

Here We Come, World

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#)

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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.