1-1-2004

Watching Beauty

Seth Jones
Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol12/iss2/20

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
EX-BOYFRIEND

Katie Atkins

The gentle chills
sent tenderly amidst my lips,
is gone from the lust of your kiss.
White silk sheets slip smoothly
between my creamy beige thighs,
no longer open to your indignant tries.
Glaring moonlight licks
partially opened white curtains,
revealing brilliant skies as clear as
your adulterous sins
as you lie there naked
bearing much more than your skin.
A cool breeze gently kisses
the smooth curve of my silken spine,
the way your unfaithful lips
will never again caress
the soft skin of mine.
Morning sun shall lighten my day
with the shimmer of rays
and the burden of your ways
lifted from my heart’s dismay.
I’m ending things now,
my decision is made.
My heart is no longer the playground
for your indecisive masquerade.
And when you shall wake,
as I already know,
there is a wide open door
through which you will go.

WATCHING BEAUTY

Seth Jones

The leaves dance
Brightly colored in the breeze
You stroll from class
But have not seen me yet
I stare at you in wonder
Waiting
Anticipating
The moment our eyes will meet
That beautiful dimpled smile
Those deep eyes
Gazing
Softly
Penetrating every shadowed corner of my soul
Take my hand
And walk with me
My friend
Let the crisp autumn air
Penetrate our lungs
And may we feel - you and I
The day
The season
The moment
Together