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Epithalamium

Ellen Handy

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Epithalamium · *Ellen Handy*

It is a cold day for August
and the gray evening grows grayer
as I travel westward along even, narrow valleys
and across tumbled hills
which are piled upon the smooth pastures
like early morning bedclothes.
A heavy rain, and later a heavy fog
make driving difficult and private
while climbing into the colder regions.
Occasionally my earrings brush against my neck
as I lean forward to see into the darkness,
and my dress catches around my knees: unfamiliar.
Self-contained, the car moves forward across the landscape.
It is difficult to know what to think
or whether to think at all.
A hundred miles away right now
she is probably dressing in an upstairs room
pulling the slippery white material over her head
while the cold rain outside the window dies away
and the thick, cold fog comes up
rising out of long slow rich furrows
that lie darkly between rows of darkening corn.
She is probably brushing back her heavy hair,
tying ribbons at her narrow waist
and choosing flowers to hold.
In another room in another house
he is also dressing,
borrowing shoes, tying his tie
and combing his hair again.
He is busy with this and forgets to think.
He does not look out the window.
She is waiting.
I drive toward them.