

A Lovely Lady
An Exploration of Language as Descriptive Art
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How could I not court her? Her eyes set loose the full rosters of insectaries to light listlessly in my stomach, ring bells in my head, cloud my thoughts with winsome fancy. Something about her face and her hair is constantly shining like a torch in a cavern whenever they are near me. Her lips, if I could hope to describe them accurately, could only be classified as magnificent, beautiful, sensuous, and intoxicating, this last being the most important word of all in imparting her beauty and its effect. A woman like this could not adorn a television commercial or magazine cover - new forms of advertising, and new media for such ads to be placed on or within, would have to be invented to create a suitably exalted place upon which to edify such beauty. A smile embodies such an unadulterated concord of sensation as to bombard the faculties with a feeling of joy at her gaiety, at sharing such lighthearted pleasure. Her skin is so smooth and so soft that knowing its sheer quality would make silkworms die of jealousy, realizing their inability to duplicate the sublime superiority and fine, supple delight of that porcelain integument. The curves of her neck fit the description of lovely and graceful more well than do those of the most tenderly and painstakingly crafted cello or viola. The smooth, sonorous ebb and flow of her harmonious vocalizations, even at the slightest utterance, is as attractive in phraseology as it is seductive in tone. Beside this fine lady, Shakespeare's summer day would seem but a gloomy afternoon, grey in hue and ragged in feature, while leaving Poe's Lenore forever but a painting on a motel wall, dingy and ill-attended.

This description of her beauty might lead one to think it was the only thing driving my untenable compulsion to walk through fire for her. It is not, and is in reality overshadowed only by the beauty of her intellect and personality. In ways incomprehensible to me, she is quite possibly the most intelligent woman I have ever met. Her care with words, her ability to communicate a thought concisely (despite my occasional inability to understand such direct and un-aimless speech) is something out of books unwritten. No stretch of imagination could create a creature of such social grace, such polite refinement. To say that she had sweetness imbedded in her, and emanated a characteristic kindness, is not enough to impart the appeal of her enchanting and guileless nature. Her warmth of spirit and pulchritude of emotion are apparent in her actions and her words, radiant and joyful, and I could lose myself in the ecstasy of the merest laugh to escape her lips, but most especially in the angelic abandon of her deepest guffaw. Conversation with a woman of this mental magnitude is an experience in discussion with inexpressible providence. The grandeur and brilliance of her soul could enrapture a man and hold him captive with its purity of intention. I could speak no recriminations of anything I can see in the totality of her resplendence.

The euphony of her features can truly be described as the most lovely, and above all, utterly prepossessing, example of womanhood that a man or any other creature could ever have the rare pleasure to share company with. She is everything I could want; she is everything I could need. Every moment of her time spent in my company blesses me with a happiness, a surreal joy, akin to the most optimistic view of what heaven could be. With her I get the sense that the intangible is the attainable, that unreality is coming to life in my very midst. Were I to go on, I would lose myself in the sheer exuberance of my recollections, remaining forever ensconced within myself, gazing at the memory of her incomparably exquisite features.