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Beauty

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Beauty

I wish I were not so beautiful
Cindy Crawford weeps for my looks
Even the crimson roses wilt with utter envy.
The horizon skillfully hides jealously behind the clouds.
Paintings, sculptures and magnificent ancient wonders,
are suddenly dull and sullen, ever so lifeless.

I AM A SUPERMODEL.....

I go to a home football game and instantly....
People gasp for air and men stare in awe and amazement.
Women exhale with furious spite in their breath.
Everyone stops watching the now monotonous game,
For my presence is now a moment remembered in history.

I AM LIKE A SOLAR ECLIPSE....

A picture, a fine moment everyone must capture.
I need no cafe eye shadow, no jet black mascara.
My lips are full and as red as the blood inside me.
The beauty is hidden in the depths of my soul.
My life still empty from broken words and promises,
That you cannot see from my deceiving appearance.

Lindsey Crofoot