

## Everlasting

Every bride asks herself, What if  
he doesn't show up? What then?

I fully identify with poor Miss Havisham,  
stranded at the altar, the groom's absence  
whispered in the ash grove. I could never

move from there. White, cobwebbed plumes  
would tangle my stiff net veil,  
the frothy dress, Dickensian in its decay,  
my metacarpals hanging fleshless.

My three desolate sisters would acquire  
teeth as yellow as tusks, the flesh of hobgoblins,  
purple-veined noses and crunchy bouquets.

Eternity without you. Count on me  
to wait forever.