

# *Peter Huggins*

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## **Bella Figura**

I sit on the bride's side, the left,  
At the Bellhaven Methodist Church.  
Dressed in navy poplin, I watch  
My girl friend, a bridesmaid, walk down

The aisle and wink as she passes,  
Cool as ice mint in her pale blue dress  
This hot cloudless June evening.  
The groom waits beside his bodyguard.

Black suit, black shirt, white tie,  
With his hands in his pockets and a bulge  
Under the left shoulder of his jacket,  
The sinister obverse of desire.

After the wedding I drive my girl friend  
To the reception at the Buena Vista Club,  
Lake Pontchartrain darkening around us.  
I kiss the bride, smiling, perfectly

Made-up, smelling of gardenias,  
Shake hands with the groom, dark, intense,  
Local, and pass the bodyguard, a hood  
I remember from high school.

White orchids flap like moths  
On the wrists of women, on glasses of champagne,  
In the ceiling and the polished floor.  
The bride and groom leave. We eat

Lemon ice as the bodyguard,  
Relieved of duty, relaxes, dances:  
His black patent leather shoes barely  
Touch the floor like feeding skimmers.

Perfect, smooth, he makes a beautiful sight.