Beauty & Beauty & Beast

Beauty and Beauty walk hand in hand
around corners down corridors
and through their little blissful heart-shaped day,
the Beast is passed in the very same place
which is, hence, a meat-packing institute.

Beauty and Beauty are tied in a knot
outside amidst luncheon and falling fire leaves
and halos of content engulfing sunlight,
and the Beast doesn't mean to but watches
out the window, a sit-com like a sedative.

Beauty is not only that, but crazy, infinite,
and bounding, and sharp: like candy,
and Beauty enveloped is not only that but
pure and radiant and clear and willow,
and they collect no dust only more and more beauty.

The Beast though is skunkish and moronic,
heavy and void and absolute bad breath;
a frog which kissed stays a frog; dirty diaper;
a tumor which begs to be severed and stomped out
before it impossibly but somehow taints Beauty.

Three exist in the light of the same sun,
in air which contains all their exhalings equal,
and in the worthless stink of the feeble, dull Beast
rise up, say thank you, praise ever Beauty
and Beauty, whose glorious smells slay the foul monster.

Rachel Posner