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At Table, Blank Wedding

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AT TABLE, BLANK WEDDING

The serving set for seven, minus butter knife
and salt cellar. This is the tile I burned. This
the plate I ran red ochre and yellow paste across,

over and over, in time for dinner.

The tablet set. The supper on.

The purple skins of the egg

plant charring the borage;

a vinaigrette of fugue and tears.

The phone at my ear, the voice

a lie in my blood stream,

but our hearts pump together

in stillness. Unannounced, The thief, the

calculator and the Roman steps. Untracked,

the train late. The baggage checked.

The déjà vu ticket stamped. Ignoring

other elements, I eat pond. I travel through.

We board, over and over, overboard and under

the dock, under board, and overturned.

The ceremony set for eleven; the wedding conducted

in darkness: night the consecrator, night the witness, night

the feasting, night the guest, night unsettling, night the ring