At a Wedding

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AT A WEDDING

You drive up to the country club where weddings flourish now. Inside you elbow your way to the largest stuffed mushroom, bite chunks off the salty, gray cheese nobody wants. You saunter through the building alone, as if you were still a bachelor.

In the food line, a woman before you is strange. Her hair is wind-blown here where there's no wind. The rouge on her cheeks sports fingerprints. Her eyes are simpleton blue and are perpetually amazed. Her large breasts sway like church bells in the spring.

You watch the roast turkey garnished with red roses along its tanned thighs. The petals resemble a maze. You steal the rose, transplant it to your ashtray, moistening it with beer. You're unable to eat, stare at the flower, longing to conjure an image of it. The bride and groom grope for each other's mouths,
this maze,
reacting like marionettes
to the soprano of the crystal.