

JEAN JONES

## Powder Princesses

How daunting, those powder princesses,  
So difficult to ignore,  
As they loiter with ladies-in-waiting  
To greet you in the store.

Perfection's there on every face.  
Not a hair moves, dreading  
A fate like  
Untidy eyebrows—  
Plucked without trace.

As you sneak by the counter  
Beware,  
For your pores will open,  
Enlarge in the heat of their gaze  
And you'll realize  
Their piercing eyes have  
Noticed the state of your hair.

To find a quick solution  
Admit your faults,  
Pay penance, be grateful  
That for every lurking problem  
There's a potion, lotion, or worse.