



7-15-1991

The Day After

Sally Edgar Lash

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Recommended Citation

Lash, Sally Edgar (1991) "The Day After," *Westview*: Vol. 10 : Iss. 4 , Article 21.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol10/iss4/21>

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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.

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