

Brief Beauty

Sweet singin' Sypsy
was a fine, fanciful feather.
Her eagle eyes etched out
every exceptional experience.
God's grace gave her beauty
long before bothersome boys came
to tease, taunt and tear
at her truth.
Weaving and wandering
along the winding road,
life left her
cold carcass creeping
slowly slipping from rash reality.
The solemn sun set
on sweet Sypsy
as crisp color faded
from her fabulous face.

Her disappearing feather
lies like a leaf
lost, among the others
who were once beautiful in flight.
Her words whisper an eternal echo:
"Yes, his sharp teeth were made
to consume innocence."
Sweet singin' Sypsy surrendered
to the cool magic
that broke her heart
and kissed her satin skin.