

Beautiful Arrogance

By Leslie N. Sinclair

My sword is silver, jeweled, etched, and loved,
with blade so sharp – precision-honed to kill.
The hand that wields it – elegantly gloved,
well-trained and deft – has fierce, determined will.

My word's enchanting, musical, and kind –
its message deep, portentous; pointed too.
The mind that writes it – daintily refined –
could craft cathedrals out of morning dew.

They're fully beautified, these tools of war –
designed and finished bright; maintained with pride.
I'm aiming not to need them anymore;
my rivals soon will join the righteous side.

Of course, I will not over-rule the grand,
nor use, myself, the beauty in my hand.

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