

Poem

Someone glimmering

These mallards quack
from their greasy fake pond

As a woman goes
soaring off the top
floor of the hospital parking lot.

Over the white chapel
with the rent-a-groom
in the rent-a-tux
twirled topiary growing from his head
in every cell phone photo.

Also in the photo,
the flying woman shows
her outstretched hand
and something glimmering —
could it be a smile?

Someone told the woman to go
she was ill
sweating
thought she was foul water, nothing but scum
always a bridesmaid.

Maybe the ducks see.
The nurse, off shift, fumbles for her keys.
The doc is flying, wingless
from primary care
to patient
to committee.
This is team work.

The bride is turned away,
a smile decaying under the spackle of her hair
under the stiff white tulle.
She is looking at the church spire
smiling
just as the photographer ordered.

The doctor ordered the woman to go home.
She slipped and dragged her way
up six flights
and jumped free,
a bouquet with no one to catch her.



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The groom sees; see there —
in the wedding photo
marrying the blue sky
not the bride, not the bride.

Is that the woman?
Is that the creamy
and comforting
tip of her love?

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