

## **Priscilla Ahn**

# **"Masters In China"**

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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 stays

And 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 line  
That the Lord only knew

A tongue of an angel  
Floats in red wine saliva  
Your teeth ravel 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 heard

And your skin is a cream  
Dipped out beyond measure  
Your nose is a pink color  
Touched by the weather  
Your fingers are keys  
From the grandest piano  
Played by a soul  
That the Lord only knew

Woo~woo~woo~...

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