

Faces

Four stone faces
set in unblinking stare
do not tan
in day-long sun
Four stone faces
have yet to shed a tear
Stone without
a young woman's grace
locks blonde and flowing
eyes soft alluring blue
her seductive curves
beckoning one to linger
Men are drawn
to her body
yet unlearned in how
to win her face
Do they sense there is
no virginity to woo
Compare the shining eyes
of young men eager ready
to drink in glory's taste
cheeks pumiced clean
with lofty ideals
while heads remain
empty of realities
minds having fed
on structured waste
We are confronted
by fallen scree of
encumbered nameless faces
carved from boulders
of futility
left with skin too taut
to smile eyes cast down
as ones betrayed
seeing their day of death
no different
than the one of birth
Stone faces
have yet to shed a tear
Throughout the land
silent faces
with arms extending
helping hands
while knowing smiles
break over the unsaid
Four stone faces
can no longer care