

Wedding in the Appalachian Mountains

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Clouds slosh over these rugged mountains
and spill onto the hillside where our host
has pitched a white tent from which
we watch a herd of brindled
cows below us, eating up the meadow.
Then a magician struts in,

pulls a quarter from his ear,
and hands it to the bride's oldest child,
as we wait for the slow canter
of bridesmaids down the aisle.
Knowing it's the bride's third marriage
(three shots fired at the target, bing,
bing, bing), I think, *Oh Lord, how
smart of her, to hire a magician.*

Meanwhile the cows on the hillside
are turning crabgrass into cream
without a wand. And I think, we don't get
many chances in a world that's
constantly unraveling
and words like "I do" are such tiny
hooks to darn it back together.