

Let Me Admit Impediments

Felicitas Sophie Van Laak

The turn-taking touch of sunlight and shade
As I walk beneath these lovers' eyes,
Writing stories on my skin.

Shy crowns are devoid of coronation.
Reaching for each other's hands, tenderly.
Almost tangible, never touching.

Her proposal a whisper, her acceptance a nod.
No witness vouched for rings exchanged
When rings are grown inside.

Writing is bureaucracy
That's being written on a tree
Though trees don't think that fixity
Is a requirement for love.

Enclosed in Garden,
Where all things are named,
Where all paths are smoothed.
Bride and Groomed.