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## The Day After

Sally Edgar Lash

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THE

-By Sally Edgar Lash

DAY AFTER

The bridal bouquet lies withering—  
 The tux is on the floor  
 And the resplendent gown hangs empty  
 On the nearly empty closet door.  
 Full of seeds, rose petals, high hopes,  
 The veil is casually tossed aside.  
 With lovely gifts and those hastily left  
 unopened,  
     Her bed is piled sky high.  
 It was all over much, much too quickly,  
     Not just the wedding but the time she  
 was all mine.  
 Please, God, watch over them and protect them  
     With your love and power divine.  
 It's time to box up for freezing  
     The beautiful cake's untouched top  
 tier.  
 May they share it and enjoy it  
     In a peaceful world next year.

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Rehearsal dinner balloons still cling to the  
 ceiling  
     Like my feelings, as high as they could  
 soar,  
 Then slowly they'll deflate, come back down  
 to earth,  
     Sinking lower  
         and lower  
         and lower.  
 On the piano, next to the music of "The Battle  
 Hymn of Love,"  
     Are the white satin shoes no one else  
 can fill  
 And I am alone in the stillness  
     With the echoes of yesterday  
     And  
     all  
         the  
         yesterdays.

*Mother of the Bride*

*(SALLY EDGAR LASH, a Custer County native, lives and works in Clinton. She is a spasmodic artist and a never-before-published sometimes poet.) \**

**DESIGN BY TOMMY CAMPBELL**