

Beauty

Beauty takes many forms.

In the eye of the beholder,
It tugs at the soul,
Twisting this way and that.
Drawing love from the most hardened heart.

Beauty. Never the same,
But always the sweetest of pain.

The first cry of a newborn.

A clear note, sung steady.

A gentle curve, a sharp angle.
A bright smile, a tender hug, a tear of joy.
Skin of all colours.
Bodies of all shapes.
Of all Beliefs.
Of all Orientations.

What is beauty?
What is love?
What is life?

They are born of the same mother.
They are brothers.
They are sisters.

They are all of us.

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