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## After the Wedding

Philip White

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# After the Wedding

Tom, three hours I have driven  
from your happiness, three hours  
through empty miles of hills  
and silences toward home.  
And I have been grateful for this  
desolation, this dry landscape  
my fathers owned. They were happy  
here too, in their time, and built  
houses to God, and peopled them  
with dreams. I stop at my  
grandfather's land. Grandma's  
poppies burst under the wall  
where the house he kept alone  
for thirty years once stood.  
Thirty years looking toward  
another home, a happiness to come.  
Tom, we have come this far, and we  
will be gone before his last  
crumb of mortar loosens into dust.

**Philip White**