

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



BRIDE OR GROOM?

As we enter the church
The usher's voice,
Asks "bride or groom?"
He seeks our choice.

We bow to custom,
And select a pew.
As we wait
One made from two.

Friends of the groom
And of the bride,
Do fill the church,
Joined side by side.

We hear the words,
The whispered vows,
That bind as one
'Til then from now.

We leave the church,
Both sides do blend -
We walk as one
Good will we send.

Never again
They'll divide in two,
The friends of each
Heard one "I do".

Copyright (c) 2016