

FLAWS

LEE DUKE

Your teeth are not straight, not white--
you say
your hips too wide,
breasts not firm,
eyes too small;
you say
your ass sags.
But I know you are beautiful.

It isn't an act of faith.
Your loveliness is real, palpable:
the despised belly lush, a meadow of heather,
your scent aphrodisiac,
and more:
your smile,
your eyes...
I could go on.

I may be lost, misguided,
but I stumble through your garden
and find it beautiful
because you're there.