

Vincent van Gogh's Oleanders
(& their life after the still-life)



Flowers flow elegantly out of the vase,
a fleeting moment of a fixed lifespan.
Poppy pink sits on pacifika as though
the florist is challenging the inexhaustible bloom.
Viridian flora creeps up and out of the cold depths
supporting the vain, joyous flowers.
These buds play above
La joie de vivre.

The yellowed contradiction sits precariously under
wilting flowers, inviting them to come closer
by any means necessary.
New shoots stretch and struggle to brush against the
the joy of living,
time passing unbeknown to them.
Soon, the stems will droop and
petals will wander down and down.

A delicate memento of a distant memory falls onto
the joy of living, sending it tipping over the edge and
making it harder to reach.
But these oleanders embrace challenges,
born to boldly bask with distinction.
New peaches and purples prosper again
and reaching becomes easier with experience.
La joie de vivre is in each bloom.