

Iridescence

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Imagine the first seeker
to peer inside an oyster,
to crack open its drab shell,
a misshapen, rough mystery.

The curious sheller, once inside,
discovers the oyster's secret:
opalescent mother-of-pearl
and her winsome daughter.

Throughout its life
of sand-created misery,
the oyster has formed a pearl,
creating beauty from its suffering.

A masterpiece of great value.
Loveliness hidden within
the soul of its flesh,
freely offered but at great cost.

If only critics and dismissers
could see beyond outer selves,
witness the inner struggles, the pain,
and, with awe, appreciate
the iridescence within humanity.