

Wedding ring

It's curled around a finger that you once called yours:
That promise
Like a glinting sliver of the moon.

The silver slips 'side satin when the needle
Silver too
Slides through and through and through
'Til bridesmaids' gowns are made.

As knives and forks are laid
And guests dressed to impress
Almost make a mess
Of the table design
With red wine
(I'm having white so it'll be fine) –
You'll feel it then, anew:
That sliver of moon.
The metal warm inside his palm as he holds the hand that you once called yours.

For by then, two half-moons will make a full.
By then, together, he and you
Will always be a Whole as Two.
Two hands splayed, slivers on a single pillow,
The full moon shining through darkest nights.
Illuminated, forevermore.