

Joan Colby

WHAT IS SAVED

Preserved and boxed, the gown
Is made to lie in wait,
Satins and laces intact
For a future bride.

Of the tiered cake,
A giant slice
In the freezer specially wrapped,
White on white.
Some anniversary hence
They'll find it tasteless.

The shrunken bride and groom
Who perched upon its mesa
Are now blank faces staring
At black on black
In a box within a closet.

The album, once admired,
Must ride the heavy gloss
Of a day so pertinent
Its artifacts must not be lost
Even if love is.

Joan Colby's books include *The Lonely Hearts Killers* and *The Atrocity Book*. She has appeared in *Poetry*, *Atlanta Review*, *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *The New York Quarterly*, and *Epoch*, and received two Illinois Arts Council Literary Awards. She lives on a horse farm in northern IL with her husband and assorted animals.