

Facing Mirrors

I bend toward her
as if to receive a lei—
a brief encircling
of arms of snow-white silk—
a tiptoeing to my ear—
a whisper
of the majesty of mirrors.

A chandelier crystalized
the moment,
silencing voices
when he appears
dressed all in white—
in suit and tie and shoes.

He tells us a story
of a peregrine falcon
gyring in the pineless blue—
hovering—
its fanning feathers palming the air—
its eyes scoping for ripples or partings—
its wings shouldering the sun—
waiting—
until it jackknives into a pool of green.

Then she and I kneel,
holding hands
across a lace-covered altar—
reflecting—
looking at and beyond—
listening (“Yes!”)
while he speaks (“Yes!”)
the sacred words.

—Robert M. Hogge