

## I WENT TO BEAUTY, PART 2

I went with questions to three friends,  
I went to beauty, kindness, youth;  
    "We told you what you hoped to hear,  
    you never asked to hear the truth."

Cuddling their words like a puppy,  
I loved you dearly, always will.  
You took much more than you could know,  
part of me's being taken still.

Now I find me asking sorrow  
just what the hell it is all about;  
    "You knew you'd be round to see me,  
    what could have ever made you doubt?"

I was tied around your little finger  
but you grew tired of limpy thread.  
With a whimper I turned away  
no goodbyes were ever said.

Sep/Oct 1989