

# Here we come, world, June 6th, 2015

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [June 7, 2017](#) issue

In her right hand she clutches red and purple  
wildflowers, her long flaxen hair tumbling  
from its bun, her slender fingers laced  
in his burly fingers, trying to knit one  
understanding between them as they run  
on a white-sand California beach  
toward the camera, toward me, who  
once taught them how metaphor can snag  
and hold the world.

Now I hold this picture  
of them leaving their wedding guests behind  
as they run into their future, past  
the camera, toward the sun, he in his boutonniere,  
his dress shoes, the suit he'll wear just once. Her  
wedding frock, demure, her waist much smaller  
than my thumb which holds their picture.

The wonder: she is beaming down at her elegant  
white heels as they kick up the gleaming beach.  
How difficult to run through sand! How easy  
they make it look. In spite of all the proofs we know  
against love, look how they fly in a solar wind of joy,  
the two of them, a metaphor that's been set free.