

# Aging tulips

by [Jean Keskulla](#) in the [April 8, 2008](#) issue

See, it's not sweet youth  
that touts a wildness, but crazy  
old age. Beauty shifts. Plump  
pink petals fall away, or stay,  
curling every which way,  
like stiff, unruly hair, dried  
to a deep blood-red.

The once-upright congregation-  
in-a-vase flops over, losing their  
heads, but that's all right. They  
find another life in unconventional  
gesture, extravagant dance:  
this still troupe, ecstatic,  
with nothing left to lose.