

My Wedding

My wedding was a fish. It roused itself awake
 by leaping out of calm water.
 It flip-flopped all over the grass
 on a steamy August morning in 1988.
 Rows & rows of guests poured cool water on it.
 Bagpipes made its eyes bug out.
 My wife entered the fish by its mouth.
 Led down the hatch by her father.
 I lingered by the rib cage, watching
 her gliding towards me like a white feather.
 A beautiful swan's feather suddenly
 coughed out of girlhood.
 All girls are born behind the large wings of a bird.
 Some are dark wings. Some gray.
 Some girls start out dirty as oil and end up that way.
 Some are fresh as porcelain.
 The sun shone in slender beams
 through the fish's eyes.
 I swear it seemed more like a chapel.
 The reverend helped us sew our vows together,
 and we were strung together.
 Dancing made us elastic. We stretched.
 We made noise. I am a man.
 All men are born broken as the seal
 is first broken on wads of money.
 They are soiled tap roots.
 No man can repair what is first broken.
 A wedding ceremony is a healing.
 I danced until I felt as lost as a planet's moon.
 I shivered behind sweat. My wife
 heard the tiny bells in her nipples ringing.
 She shimmied down to grab the garter
 from my knee. Background music
 consisted of the future. Every wedding
 has an uninvited guest called the future.
 I looked for the future in a bathroom mirror
 but it refused to be visible.
 The music was as loud as water in a bathtub.
 I felt the fish trying to dive.
 Every wedding is a crying out of strange noises.
 That night we cried out our darkness
 in a bed in Leamington, Ontario.