

S O F I A S T A R N E S

Anemones

—the Corporal at the Wedding

Tight, tightly willed, this bliss: the foyer's hanging
basket and its moss, a garland banister, a silver clockface

ticking into glass. Here, promise and delay occur,
as in a wedding where the best man slips, fumbles the ring,

and turns the day to segments, finger-thin: a piece
to keep. He watches, doubting the birdcage presence

of their ribs, their momentary kisses.
Will they make haste—elusive bodies—steal away,

toss off her tulle, in a run? Will this distress him, discon-
certing? (Nobody knows, as he, the creases

lockets make, the skins they bless.) Tight, tightly
still: the moss that meets the blood-kin entourage, a boy on

twilight leave. The foyer locks its dark anemones;
once scars—lanterns, O heart!—now sentinels on knees.

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