

## *Idle Thoughts*

### *Dead Reckoning*

MULTI-COLOURED fireworks bringing joy into a world  
That's spent so many months with sense of doom!  
At last the flag of spring has been triumphantly unfurled  
And vigour's come to galvanise a room.

Cut sharply from the bulb field just as promise held full sway,  
Their life force taken from them by a knife,  
They're in a glinty cut-glass vase that helps to light the day,  
While water brings their buds a second life.

In a paradox that's pleasing but keeps botanists dismayed,  
The tulip resurrection meets us now.  
They've clearly grown six inches more, so now, before they fade,  
It's time to let dead glories take a bow.

Exploding *sotto voce* in a softly sunlit room,  
Kaleidoscopic harbingers of spring:  
Removing final traces of a winter's woeful gloom  
They herald joys the next few months will bring.

Here is a petal panoply of energetic hues  
In orange, gold, cream, purple, white and red.  
But I believe that tulips, given just a chance to choose,  
Would surely think they'd sooner not be dead.

\*\*\*