

Marriage Vows

(Observations from the Back of a Church)

All through the marriage vows
He looked at her with bitter eyes,
Assertive as the law,
While she stood, face averted,
Shoulders shrinking with each word,
Tears on her book.

How much, for whom, they really cared
Inside their fashionable clothes,
Was hard to tell.
Something was still alive enough
To hurt the camouflage
of make-belief.

And all the time
Still pledging,
Young and new,
Those others stood
Before the priest
Like sentinels.

Lotte Kramer