

A translucent pearl-white moonbeam
a delicately carved pale statuette

the perfect picture stirs
the immaculate image shifts
the fragile figurine floats onwards
and takes with it all breath

deftly wielding her majesty
the appearance raises gentle wings
to an unheard celestial song
that obliterates the core

the noble features offer gleaming gems
the tender depths of which
swallow all life from the earth

and as the haunting fantasy dances
a vision bordering on the impossible
the lotus wilts before her feet

and the dream that is geisha
wrenching truth from fumes
thaws the arctic of the reluctant heart
and burns her likeness into the world