

Beautiful

My skin is smooth like a steady lake
My eyes are wide like a starstruck snake
My hair is dark like a steadfast oak
My body is young like an egg shell, unbroke
What am I?

Beautiful things don't stay stagnant
But my mind is branching and I'm afraid
Shout the voices, "don't grow old"
Shall the mural of my life not be displayed?

Why aren't trees coy of their leaves
Don't they know that it's obscene
They'll crumple and dry
And fall when they die
But maybe the critics are thieves

Maybe the leaves will come back different
Maybe the leaves will come back new
Maybe the leaves won't stay stagnant
Maybe the leaves will grow old too

My skin is wrinkled like a winding road
My eyes are sunken like a wondrous geode
My hair is silver like glistening star
My body has aged like a vintage car
What am I?