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THE BEGINNING
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The Beginning

I can almost forget what it was like
when we first met. It has been
that long. Looking at the photograph
of us on the table beside our bed,
a few things find their way
back into memory. A necessary
period of loneliness, after which
the timeliness of your promise to stay
would be exact.

Your heart leans out from the back
of your eyes as you praise me for
all I have done to keep you this
continuously happy. I grin
like a child, which you like. And I
kiss you, or, more precisely,
the boy inside you that readily believes
he is incapable of wrong.

It was like the day you proposed;
you could never believe I might have
hesitated – briefly, and only to myself.
You would be mistaken if you thought
I did not love you for this quality,
as if you did not know that when you
are like this you turn me on
completely. Often, I recall the wedding,
the air heavy with moisture, sweat
creeping out from our faces,
ruining my make-up and your mood.
My colleagues you did not really like
making you sing stupid songs
before they let you into my parents' home.
I laughed from the window at how
embarrassed you looked when you sang.
And then the exchange of rings
at the altar, the taste of salt above your
upper lip when we kissed. The priest's
voice like a woman's voice
you made fun of later in the car.
The church was the church you chose.
I also wore that dress because of you,
because you liked how my lower back
was beautifully exposed.
"I can't wait for this to be over."
Did I say that? Or was it you?

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