

Gail Brant
Syford Poetry Contest, Special Merit

Mirage

She looked in the mirror
And this is what she saw:
Auburn curls piled high on her head,
Sparkling eyes of azure blue,
Skin like a baby's, creamy and soft,
Red lips offering a promise or two.

She picked up her brush
re-arranged a tress,
and lightly tinted her cheeks with blush.
She powdered her face, adjusted her dress.
Smiled at the mirror—complete success!

Then carefully she plucked gray hairs from the brush
and slowly she rose from the vanity stool.
She got to her feet with a small cry of pain
stumbling a little from a catch in her knee.
She took a deep breath. Picked up her cane
and gingerly walked to the parlor for tea.