

# Vanitas still life

by [Jean Keskulla](#) in the [March 8, 2005](#) issue

When petals from a lavender  
larkspur drop onto the gray  
rock on the mantel, I let them  
stay where they fall, next  
to the empty vase,

shocking myself later,  
chilled in bone and flesh  
by dead blossoms on cold stone  
beside a vessel, powerless.