Masters In China

Priscilla Ahn

You've always been bashful
You're just that way
But your eyes are like billboards
They give you away
Your mouth is a trumpet
Somebody else plays
Long after the notes gone
The tone usually staysAnd your chest a fine pillow
With lining of feather
Your hair is a family
With strands stick together
Fingers are keys from
The grandest piano
Played by a mind
That the Lord only knewThe tongue of an angel
Floats in red wine saliva
Your teeth rival porcelain
Made by masters in China
Your face can't be captured
By pictures or words
And your voice is a music
That I've never heardAnd your skin is a cream
Divvied out beyond measure
Your nose is a peak
Never touched by the weather
Your fingers are keys
From the grandest piano
Played by a soul
That the Lord only knewWoo~woo~woo~...

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