

How To Feel Beautiful

by Jé Maverick

It sticks to your insides, this endless tramp
of the daily, damp commute. This war against the clock
and how each monstrous hour falls and falls
and chimes a bleak reminder.

The calendar, it hurtles slickly by - you swallow
knowledge like you fight a rising gorge -
those displaced days that made up all your youth
lie littered in your wake:

the carrion for history's avid vultures.

And yet, you grow accustomed to the loss -
and grinding down the journey of each day
into a powdered debt - resolve to pay yourself
at Destination.

Wherever that may be.

As you wait within the station, a blind boy
stands on a corner, singing, of green
fields that he has never seen:

your tired ears cannot escape the sound.

The stifling day snaps shut.

Nearby, shoeshine boys dream of warm girls
with stunning eyes and sturdy legs; a gaunt
secretary smokes, remembering deserted beaches,
strong arms, and a keen libido.

A homeless man takes off exhausted shoes
and ambles wistfully towards the lush town green,
all because a blind boy sings.

A blind boy is singing of green fields, and heat
peels off the asphalt with oppressing force,
the buildings are eye-bleeding monoliths,
and though these concrete miles they punish the aesthetic,
you know the men who built them, long since gone,
had Titan's wills and laboured with glistening bodies.

They were alive even here.

Even as you are alive.

Even here, the dandelion hopes its silent way
through the pavement crack: the bee attends.

The friction of the countless tight agendas rubs
against the herding crowd -
the strait-jackets of schedules and gratified needs.
Ambitions fight like cornered demons in the busy station:
the meetings; the meetings; the meetings -
all for some important scheme, are waiting.
You step outside that cage -
and because a blind boy is singing
you remember that
how to feel beautiful
is simply
to **be** where you are.

A blind boy is singing of green fields,
and the feeling you've been waiting for arrives
without appointment or timetable
or the crude affliction of an expectation,
and you board it -
this beauty that exists beyond your vision,
this penetrating love you feel that fills
your heart; the street; the city;
and expands to fill the world.

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