

Bustling

Skirts spread wide, the dress lies quiet,
face down across two chairs.

Eight strong women: friends, family, bride;
worshipping, wondering, stare.

Wedding in two days, but the train will not be bustled;
silken petticoat hanging tough.

The coven forms its circle in a margarita haze,
calling the white gown's bluff.

Fingers searching lace, now delving under satin,
groping up the finely stitched seam.

"Here's, a loop!" "Feel up higher!" "There's another, then a space."
"A gap? Now what does that mean?"

Frustrated hands slip back to the hem,
sly garment rustling in relief.

Maid of honor rises; sharp eyes, subtle grip,
quick fingertips make the search brief.

Feel a cord from lace to satin. There's the place to tie the ribbon.
One hand moves back to the hem.

Treble voices hoot as the train starts to flatten.
Loops and ribbon slowly draw the cloth in.

Satin folding smooth. Lace rising to be tied.
As the hem gives a final, soft rustle.

Raise another toast! The bridal nerves are soothed.
Hail tradition, mystery, bustle!