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Renewal

Stand and Take their Vows

Cutting swaths and swatches
of wall to wall carpeting
billiard balls
cradle the triangle lovingly
You chalk the cues for one and all
on Brunswick green felt tables
in the backroom near the rectory hall
as ladies line the church
talk about the fables of their youth
in queues
the
first four rows
of wedding pews
decked out in finery
and pepped up
with savoury wine so sublime
the parish priest
strides to the fore in mystery
as the crowd awaits
the bride
to emerge from the
side door
into the aisle and come to the fore
behind a veil
with a coy smile she explores
And the groom
sniffs his lapel flower
boutonniere as he adores
the clock strikes to be three
in the tower
his pocket flask half empty
his courage soars and bows
her father takes her arm and
is feeling rather proud
about this whole party
conceived in bliss somehow
The wedding day brings cheer and tears
as the couple leaves the scene

They will look back on this wedding day when
it was bright and green
and remember how it was to stand
before heaven and take
their vows

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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