They say
The moon is beautiful.
A silver lady
Juxtaposed against the stars
Serene, ethereal, beautiful.
Cold in lovely perfection,
Serene in unblemished beauty.
Unreachable, we strive
To reach even a fraction
Of its beauty:
Being compared
To her celestial presence
Is the greatest compliment.
Yet here's the thing.
The moon isn't perfect
She's got acne and pockmarks
Scars and craters and bruises
Her face is marred by scar tissue.
I find this comforting.
Because if she,
In her imperfection
Is a paragon of beauty,
How can I say I'm ugly?