

Picture of Perfection

(A Poem by Brian K. Blackden)

Let not the pigment of my skin describe me
it is merely a covering to my soul
I am not imprisoned by your glances
your whispers fall unheard
In contrast to most, my body unique

Let me take you on a journey
close your eyes and listen
take my hand and walk in my footsteps
We talk and express our deepest thoughts
dreams spontaneously shared

Hopes and desires quite similar
fears and acceptance a reality
As we walk in an aromatic field of flowers
smelling the bounty in an unbridled breeze
nature begins to beautify the unsighted view

Two people unknown to one another
Conversing, growing, blossoming, learning
As we near the road to return to home
open your eyes and look upon the picture
You now see me whole, in all my perfection