

## Wedding Photo

Light breaking after the war,  
the two of them beneath a recovering sky  
aglow with each other. No sign  
of the blessing priest, just dad in his winged cap  
and made it through grin, and mum  
at eighteen with a shadowy child curled inside  
her Mona Lisa smile. And to know  
it was allowed, what they found, the sound  
of no gap between the heart  
and the words they spoke, old vows  
that somehow tacked on earth to heaven,  
and where they stood was somehow holy ground.  
And the light inside, that might have run  
the length of their lives, hidden in a silver frame,  
where wisps of smoke rise from autumn leaves,  
and sparked eyes light up the night field,  
where love holds its breath, waits for the child  
in the man, and the recovered sky never moves.