

**BROOKE MATTSON**

*Luna Hermosa*

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?