

Mania, and her Beautiful Countenance

Christopher Cassetty

You were even more beautiful
with those manic eyes, so bright
and refulgent, I never dared
think a more beautiful grey,
and even when you stared
at me with such distaste and—
hate, I couldn't help, in frustration,
but love you, and I still do,
though I haven't met with your soul
in quite some time; it makes me wonder—
was it ever just your eyes,
or the damaged soul I saw inside,
that made me love you more
than I ever thought to love myself.