Epithalamion
for Betty & Steve: 28 July 1990

On a day like today, the sunlight
High in the maples startles us awake.
Praise is our native tongue, but we say
Little, too numbed by the sales pitch,
The stock quotation, the body count.
Even the poet tells us that dark comes down
On all we do, but the Mockingbirds’ natter
Reminds us that we were made to shine,
To sing. Brightness rifts through pear trees,
& wind redeployed it on many walls,
A movable feast of dappled light.
The world comes clean, & everywhere grackles,
Elms, & Oklahoma give themselves away.
On a day like today, the sky is
A blue so effortless that love
Becomes more than a possibility, blackbirds
Rising in pairs, in waves, undulating
Toward the reeds in Lake Helen to roost.

—John Graves Morris