

WHAT IS BEAUTY? May 4th .04

My mother never wore make-up
She was beautiful without
the fairest complexion
there wasn't a doubt,
With twinkling blue eyes
and long chestnut hair
my mother to me
was the loveliest there.

Now I!
as you see
was more like my dad,
With wavy black hair
and brown eyes, 'tis sad
for my dad was handsome
And I!
should have been proud.

Each has a beauty
the heart will decide,
Magazines pander
and tend to deride
Make-up and fashion
Adverts that pay,
the price of such products
show us the way.

The fifties ----- the sixties
in bikini that flaunt,
Waist-lines and thighs
today would look gaunt,
The 'Impressionist' show
generations before
Feminine curves,
for the male to adore.

Beauty is fleeting
The canvas is raw
We still get our kicks from
'What the butler once saw'

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