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There Goes the Bride

by Joyce Guzzardo

I was an Indian summer bride
But only for a day.
Frozen in the bride's getting-ready-room,
I look into the oval mirror, which frames my face
Eyes swollen, and streaming and sad,
face as red as the roses in my bouquet.

I should be as happy as a ballerina,
Floating across the stage like a cloud,
White lace, tulle and flowing train
Gathered in the arms of my groom.

Instead I peek through a sliver in the door,
A stream of cars are waiting.
I yearn to be in my father's golden Chevrolet,
Glimmering clean and virginal, chariot awaiting.
It should be holding a happy couple
But I dream that it holds only me.

Five minutes to go before I walk down the aisle.
Thank God for best friends and my maid of honor.
She whisks me away in her little blue Pinto
Saved from the man who
waits at the alter.
I run home to my haven
Fancy-free again.

With a sigh of relief, I hand back the borrowed,
Give away the blue.
I pack the old
and burn the new.

Now I'm the ballerina dancing on the cloud.
I happily hum a special hymn to myself,
There goes the Indian summer bride.