Spring March 31, 2003

Standing in the Reception Line at the Wedding of My Ex-Wife

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STANDING IN THE RECEPTION LINE AT THE WEDDING OF MY EX-WIFE

I remember last week in a warehouse style department store—the one where shoppers squeeze through jean-tight aisles and clerks seem always on coffee breaks—a woman turned to me smoothing a half-buttoned designer blouse that was tagged slightly irregular

"Does my bra show through?"
she asked

And without hesitation I told her

"Yes"

As though we had once made love in the back of her father's immaculate Buick, as though I had grown quite used to shaving in the shadows of her drying nylons, and chatting like ten-year pinochle partners we could leave the lingerie behind us, stroll down the aisle lined with panty shields, deodorant pads and colored mouthwash.

I turned away. In the record department a couple was locked in a Ken and Barbie embrace, the two of them spinning, oblivious to the pre-recorded cordial voice that abruptly invited all shoppers to gather in the garden section, for a special on pink plastic flamingos.
She decided not to take the blouse
and together we walked toward the smell
of peat moss, hearts pumping like blue strobes.
For fifteen minutes we shifted the weight
from foot to foot in a line where, somehow,
total strangers had managed to
speak.

Certainly something will come to mind.