Pink Shoes and Tumbleweed

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Brown rats run around the church
floor in between shards
of stained glass window. Candles
illuminate red-orange-yellow-white
of beheaded daisies covering the aisle.
Wrought-iron gates create a sense
of impending dread. You sit on the black
velvet couch in another room, staring
at pink satin strappy high-heels
belonging to your bridesmaids.

Last night you dreamt of being chained
to a bathtub with claw feet and watching
the water droplets from the faucet create
ripples in front of you. The faucet fell
off and waves washed it away. Cheerleaders
in blue maid outfits and clean white aprons
cheered you on with their blood-red
pom-poms and plastic smiles.

Pushing lace curtains aside, you jump
out the window onto the back of a motorcycle.
A guy with long hair and black leather
pants revs up the engine before covering
the parking lot in a cloud of dirt. You rip
your veil off and toss it to the sky
behind you and watch it float away.

Reaching the desert, you climb
into your beat-up pick-up that stole
its color from the sky. Your friends
blow bubbles from the truck bed,
iridescent soap leaving a trail behind you.
You’re twirling around the merry-go-round
of your mind. Sun glistens off green glass
beads hanging from the rearview mirror
and you adjust it just in time to see
your veil blow past like tumbleweed.