

Wedding Poem

I:

On the first day of autumn, the florist stand was open
The clear air carrying its scent like an omen.

Passing by, I saw
white calla lilies yawning,
their mouths drowsy
with light and shadows.

In the last hydrangeas of the summer,
I glimpsed your blue, wrinkled Oxford,
pale below your dark hair.
That morning, you were restless,
sleepless.

I know your dreamless nights, and the space
next to your body.

The new season approaches:
Reaching skyward, a slow fire—
trees blushing, aflame—
Here:
a burnt offering, and the starlings
give their blessing for change.

II:

Meanwhile, I have my own:

*May we learn to read the landscape
of sleep marks on our cheeks.
May the years seal our laughter
in deltas by our eyes.
The geography of love,
written on our bodies.*

*May my dreams pour into yours
to fill your nights.*

Tomorrow, and each day after,
I will write my name upon your person as you write yours upon mine,
keeping
our vow to make
our own
Book of Life.