Poem for Your Wedding

In place of a traditional gift. A calla lily on the nightstand sprung from the I-dating life,

out of stroking the what-where-how into the carpal tunnel of love to see up pops who. How many times it goes awry, even for contortionists who fail to see the pyrotechnics of carrying a torch. Of course, we cleave. Come Jubilee, come Bereft of Time for Me, we pad into wedlock fuzzy on the combination. Our one day peep show is supposed to champagne-up the stars, send Name on its maiden trip to sample love's buffet. If we're honest, we admit our e-spouse is selling a mouthful of vowels, or the hitch comes from a Trojan kiss. If we're smart, we sign up á la carte for the whole enchilada, move slow into the flowering plot of children, the family gone nuclear, the kin ship sailed.