



Retta Lewis

Still Life Princess

The entrance of age
Put the crack in the mirror
And the wonder in her step.

Between her people and herself
Stretched a bridge of aberrations
No mind could cross.

She was a lady,
But not a woman.
Only an image
No man could lose
Or find himself in.

The invention of her
Was a superior stroke;
And one made more masterful
Once she laid claim to it.

She was beautifully sound,
Beautifully bred;
But when a beautiful sound is no more,
It was enough to be allowed the illusion of it.

A thing of many perfections
And little depth,
She still looked regal in her new disguise.

A queen beneath the layers.
A thought in search of time.
This close to reclaiming her name,
The focus no longer on its loss.

Retta Lewis's poems have appeared in *Onionhead*, *CC&D*,
Wide Open Magazine, *Free Focus*, and elsewhere.

Image from Exploring Your Mind