

Damage

She spins away from herself,
one legged dancer , giddy
as a game of blind man's buff.

No one more beautiful,
not a Degas painting
not a nightingale's call.

The sorrow in her eyes
is forever. She is perfect,
pitched beyond our well -meant lies.

No expert knife, no hair line scar
conceals the splintered stump;
and still she spins and still we cry for more.