

CREATIVE SPACE

Beauty under the blade

SNEHA S MEHTA

.

In "Beauty under the blade", the poet seeks to reveal the contrast between surface beauty with inner turmoil, using striking imagery to uncover profound truths beneath the surface.

In a world obsessed with perfection

Beauty is defined by injections.

Botox, fillers, and plastic surgeries flow,

In an endless pursuit of aesthetic glow.

The desire to change, to transform

Only to conform to society's norm.

To smoothen out wrinkles, lift sagging skin

To sculpt the body, create a new grin.

The allure of Botox, so quick and easy,

Promising a face that's forever dreamy.

But beneath the surface lies a deeper truth

A reminder of impermanence, of fading youth.

For some, it brings confidence, a sense of pride,

A boost to self-esteem, a new stride;

But for others, it's a slippery slope

A never-ending quest, a loss of hope.

In the whirl of media's pull, conformity's pressures,

Shaping to fit in with tumultuous measures.

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But murmurs insist on beauty's true place,

Beyond surgeries, beyond the public's embrace.

Still, the glamour of perfection calls

A siren song, a curtain that falls,

To reveal a face, a body transformed

But at what price, are we truly adorned?

Beneath each delicate incision's mark,

Lies a tale of courage, of grace stark.

A path to healing, where resilience is crowned,

In the quest for inner beauty profound.

Beauty under the blade, a paradox untold,

In the search for perfection, stories unfold.

Within the scars and lines that stay,

Lies the grace that won't decay.

Before we go under the knife,

Or welcome toxins into our life,

Remember that beauty is more than skin,

It's the light that radiates from within.

Let us embrace our flaws, our imperfections

For they make us unique, they are our reflections.

Real beauty's essence runs deep,

It's found in love, kindness and in the promises we keep.

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