

Wedding Photo, 1942

Garbed in his handsome RCAF uniform,
gold shoulder wings angled for flight,
my father wears a triumphant grin.

His head is thrown back
in full flood light.

My mother wears a warblue gaberdine suit.
Ivory laces the collar.

Beneath a netted hat
she pauses
on the edge
of a dazzling smile.

I blink,
the photo blurs . . .

I watch
her slow white pumps to the altar.
Her left hand quivering
as she removes the pale glove.

Light trembles above her face
then shatters
into squares
of a stained glass window.
Behind her, the palms of Christ are blinded with blue light.

Her eyes
moisten with panic.
It is the moment
of her swept-back veil.