

The Mark Of Beauty

by Fran Duffield

Beautiful things
don't need to ask
for attention:
they draw it with
their gravitational pull,
like seething iron filings
to a magnet

caresses seek them out
but caress can turn to
greed and grasp
in empty hands
and cold minds

exhibited in the glare
of isolation, or
wrapped in velvet
and concealed
from prying eyes

the birthmark
of beauty
is both curse
and wonder