

A Likeness of Her

She e-mailed me a birthday gift,
A digital likeness of herself.
I was stunned by how beautiful she is.
You'd think I wouldn't have forgotten
In the scant two months I've been away.

The experience got me to wondering
What makes women attractive to men.
But when I began to study her photo,
The image grabbed rude hold of me,
The way a whirlpool's funnel
Sucks in everything that hazards near.

I found myself plunged headlong
Into hazel-rich liquid eyes.
I panicked I was going to drown
In their unplumbable depths.
Neck, mouth, ears, nose, lips, hair ...
Every feature of her image
Cast out and reeled me in.
Soon there was nothing left of me
That she couldn't claim for hers.

The net yield of my reflections
Can be set down briefly thus:
What makes women lovely
Resists man's comprehension.
Divine immensity surpasses understanding;
Woman's mystery is opaque to minds of men.

Gerald J. Massey