

The Beauties of Nature

By Cali Poulton

Whispered tales of time, as lines engrave the trees skin

Marks of identity trail the path of your fingerprints within

In a swirl of color and a tapestry of weightless stars, a galaxy lies

Thought of as plain, breath dances through your painted eyes

Each blade of grass is rustled by the untold secrets of forgot

You wish your golden locks are something that they are not

Far from reach, craters and hills of the moon are seen above

But yet you say bumps upon your skin make you unloved

In rain's caress, the skies sob through heaven's sweet embrace

You turn away and say your fine even with your tear-stained face

Why do we hate our imperfections,

While we find nature's beautiful?