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Becoming a Dove, on My Wedding Day

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Becoming a Dove, on My Wedding Day

It is my wedding day and I find myself stuck in a box, white feathers replacing white lace. I'm close to a black eyed bird who coos soft out of the holes in the box, made for us to breathe. I am a dove, not a bride, and while I am supposed to be with my lifelong mate, I see that he is cooing for her elsewhere. He is poking his gray rain colored beak, the size of a piece of rice to the outside to tell his proper mate to meet him. To meet him across the seas, near the branch where they first met, before the egg cracked, and the nest fell. If I could I would try to coo that I understood about losing your first love and having to settle with a man that loves the numbers at his bank more than he loves drinking coffee with me on a Monday or resting in bed late on a Saturday, the blinds closed. I would try to coo that I was already going to settle, that this would not be that bad. I promise I wouldn't try and hog the nest or not share a bug leg. If I could coo I would say sometimes, you just have to take the good with the bad and take the situation life gives you. It is not always Prince Charmings and white picket fences or nests in oak trees and eggs that don't break. Sometimes it is just about that you have someone there next to you, no matter how little you look at one another. But he wouldn't understand because I was unsure how to speak.