

Stolen Beauty

Kindly excuse and disregard this wrinkled covering
That I wear as skin today. You see, at a carnival,
Last spring, while turning, squeezing through the mob
In the mirror house, hysteria began. In the riot,
Someone grabbed my beautiful face -- and stole away
In the crowd. They took my long, raven hair,
My clear, shining, love bright eyes. Tore off
My soft and willing lips, and threw on this tight,
Wretched mask that sticks to my heart.

Have you seen it?

My lover, who claimed devotion
To my soul's goodness, walks by me
Without a glance -- yet my light still shines
Beneath this flesh. Have you seen it?
Please report in one week,
For I grow weary in search.

— Vervyl Rosenbaum

Santa Fe, New Mexico

the put-down

Bad poetry,
because you don't
understand it? --
I told him don't feel bad and
said my style isn't all
that hot

either --

but he wouldn't
listen

(what could I
really use
right now,
really need
is maybe
something like
four young lady
poets)

and there you sit
trying to think that
your differences were
truly those of quality.

— George Tysh

Detroit, Michigan