

# JULIET

By Ildy Lee



Photo: Gina Lollobrigida

She walked barefoot to the fountain  
And her blue skirt was all wet.  
Her white teeth gleamed in the moonlight  
And she smiled when we met.

I watched her willowy figure,  
A slender reed, a graceful light,  
As she danced, we all were dazzled,  
Seeing her was pure delight.

I don't have the soul of a man  
Yet her beauty touched my heart.  
-What if instead you have met her?  
This thought was a piercing dart!

I was a miscast character,  
A fraudulent play, a phony bet.  
A blond girl with a French accent  
Cannot be your Juliet!

I felt small, disintegrated.  
I shrank in her tall shadow.  
She was the perfect Juliet,  
You could have been her Romeo!

My willful imagination  
Threw me into deep despair  
I just couldn't measure up  
To her beauty beyond compare!

But why do I have to compare?  
I must let go to be free  
If she is perfect, well, I'm too!  
She is her and I am me!

Now that I worked all this out  
The only way to beat her  
Is to pray to God  
You will never meet her!