

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.