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Poetry Workshop III
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The Most Beautiful Place

The sun peeks over the horizon,
its hair a hazy mess.
A chickadee tremolos in the morning
air, as dewdrops slide down
the foggy window panes.
The trees bask in the golden glow
flowing with the intensity
of fire.
The morning mist burns away, to reveal
the most beautiful autumn day
you have ever seen.

I asked you what the most beautiful place
on Earth would look like. Do you remember?
This is what you told me. And I asked you,
why you didn't mention people? Why
not include your best friend, or perhaps
your lover? Because that seems so lonely.
To which you replied, beauty is loneliness, and
to be the most beautiful, therefore, necessitates
being the loneliest.