Masterpiece

Mary Shelton Hornsby

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Why is it that I associate you with black and white photographs? That is, those photographs of Grace Kelly and Audrey Hepburn And all the Great Ones. You, with your coral lipstick (NO. 169) And your bright brown eyes, just don’t understand How much you do, how often All their round glass eyes stare at you.

The quiet hands, that Jackie voice, No one would ever realize that behind your luminescent skin And wide, true smile are the inner workings Of an evolving and powerful engine, The stops and pedals of an organ, And the chemistry of intricate cogs and gears. Minute details, precise and linear, On thousands of planes, cut and refined by Endless incisions into the blue and silver steel.

For me, promise always to wear oversized pearls and pure gold.