

IN PRAISE OF PERFECTION

by Katrina Relf

*What can I say that hasn't been said
By poets throughout the ages?
The blue of your eyes, the gold in your hair
Has been praised on numerous pages.*

*Those shoulders so broad, those arms so strong
That pull me so close to you,
So close I can feel what I shouldn't feel,
But what's a poor girl to do?*

*And then you leave, stride up the stairs
Towards the tunnels' interior,
And all I can do is stand and stare
At that superior posterior.*