

## **Be My Wife**

Back then  
what our blood felt  
mattered.  
It clung to the half-dark of home  
with the rapture of a dancer  
who, sensing the final light about to leave,  
enters the parade,  
weighs their love against the thrum  
of the city's ballroom  
And finds its heft restless and wanting.  
But now, from the vantage  
of a hundred setting jaws,  
comes the prim mathematics  
of a handkerchief, sat  
like a still boat on the lip of a pocket;  
hinting at an era about to untie itself,  
at a storm diluting  
in the white rain of a new sun,  
at something once slow  
about to get quicker ...