**Epithalamium, or A Poem for the Couple on Their Wedding Day**

**by L.J. Sysko**

When you look out of a window,

square and sad some day in the future—

because we know sadness visits

every house—think about these circles instead:

the one we make as a group today

to witness you give rings to each other,

making the promise that you will,

your lips forming circles

as you say *I do*,

champagne glass rims,

the circle of a garter, blue,

round layers of cake,

stacked like love

upon love upon love

and there is no end in a circle,

from childhood, something baking,

mother’s perfume, a Christmas tree,

swirls in our minds, round and round

from birth to death with marriage

like a shining diamond in the middle.

So remember this day and what you

promise—to be his hero, if you can,

in small ways like bubbles in a beer,

like a dollop of cream in his coffee,

and the little circles add up,

like bubbles in her bath,

like bracelets bangling,

like the doorknob turning each night

and you saying, honey, now and today

and forever, I am home.

Note from the poet: This poem was written for my sister on her wedding day. Its pronouns reflect those of her marriage partnership, but I welcome any change in those pronouns to reflect the beauty and truth of all couples. Best wishes to everyone, and may my poem dance foolishly at your wedding!