

## Facing Mirrors

I bend toward her  
as if to receive a lei—  
a brief encircling  
of arms of snow-white silk—  
a tiptoeing to my ear—  
a whisper  
of the majesty of mirrors.

A chandelier crystalized  
the moment,  
silencing voices  
when he appears  
dressed all in white—  
in suit and tie and shoes.

He tells us a story  
of a peregrine falcon  
gyring in the pineless blue—  
hovering—  
its fanning feathers palming the air—  
its eyes scoping for ripples or partings—  
its wings shouldering the sun—  
waiting—  
until it jackknifes into a pool of green.

Then she and I kneel,  
holding hands  
across a lace-covered altar—  
reflecting—  
looking at and beyond—  
listening (“Yes!”)  
while he speaks (“Yes!”)  
the sacred words.

—Robert M. Hogge