

With these Rings

You are fresh words
on the old stone of time.
Here the silence honours you,
here now, the earth turns,
the sun beats, the rain sings.

You are not adrift
among the wheeling constellations
but held by the hoop of love.
Ancient as the ring of standing stones,
prophetic as a snow ring round the moon,
marriage is.

Wear your vows well when laughter
is the wine between you
or when night lies like a bolster
down the middle of your bed.
May the cold shoulder of the hill
always afford you shelter.

May the sun always seek you
however dark the place.
We who are wordless know
thorns have roses.

And when you go forward from this day,
the burnished stars go with you.
When you go forward from this day,
the love that grew you
grows with you
and marriage is struck,
iron on stone, hand in hand.
and joy forever in its present tense.