Bride and Groom
CHARLES HARPER WEBB

Piece by piece, the china slips from soapy hands. Friends drop the crystal wine-glasses; they crack with concert-quality pings. Bath towels de-fluff and fray. The Kama Sutra oil runs dry.

The Bread Master, after three loaves fail to rise, is exiled from the kitchen counter to the cupboard, then Good Will. The His & Hers black leather jackets rev, unheard, deep in the storage room.

The negligees and Bad Boy Briefs become big-screens featuring the flop series: Fat.

Stains roil the comforter; its feathers lose their lift. The Lladro ceramic bride and groom—useless

500-dollar gifts—survive three earthquakes to be knocked off the mantle by the cat.