

Like a Bride

The day was
and she dressing
borrowed and new
but the skirt
beneath the white blouse
dark
old as night losing light
what was he
grooming to be

There was a cake —
the cutting
 parceling out
of self not anymore
in this second union
not if she can prevent it
(Oh crimson flowers
 and chained daisies)
They shared
wine kisses
While he opened the bottle
She hid the knife in a blue cloth.

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