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 blowzy, 
the paunchy Adonis 
whose luck’s gone lousy.

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


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