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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.