



Vintage photograph

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

By Timothy S. Klugh

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How elegant you are, and how much you have been blessed. You need not prove your worth, for we already know you are wonderful. You are exquisitely charming, and we all are so grateful, just to have you among us, if only briefly, one of the Beautiful People.

If you are a girl, and nature has graced you with a shapely little frame that the angels envy. If you have a voice that sounds like a siren song... A face more breath-taking than a morning dawn... If nature has adorned you with all we dream of, then you have your membership to a life of luxury. You are definitely welcome in, one of the Beautiful.

As for a gentleman, he need not be a gentleman at all. For anyone can be gentle, but not when he is worshipped by the masses. All a man needs is a square jaw and a body firm and fit. Add a zest for power; Add a few moments of success; Add some authority; Add a charisma that he can use when he wants to. That man is now among the best.

You are the Beautiful People, and there are many who wish that they were you. However, fate has left us with flaws, so we'll just find our comfort in worshipping you. You can have whatever you want, for us lowly souls just want to make you happy. You are the new royalty that we can pay tribute too. And if we become your friend, then some of that divine light shines on us for a while.

So please, let us please you. Smile with approval once in a while. We'll place you high above us, and bestow our greatest honors upon you. For you glisten like a jewel, and it distracts us from our humdrum lives. You make us wish we were perfect too... like you... but we'll settle with a smile... a nod... or the least you can do to notice us.

And we hope we never cross you or make you angry at us. You see if you attack or hurt us, there is no one who will stand up for us. No one wants to risk losing hold of the fragile link they have to you. If one of us falls into your disfavor, even among the bottom dwellers, we will find no one to catch us in our fall.

For down here friendships are fair-weathered, but we find that out too late. I mean, if it becomes a choice between

you or us, no one would risk losing you to help us. Even the kindest and most caring among us will find that we're alone, because a friendship of kindness and caring doesn't matter. Kindness and caring doesn't make us great. All of us look upward and risk not losing your grace. You shine so brightly and everyone loves you. Maybe if we can get close enough, some will love us too.