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Dennis M. Dorney

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY WITH FISH

On the dais, above tuxedoes and orchids clutching shoulders, sounds grow thin. They escort you from a heavy curtain, nightgown still warm, sleep peeking from your mouth like mice. You have no plan, no notion of direction, there's only the microphone and light extracting into pureness of light.

Stories they expect begin in bed, cats on a satin coverlet, a husband motionless as grease on garage cement. He looks out from a print on the dresser holding a string of silver trout. Can you explain the freezing of that lake, the view from under the boat, how your lips shredded against his constant reeling how he buried them after the photograph?

You want more sleep, light and its bunting hurts your eyes. This crowd wants to know more than you understand. Even as you squeeze the pistolgrip into five barks of marriage, his hand still tightens on your breast like an iron flower closing. If there was mud you would dig a hole for him, would brick these windows and vents until oxygen turned precious as dark water, bodies bloating to the surface, in love.