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Poetry Workshop III
Workshop Poem – 3/10/2015

The Most Beautiful Place

The sun peeks
over
the horizon,
its hair a hazy mess.
I asked you
what the most beautiful
place
would look like as
on Earth
a chickadee tremolos
in the morning
air.
I asked you,
as dewdrops slip
down the foggy window panes,
why you didn't mention people?
Not your best friend
Nor your lover.
The trees bask in the golden glow,
flowing
with the intensity
of fire.
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.