Joe Bruner Poetry Workshop III Partner Poem – 3/31/2015

The Most Beautiful Place

The sun peeks over the horizon, its hair a hazy mess.

I asked you what the most beautiful place on Earth would look like.

The tree decays in the morning air.

Parrots, brimming
with color glide across
the field, glittering from
the sun-dried husk of
bleached-white bones.

Dewdrops soar out of the basin of a silent waterfall.

The trees bask in the golden glow, flowing with the intensity of fire.

I asked you, why you didn't mention people? Not your best friend Nor your lover. Because that seems so

lonely.

You replied
Beauty is
loneliness.
To be the most beautiful
necessitates being the loneliest.

The morning mist burns

away, to reveal the most beautiful autumn day you have ever seen.