

The Ageing Queen's Mirror

Faye Boland

A glass circle trapped
in Sunflower-gold
hangs on her stone wall.

Youth and beauty
perfectly framed.
Reflecting daggers of light

it tells the truth no woman wants to hear:
crow's foot, expanding girth,
hair greying like sky before rainfall;

that, children, sacrifice have a price;
that beauty is ephemeral
like scented stock, sweet William.

A flash of colour, sudden bloom.
Flowers fade as quickly
as they blossomed.