

## Crown of Glory

After hard rain,  
when you see the trees sharply,  
in their wetness a magnificent shapeliness,  
water pebbled on the impervious skin,  
you realize beauty is never deserved,  
like some reward for those  
with the inner light —  
that God didn't make you handsome  
because your soul is good.  
When Grace Slick gave up her hair  
to the scissors, shearing  
away a whole set of gestures,  
uncovering the vast territory  
of the skull,  
she was ruined for rock-and-roll  
forever. Without her mane  
to shake around, she didn't convince  
anyone. That is why, for the easy  
breath of beauty, you'll never  
cut your own crown of glory,  
mark of passion, predestination.  
You flip forward right now  
and toss its weight back like a diva.  
You let it fall down your back  
like a banner of opportunity.  
And when some man coils it around  
his first to mesmerize your head,  
to take a kiss, he will tell you,  
once again, about something  
lovely and strange  
and fatal.