Search for Beauty

By: Zack Kunz

Stones glow in the light of the full Moon,

purple incandescence of nightshade in full bloom,

the surrounding forest despondent in its stagnant form.

My feet leave impurities in the rocks in my trek to find beauty

hitting the damp earth my feet make a steady rhythm,

on the tips of my toes falls the morning dew.

The Stars splatter the sky in their eternal goal of dazzling.

The Moon, drained of her luminescence plunges below the horizon.

Surging to replace her, the Sun bathes the path in orange brilliance.

Forever we search

for what has been in front of us all along.