Beauty

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Beauty has its roots, it’s immemorial –
‘Tis a rose that bleeds from transient thorns
And a lightning from nebula drawn –
‘Tis an orange night in the shades of dawn.

Beauty has a hue, a spectral greyness –
‘Tis a summer’s black, a winter’s white,
And the spectrum merging dark and light –
‘Tis the salt of lands and the robe of skies.

Beauty has a voice but stays still wordless –
‘Tis a Thought without the thoughts of tongues
And a painting breaking into a song –
‘Tis a broken smile and an oak unsung.

Beauty can be known; it is a notion –
‘Tis a mountain capped by starlit skies
And a knoll enshrined in snowy lies –
‘Tis a heart that sees and a head that sighs.

Beauty is a measure; ‘tis a movement –
‘Tis the fight of feeling(s) over form
And the flight of sense to stoke a storm –
‘Tis a wind of chance with the breath of doom.

Beauty has its blotches, and is blameless –
‘Tis a pimple painted well, a tale;
And the pride of the pure, a scale –
‘Tis the tale of truth and the truth in tells.

Beauty is a cloak, it is a dagger –
‘Tis a face that foils a fest’ring rage
And a searing gaze that scorches days –
‘Tis a beast of peace and a bird of prey.

Beauty christens love, and raises hatred –
‘Tis a passion with (im)patience corked;
Compassion by the victor clocked –
‘Tis a spangled moon in an angry rock.

Beauty has its age, it is eternal –
‘Tis a fading rainbow’s farewell note
And a dark’ning ocean’s thirsty throat –
‘Tis the dying rain from a dawning cloud.