

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/2

Arthur Allen

Epithalamion

She was sitting gently
sinking without
sinking

in the pleated light
on half their bed. I saw
my mother in the clutch
of scented orchids
wearing her wedding ring
like a trance. I was a child
peering at that big bedroom door,
she was being too brave.

When she spoke over the coffin
it was like a flower
that I saw open in an instant and its petals
fell as I was watching.

Now he's got nothing to live up to,
nothing to live down
he's not worried anymore.

What I make here is the guesswork of a child.