

The Wedding

He tuxedo dressed,
me in a flowing white gown,
anchor in his hands.

We spoke our I dos
and walked off to forever
to drown by wedlock.

Souls on the ocean
drift on a wave-battered boat
without our sea legs.

Desperate, we sought
give and take, rhythm
to sustain our love.

Sea legs never came.
Souls, slammed against ship's rails,
hearts bloodied, sharks swarmed us.

Then, a miracle!
Wave enveloped, our boat dropped
onto a sand bar.

Two water-logged hearts
stranded in a landlocked vale.
How could love survive?

We had hoped love would
explode inside us, burning
brightly forever.

Farmers, we nurtured
love's seeds once planted and hoped
to sow fertile hearts.

But our seeds, denied
soil for so long, did not take
root. Our souls withered.

Love cannot survive
in sun-bleached, salt-poisoned soil.
One day it expired.

Resuscitation,
tried many times, transformed to
a strong desiccant.

What we had not reached
in marriage—to sail skyward—
we reached at the end.

Anchored hearts, now dried
dust lifted by the breeze,
we finally soared.