Pity the Beautiful

By Dana Gioia

Pity the beautiful,  
the dolls, and the dishes,  
the babes with big daddies granting their wishes.

Pity the pretty boys,  
the hunks, and Apollos,  
the golden lads whom success always follows.

The hotties, the knock-outs,  
the tens out of ten,  
the drop-dead gorgeous,  
the great leading men.

Pity the faded,  
the bloated, the blowsy,  
the paunchy Adonis  
whose luck’s gone lousy.

Pity the gods,  
no longer divine.  
Pity the night  
the stars lose their shine.


Source: <i>Poetry</i> (May 2011)