

Matrimonarium

i

I hug my Aunt.

She kisses my cheek
from the reception line

her dress regal,
its blue severe.

She smiles taut as collarbones.
Her eyes crinkle when she says,

we're so glad you're here.

I smile back, my teeth enormous.

ii

My family is in the front row
and I am a hollow statue,
staring into my blue shadow.

Father tries to tease me,
could you look like you're having fun?
What is a father anyway?
A circle? A javelin? Thousands
of miles of optic cable?



6

iii

The botanic garden dripping moss
dapples the brackled glass.

Behind the butterflies' sleeping house
the queerly watcher looks out.

iv

I stalk outside to watch the DJ
take the tarp off the speakers.
The singer squeegees the dance floor.

Behind me, my family makes toasts
the bride ignores like a tooth.
The food simply will not arrive.

I roll my collins of scotch and water,
the ice a deft stork between my palms –
a prayer for anything to happen.

v

I tried to explain,
but my family said, *no.*

Nobody noticed as
I turned inside out.



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