

# Opal Beauty

*Madison*

Opal beauty.

I akin you to a god  
with cascading locks.

The radiant Aphrodite can not compare, you are the pure tears that Zeus cried

Afterall, she cannot complain,

She's the one who struck me with this love.

Oh Aphrodite how I've fallen again.

In this silly courtroom ball,

Filled with frivolous conversation and even frillier dresses.

For there she is,

Face crafted by Prometheus, sculpted and moulded by roses.

In this oh so busy room, all I see is you.

Nothing more.

Not the man who offers me a drink, hand poised with the grace of a  
gentle lover, and an even gentler husband. He would be nice to me.

But all I see is you, nothing more.

The men around you smile as you entertain them.

As you flutter your eyes as you watch them cave, practically on one knee,  
begging like dogs,

Like hounds,

For the chance to even catch your gaze, to behold your beauty.

If only they knew you underneath,

Beneath that facade and rosy blush

Do they know the scars you bear?

That lace your skin?

That lace your hair?

That I kiss away

when the moon is high,

and you are mine, and only mine.

Do they know,

Do those oh so silly men know,

That in the end,

When this ball ends,

I'll be there

in your bed?

My raven hair tied back in knots,

While your auburn hair twists in locks.

Do they know of the love we share?

When auburn locks meet raven hair.