

Vanity in Vases

Radiant red, obliging orange, youthful yellow
heads of teasing tulips stretch to peek
over the rim of their variegated vases.

They are not without vanity—admire
their regal reflections in the well-waxed
and pridefully polished tabletop.

Their sleek stems have never been longer,
their hues never stronger. They pose, bend,
preen, present in soft sunlight awaiting

silent awe and admiration, certain both
will come their way. I must admit I eye them,
spy on them, hold them in great esteem,

enjoy their parading in place and confidence
as I strive to replicate their demeanor,
turn up my desirability dial.