

Potted Palm

The potted palm: one wonders if it has ambitions to be
royal,
Flourishing like a tropic chieftain among trees
With all the other trees subservient and loyal.

Does it have a green, choked propulsion at its root? —
The stylish men, the modern painted savages at some hotel,
Passing by, scarcely glance as if its soul were mute.

Suppose just one of them were in a pot, stuck
There by circumstance, forced to hold back all panache:
Every prisoner in the world is made to take potluck.

Not quite — Bonsai-seem to thrive on being clipped and clipped,
Making being stunted a kind of fabulous stunt —
That jeweled woman there — the only confinement she may
ever feel is being zipped.

But most of us do not have her flair, the bonsai's calm —
No chief, no royal chair, the laddered fronds of lowly
egos —
You see them spread around at dazzling parties, sentinels
of the palm.

They know, having lived so long cylindrical and strait,
And wished for soil, richer, deeper, and undaunted.
That they might fan the fainting women, make the waiters
wait.

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