

Everlasting

Every bride asks herself, What if
he doesn't show up? What then?

I fully identify with poor Miss Havisham,
stranded at the altar, the groom's absence
whispered in the ash grove. I could never

move from there. White, cobwebbed plumes
would tangle my stiff net veil,
the frothy dress, Dickensian in its decay,
my metacarpals hanging fleshless.

My three desolate sisters would acquire
teeth as yellow as tusks, the flesh of hobgoblins,
purple-veined noses and crunchy bouquets.

Eternity without you. Count on me
to wait forever.