

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