

Marry me, at least for a little while

marriage is a
failed institution

one out of every two
don't make it

they crash like
a little boat
in the sea

the magic of it
is long forgotten
early on

but despite the statistics
I'd like to give it a go

and not because
I want to wear the ring
but because there
is a joy in
being able to
call a woman
yours

I want a gal
who's mine

that knows me
in and out
better than
anyone ever could

who's my
mama

that when people
hear my name
know that there is a woman
who is able to put up
with me

and my difficult ways

that feels good

and I want to get married
on a Brooklyn rooftop
with the hustle-bustle
of the taxicabs
making noise below

and children playing
in the water of a
spraying fire hydrant

hearing the sounds
only an old neighborhood
can make

having our first dance
on the flimsy roofing

letting the music
fill the air,
reaching as high as it can go
into the
sky

and although
marriage turned out ugly
half the time
my woman and I would not have cared
because we were
rule breakers
odd defiers
and love makers

and when she kisses me
it's a leap of faith,
it's a belief
that she'll love me
forever

at least

for a little
while.