

On our anniversary

by [Anya Silver](#) in the [June 27, 2012](#) issue

The Quaker Meeting House in which we wed  
was shabby—its carpet faded Wedgewood blue,  
no festive flowers in a vase, or ribboned pews.  
But I loved the butter-yellow stucco walls,  
and the little graveyard at the back, ivy-grown,  
where only the tops of squat square stones shown  
grey above the vines. Beneath the eaves, we held  
for view our newly golden fingers, the charms  
through which we'd changed from two to one.

We knew a great thing had been done.  
We were to be each other's rune and grail,  
trunk and totem, handkerchief and spoon.  
Forsaking sex with all others, refusing  
escape alone from trouble, we promised to cling  
to the human whom we'd named and kissed.  
And what a wonder that we did, and have, that years  
have proved us braver than we knew, and merry,  
too, love still searching out each other's hands,  
as when, beneath the poplars' summer green,  
we walked from vows to wedding cake and dancing,  
and cars drove in the street below the underpass,  
distracted, to their many destinations.