

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
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
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