

2014

A Lovely Beauty

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Recommended Citation

Cathers, Court (2014) "A Lovely Beauty," *The Oval*: Vol. 7 : Iss. 2 , Article 35.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol7/iss2/35>

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A LOVELY BEAUTY

Court Cathers

She was once a lovely beauty,
Glowing in the night sky like a beacon for lost lovers.
She colored the darkness-covered landscapes with pastel life and
Lit the abyss like darkness with her ever-expanding radiance,
Willingly changing her form as each night passed.
Revealing all of herself only twelve times per year,
Not wanting to oversell the beautiful white light she
Spilled onto our world, filling us with warmth and love and
Thus holding the adoration and worship of many cultures.
She believed she would last forever.
At the beginning, hasn't been born yet, but Sun told her of its birth.
Watching and learning as beings sprouted from mere cells,
She was amazed as they gained intelligence.
Watching them have babies, cute little things, and
Adopting babies of other species,
She began to love the creatures growing in front of her.
She watched them create and destroy many wonders.
Crying as they enslaved themselves instead
Focusing on the birth of new life.
Crying as religions were at war instead
Focusing on the harmony religion brought to many cultures.
Crying as children and women were molested and raped instead
Focusing on the strength women gained as time drug on.
Crying as they burned monuments to the ground instead
Focusing on the building of memorials for fallen soldiers.
Crying as men became power hungry, destroying all in their path instead
Focusing on those who helped the poor and defenseless.
Crying as they took over lands and resources with war instead
Focusing on the beauty of nature and farming.

Crying when they killed themselves.
Tortured by the destruction they wrought upon themselves,
She pleaded with Sun to help, but Sun was powerless as well.
Together they cried for ages upon ages.
She could not bear to watch yet she could not pull away,
Forced to sit and stare for what seemed like forever.
Rotating this planet in an eternal dance,
She was once a lovely beauty and I miss her.
I remember watching her light dim each night and
Feeling her despair in my heart.
I remember the horror I felt on the night she left as I
Watched her tear herself apart, just to escape.
The world exploding in fear and anguish and death,
I remember feeling her die, like part of myself was vanishing.
You will only remember the idea of her beauty,
Never seeing her light up the abyss-like sky,
Only knowing the darkness-covered landscapes.
You will never truly love, adore or worship her,
Nor see her nightly change of form,
Nor will you see her monthly full glory.
She was once a lovely beauty, this is true.
Now existing only in the minds of those who knew her,
When we are gone, she will be truly lost, and then,
You, humanity, will suffer forevermore.