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Cotillion in Pink

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Cotillion in Pink

Since pastels are normally far too spoiled
and shy
to engage in any conversation about religion,

politics or passion,
Pink, oh vacuous Petal-Red, might wittily proclaim
(when out of earshot of any intellectual hues)
to well-dressed Lavender:

"Darling, did you see that scandalous Magenta over there?"

Or, batting her eyes at Mint Green,

"Can you imagine a Valentine without me?

What will the children's nursery be like

if I take a vacation?

Chocolate! Bring me truffles for lunch!"

she'd demand, and after denouncing true blood love,

of whom she is a counterpart,

(and ravenously envious of, I might add)

shallow in her diluteness,

she will skip outside for tea,

never admitting once

that she is not

a primary color.

Farah Stockman