

The Wedding

by Elise Forslund

You sit diligently weaving diadems of dandelions
and fescue. Even with your crimson nose and cheeks
you refuse to take a break from the preparations-
it's Friday you exclaim, Frigg's day you explain

I place my hands in yours like I'm finishing a jigsaw
thinking of how the spaces between your fingers
are perpetually thulian during the parching summer,
sticky with the candy floss your mother buys you

Heads newly adorned, you lead us to the shallow
creek where the grey minnows live without fear.
The cerise undersides of our feet sink in the muddy
bank. How long will our prints stay after we leave?

Your carmine cheeks like beacons to a
ceremony that will never know places.