I am not now, nor have I ever been, George Lucas. Or William Shakespeare.

My Padawan is not a remarkably good-looking young man.

I look over at him, as I reflect, though I don't need to; he's been at my side long enough that I can see him when I close my eyes. But I do look, and carefully, too. He doesn't know I'm watching him -- he's wrapped up in fixing something minute and electronic, and it occupies all his concentration. His tongue is between his teeth, and his brow is knit, drawing his eyes closer together.

Those eyes. They're not anything special, when one comes down to it -- not a particularly interesting color, sort of a watery grey-green, and set, actually, just a little further apart than they should be. And his lips, tightening at the moment around his tongue -- there's nothing actually wrong with them, but there are certainly lips lusher, and fuller, calling to mind ripe fruit, lips that cause one on sight to forget everything but them. My love's lips are nothing of the sort.

His skin is smooth and unblemished, but quite pale; the freckles he gets in the sunlight do nothing to improve his complexion, especially when his hair reddens -- there are times when he just looks orange. And that hair, with or without the red highlights, is a rather uninspiring shade of dusty light brown. It would be soft to touch, if he were allowed to grow it, but otherwise it has nothing to recommend it highly.

His voice, while smooth and even and pleasant, is far from the sweetest sound I've ever heard -- how could it be, when the galaxy is full of glass flutes and water-harps and all such music that brings tears to the eyes of men? And he moves, yes, with a certain ingrained fluidity and gracefulness -- but he walks, and walks with both feet on the floor, like all the rest of us.
No, there's nothing, really, to set him apart from anyone else; not his looks, or his skills, or any of those things that lovers usually praise -- apart from the fact that I love him with my whole heart and soul. That makes him more precious to me than the finest spun gold, sparkling jewels, and other rareties that fantastical dreamers invoke when describing their lovers. Let them have their starry eyes, and their silken skin, and their rose-petal lips -- I have my Obi-Wan.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
    Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
    If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
    But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
    Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
    That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
    My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

Sonnet CXXX  
William Shakespeare

End Notes

There's a general trend in slash fandom to describe one or both of the leads in terms that border on the absurd; MA must have been in the throes of a particularly tiresome bout of this, because I wrote this in an afternoon.

I was looking at sonnets one day, trying to come up with some quotes to use as jumping-off points, I guess. This one (CXXX) has always been one of my favorites, for its frank refusal to call the beloved object something she's not. The point, of course, is that the poet loves her -- not what she does or doesn't look or sound like.

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