your mind of wisdom, fortitude
is grounding, intelligent, strong and shrewd,
housing intellect unspoken,
despite your modesty true and golden.

Your nature is kind, caring, good,
and to it, I give all the love I could.

A thousand sights could never show
the vision that is my ethereal beau.