

## Wedding Day

Carmen Consoli

One look from him and I fell under his spell  
His manicured fingers moved like a magician's  
His lips in proportion to the pearly-white, dazzling  
Perfection of his irresistible smile  
With great expertise, never wasting a word  
I gave in to his charm and persuasion as he sweet talked to me

We started to meet and date fast and furiously  
In all the unusual places we could think of  
My artful young man had endless resources  
Pulling the strings that seduced me  
No hesitation when he asked me sincerely  
"Come on let's get married": he was a master of self-assured ease  
Wedding day memories come back to remind me  
A veil of white lace trailing softly behind me  
Something borrowed'n'blue, something old'n'new  
As I waited devoutly from the groom to appear

Crammed in their pews the guests growing restless

Restraining their pent-up hysteria  
The minutes ticked by with relentless precision  
So where on earth was my husband to be?  
No hesitation when he asked me sincerely  
"Come on let's get married": he was a master of self-assured ease

Wedding day memories come back to remind me  
A veil of white lace trailing softly behind me  
No nervous bridegroom in manly composure  
Only the priest in conspicuous embarrassment  
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No nervous bridegroom in manly composure  
Only the priest in conspicuous embarrassment  
Wedding day memories come back to remind me  
A veil of white lace trailing softly behind me  
No wedding march to walk down the aisle with  
Just the dull dirge of my inconsolable grieving