

OCTOBER 15, 1966

OCTOBER 15, 1991

1

Satin on a sunny morning,  
The whiff of a flower on a lapel.  
The organ sounds,  
The faces turn,  
It is begun.

For better for worse,  
For richer for poorer,  
In sickness and in health,  
And then: Release!  
The glistening eyes of the old,  
The let-loose trebles of the young,  
The fizz of champagne,  
The taste of frosting,  
The end of childhood.

Can one know at the start  
The art of the middle?  
Will the friend of that morning  
Be a friend at noon and night?  
Or will the lover run for cover,  
The dream run out of steam?

Something old, something new,  
Something borrowed, something blue,  
And twenty-five years with you.

Sable and golden then,  
Now silvery, undeceived.  
And yet on some mornings,  
Satin still rustles,  
And heels click quick  
As then. Flowers  
Are as festive,  
And tears of triumph  
Sting as sweet.  
Does a new generation titter  
The old secrets  
In new corners?

Let them.  
We know what we know  
And we like what we see  
From our middle hilltop,  
Time past and time future  
rolling away into equal distance.  
A long climb, yes,  
But worth it for the view.

Anniversary.