

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"
John Keats (1795-1821)

VENUS AND CANDOR

Beauty is not truth
But a transient mask's shadow
Across the foamy sky
Opaque flight
Separated from the blue fire bird
Of a convulsive life.
In dazzling charm
Narcissus may revel
And celebrate vanity,
Yet grandeur, glory and grace
May also radiate
Through unsightly wrinkles.

Truth is not beauty
But a checkered meadow lark
Discovered among dense saffrons
Of lilac harmonies
Over pastures of violet discernments
A colorful bobolink singing
Pragmatic lilt.