

William Brown

LATE SPRING

After Ozu

The man and woman have left their bikes
by the beach when she tells him that marriage
is life's graveyard.

Like the woman, I have called weddings
"funerals" many times, even my own once
to my ex-fiancée,

though we never made it quite that far.
My eyes are too untrained to know what shade
the sky becomes,

what black and white would make of sunset,
or if the lead's wedding kimono is blue, green,
even red.

The camera struggles to make sense
of what little light remains. Cherry blossoms
muddle to gray

as the woman tucks her wedding fan into her sash,
climbs into a car, and looks at her widowed father
a last time.

That night on the beach, a glistening of rain
masks the father's tears. He lies to the sand,
he's fine alone.