

KATRINE RAYMOND

Vanitas

Wax fruit with fake dewdrops
Glistening
In a crystal bowl
Looking wonderful
Sitting
On that high mahogany table
In the shop-window
With spotlights shining
And the price tag
Conveniently
Hidden in a shadow

Reach for the delicious
yellow pear
Security alarm wails
Mother pulls you back

You cry
Not because of
The security guards standing above you
Or Mother's nails
 Digging
In your skin
Not even because you now
See the price tag on
That
Crystal bowl

And finally realize how much it's really worth
You cry
Because
The golden pear with glistening dewdrops
Is made of wax
Which
In its softness
Hurts most of all

Soothing thought that
Maybe
—Like Brussels sprouts—
Wax is something
For which
You must acquire a taste