

## 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.

-- Veryl 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