

My Artist Friend

Beauty is such a vague word, that if I said it
The intimation of what I am trying to say
might pass by.

Rather, if I gave substance to Beauty
and I told you that your eyes are,

Deep pools of soupy, warm chocolate
Framed in frail whip reeds, which rest
in the sandy color of your satin smooth skin,

It would be only the faintest taste of comparison.
It forms only the faintest shadow of what is truly there

But if I could, I would rejoice in the sound
Of the raining of words from my lips,
Praising you.

I cannot perform a grand heroic deed
To win your fragile favor.

Trying might prove something, to myself
Of what I am and am not capable of,
And how many days it took me to figure that out.

Let me say this instead,
That I am inspired by you.

I long to paint with your grace.
Digging into the talent from the pocket in my heart
Then placing it upon blank whiteness.

You possess such a glorious
Forte of capturing everything around you.

I suppose, I must be what I am
And be content to glow from your accomplishments
And laugh with you.

I will await the return,
How ever long your journey takes.
Traveling the distance to China.

Your eyes will be missed, laughing without me
Seeking the unknown on such a lengthy path.
I long to be with you just the same.

-Marie Ursuy