

Epithalamion

The day we get gay-married by the river

I wake from a dream of writing a poem,
squint into blue-white Alberta sunshine.

In the dream, the wind
from the foothills blows my pink scarf

into a translation. I write
into Madge's curls. Our sweet boys
in the dream, only these
cowboy shirts and silver bracelets.

I hate over the wind's clatter.

I interrupt myself. I learn

my dad, and grieve it. I can't explain, but
cocktails at the bar were only \$3.52.

It's not what you think. I tell him, *Time*.

Clutching hands, the boys peer
into a too-small tip jar.

I wake, I interrupt myself, I write
water-glittered, silver-bound: a dream.