## Here We Come, World

by Jeanne Murray Walker in the December 2024 issue Published on November 12, 2024

In her right hand she clutches red and purple wildflowers, her 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 name and hold the world.

Now I hold this picture

of them leaving their wedding guests behind as they forge their future beyond 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.

She beams shyly at her sophisticated heels as they churn up the gleaming beach. How difficult to run through sand! How easy they make it look. In spite of all the evidence we've learned, insulting love, see how they fly in a solar wind of joy, the two of them: a new metaphor that's been set free.