

Matthew Rohrer

AFTER THE WEDDING PARTY

The sun set early on the forest
of coffee-stirrers,
on the cold-blooded buildings,
churches among them.

The light bent back the branches,
where a mockingbird purred
like a hack on trombone.
I was involved in a physical act
I was unable to understand
—in love, but also walking back
to the dining car on a train going 80 miles an hour.
I strongly believed the Truth was a fixed point
in the trees, watching me travel
through the southern nightfall
backwards recklessly. I misunderstood.
My lover cradled a camera
to her weakened eyes—“I want
to take a picture of where the night
just was.” Common decency forbade me
from expressing my love
down her shirt under the mothering eye
of a town’s watertower.
The tower said “Smile America”
and “I plugged Heather Griggs.”