

not Baudelaire's “Beauté”

by strannikov

I charm as any stone-sculpted dream:
men grind themselves to dust on my breasts
in solitude poets spill and spew
enraptured of my adamant clay.

my heart unknown an unblemished swan
a sphinx surveying from cloudless heights:
moving pieces I detest—composed,
I never smile, never learned to weep.

entranced with the splendor of my pose
my singing devotees take to prayer
laborious prayer in pious search:

these impale themselves fast to my heart
their eyes inflame and then they subside
the fire I impart sings then sears.

