

Statue
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Happiness
It's etched in stone,
Your face.
Chiseled and smoothed,
To absolute perfection.
Anger.
Clenches your fists
With marble veins
In an eternity of throbbing.
A brilliant shaft of sun
Falls golden through the window.
Caressing your cheekbones,
Deepening shadows tenderly
With a charcoal pencil.
Slowly bringing rebirth
To your stony
Expression,
Eyes alight with a rosy glow,
Did I see your finger twitch?
Maybe.
Maybe not.
Cloud.
Covering the sunshine,
Steals the ghost of a
Might have been-
Breath.
From your always waiting lips.
Yes, it clouds the vivacious.
Your vivacious.
Life, it has to die
Sometime.
It's gone, again.
Like every other time,
Just at noon
When the sun and it's power
Are at full
Glory.