

A hat as yellow as a daffodil,
a dress to match, a pair of yellow shoes.
No need to analyze. I'll give you clues:
it's quiet here, the breeze a bit too still.
In short, I'm somewhat bored. I've had my fill
of taupe and black and dark mid-winter blues.
And I have all the grays I'll ever use.
A silky yellow cloche, a yellow frill
above each aging ear—that's what I need—
with bright gold earrings setting off my dress.
I'll be a buttercup in mustard clothes,
a yellow winter posy gone to seed:
golden bangles, baubles (more is less),
and in my teeth, one perfect yellow rose.

Carol Fryth