

A bride with brass

by [Brian Doyle](#) in the [February 3, 2016](#) issue

Today's remarkable vision: a woman in her bridal dress
Walking purposefully along the street. This was enough
Of an amazing sight by itself, but the determined stride,
The intent look, her *I am going someplace, and I am not
Worrying about how I look, even though I know you are
All looking* attitude—that got me. I mean, of course you
Wonder where she was going, and where she came from,
And why she is alone, and if this is a just little aberrance
In an otherwise tightly plotted day, or if she was hustling
To catch the bus, and where is the entourage you usually
See flanking a bride, the cheerful best friends, the joyous
But slightly jealous sisters although they would never say
Such a thing even to each other after a few bottles of beer
At the reception, or even perhaps the groom, where is he?
I was caught in traffic and sped right along and only later
Did I think should I have stopped, and offered her a ride?
I mean, what if she was hustling to the actual ceremony?
What if her Ford broke down and the groom was forlorn?
But I have a lovely bride of my own, and I am on the one
Bride per groom plan, which I renew every morning with
A deep and amazed glee, so I hope the bride on the street
Made it to wherever it was she was headed, or whomever.
The whomever is a lucky soul, seems to me—a bride who
Has the panache to stroll along unconcernedly even as she
Knows full well folks are gaping; that's a bride with brass.