

## True Beauty

Poetry, it's supposed to be the truth behind life.  
It's supposed to open your closed mind to what in the world really shines.  
But, in itself, it's its own brand of lies.  
Darkness  
Happiness  
Beauty  
They're all just emotions.

The poets,  
They describe things that we could only imagine seeing.  
Like the way a setting sun will glisten on the snow and make the air look like it's on fire.  
The way fire itself is the combination of colors that you couldn't get anywhere else.  
They tell you that these are the things that really matter.

But, do they really matter?  
Snow and sunlight, they are so common.  
You are nothing rare, nothing special.  
Fire is dangerous.  
When you look at it and think, how beautiful.  
Think of all the people who have died.  
Been swallowed up by the beauty.  
I guess it's a way of seeing things,  
A state of mind.

But if these things aren't beautiful what is?  
Is anything in this world beautiful?  
Is beauty anything at all?  
Is it an invisible quality?  
No, the word beauty is an adjective used to describe physical appearance.

But, beauty does exist.  
It's the ghost of a smile,  
On the face of someone who never does.  
It's that last tear you shed before you stop crying.  
It's that feeling you get when you look at the sky and realize that you don't need to fly to be  
happy.  
It's life.  
All of life,  
And it is,

Truly beautiful.