

J TATE BARLOW

TILL

Our untended yardback rabble—
raspberry canes and pallid iris—

boasted a totem to neverpruned
amazing every June Folding girlselves

to fit, we played bride—ungroomed—in the dappled
chapel of a flamboyant bridal wreath

spirea, taking turns as ethereal
maids—clouds of confetti
petals tangling our hair.

How clearly in white ritual
eventually you hear the measured

tolling of troth, for better or...
and then till death etcetera or

beneath the heft of words do you
drift, crave some reliable echo calling

you in for dinner—warm nights
when moths flutter
to encircle streetlights.