

Fog Like a Veil

Katherine Scott

Fog like a veil

drapes a pale buick bride
driven down the aisle by her trucker uncles,
hoping they will press her hand to the grit of the familiar driveway.

Hushed music accompanies
this slow march through the peaks
when semis, soaring past
in a free fall,
strew gravel like petals as they gallop by

The sleep drunk party, counting deer as they pass
sprawl torpid arms over buckles.

While the driver's baby blues
contract and contort,
attempting to wheedle road dashes
through a film of lace
cascading over night.

One hand clenches the wheel,
the other a procession of coffee cups
and sleet presses kisses to her windscreen.
Unconscious copilots,
holding their peace,
will never know how elusive runaway grooms can be.