

Wedding Day

Now comes the knitting, the tying, the entwining into one,
Mysterious involvement of two, whole separate people
Into something altogether strange and changing and lovely.
Nothing can ever be, we will never be the same again.

Not merged into each other irrevocably but rather
From now on we go the same way, in the same direction,
Agreeing not to leave each other lonely, or discouraged or behind.
I will do my best to keep my promises to you and keep you warm.

And we will make our wide bed beneath the bright and ragged quilt
of all the yesterdays that make us who we are,
The strengths and frailties we bring to this marriage,
And we will be rich indeed.

Author unknown