

1972

# Shotgun Wedding

Ruth Stone

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It isn't generally known  
How clever you are.  
I know you aren't appreciated.  
The body hunted for something good to eat  
But the food had all been eaten by the others.  
They laughed together carelessly outside the kitchen.  
The body hid in the pantry near the refrigerator.  
After a while it laughed, too.  
It listened to all the jokes and it laughed.

### SHOTGUN WEDDING

The bride is not yet married to the groom.  
Caught in the last pose of a matron's dream,  
She is a father's nightmare of illusion.  
Trailing ribbons of gauzy particles,  
The bridegroom's chariot  
Exhorts the maidenly throngs  
In fireworks, explosions!  
They approach the zenith  
Rowing the air like a pair of swans  
With blood-red eyes.  
In snowy plumage, restive,  
With folded wings  
They tender themselves, ready to leap  
And spread their fans to the showy entrances.  
The musical anguish and anti-joy  
Rumble in earth like thunder of fissures;  
Warning too late of the descent  
Into the anxious fingers and mouths  
Of the hungry tribe.

*Ruth Stone*