

La Dame à sa toilette

Twice-blessed Beauté
delight of eye, slight of age,
the bouquet of day,
caged merchandise
shaped for the night

trips through the door at dawning,
fumbles with bottles sitting on trays,
yawning through the rouge buffet.

She lifts her lip to sneer
and wonders what to wear,
caring not one whit, sitting there
within her room, at vanity,
looking with one long stare.