

Beautiful Needless

Sunlight is like a gentle kiss from a deity fair,
and it brings forth the boldest of emotions from man.
Sunlight is like a chiding coo from a mother dear
after her child has fallen and scraped his knee red.
The yellow rays are what keeps the saddened soul
going through the tears and pain of another day.

Then there is moonlight, the calming end to another day,
after one has stretched themselves far beyond what is fair
and good. Moonlight is the balm to a worn-out soul,
the reason why we ponder the existence of man
and beg for answers as to why the sky turns red
when the sun goes to sleep. I can't give you the answer, my dear.

I can't tell you why we dwell on the things we hold dear,
or why we sit and waste away, worrying, about another day
that has yet to bloom before us. I can't tell you why my heart is red
when I am feeling blue. I can't tell you why life is anything but fair.
I can't tell you why a woman is a woman, and a man is a man,
but I can tell you that the sun reflects my passions, and the moon my soul,

and it is to the world that I bare this fragile thing, my human soul.
It is to this unkind land that I am a mistress, a lover, a darling-dear,
to the emotions and passions of both woman and man.
It is by the sun and the moon that I am dominated each day;
bathed in purple light by one, and by the other, scalded red.
I don't mind, though; my natural gods — it's only fair

to be enthralled by something so natural and fair,
such as the simplicity of sunlight or complexity of a soul.
Had I ever spoken this aloud, my face would flush red,
my family send me away, and my dear
would flee my love. Every moment, every breath, every day
I wonder what it is to be something greater than a man.

I wonder — is my heart wasted on love of man?
Is my time and effort to create something fair
and beautiful, needless—like the last rays of light at the end of the day?
I can only hope that, as I grow, my soul
remains pure. If I leave this place, run away from my dearly
devoted dreams, then perhaps they will never see me bleed red.

To man, I can only hope but to be fair;
bathed in the red of passions murdered by the day,
I will bare my soul to the world — a god most dear.

—Mickey Pfarr