



## The UNiverse Journal

(A Quarterly Refereed Open Access Multidisciplinary e-Journal)

### “CALLA”

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White platters decked the makeshift  
aisle, pale yellow towers at the center.  
October breeze whisked away the scent  
of early morning rain. The wait endless,  
squeeze of too-tight shoes and shakes  
from not enough caffeine, too many smokes.  
Imps that clutched my belly. Seven rows  
of chairs, half-full, and no words left.

You, at the top of the hill, your dress  
satin, lace, not warm enough to shield  
you from the breeze. Your slight shiver  
is sensual, delicious. I watch you  
as you walk down to stand beside me.  
Slow, majestic. Regal. The world narrows  
to this, to us, to an officiant, a ceremony,  
a promise to love, to share, to cherish until death.