Heather Trahan

Time to Marry

I.

Love in the style of yoga. obliteration,
trust. A thousand knives, and
every one of Stephen’s dark riders (bearing nightmares)
could not steal our love to any dark place.

Love: rapturous miraculous dependence—

for we are two trees,
in a garden of two.

Love, we are what Linda calls “twinsouls”
…when I met you—you met me—I found—you found—
that part that had been missing, since birth,
behind your eyes—my eyes.

II.

Time to marry.

Let us meet with
our cherished ones.

Let us profess:
So they can be sure.
So we will remember.