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The Maypole (for Carole and Ken)

Sara Hook

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The Maypole (for Carole and Ken)
Sara Anne Hook, September 2021

She danced the maypole on a sunny summer day, her wedding day.
Borrowing an ancient ritual from centuries past
through the streets of Fountain Square.
A parade of happy friends and family
held a pole high and spread ribbons of every color.
Her white dress billowed in the breeze as she walked
with joy, gazing at her handsome husband
in his suit and jaunty hat.
Her joy reflected in his laughter
as he pulled her near him.
A photographer captured the magic of the scene.

As the years passed, this joy expanded,
enveloping everyone they met.
When she entered a room, the mood lightened.
No matter how dark or grim the day.
And we would say,
Here she is!
It seemed as though she walked on air.
Many times she was the friend I needed
through so many transitions.
Job changes, loss of friends and colleagues, relationships.

They stood up at my wedding – a sacred trust, a good omen.
Music and dance filled their lives – the music and dance of community.
They traveled the world – sailed the Greek isles.
Dancing - dancing - dancing.
Through dance, their circle widened.
Once she dreamed that her husband gave her diamond earrings.
But he gave her more than the queen's finest jewels.
She needed no crown, he needed no throne.

Twenty-five years later,
they danced with a maypole again.
Surrounded by family and friends
and all of the people whose lives they had touched.
Still dancing – dancing – dancing, together
Please don't ever stop!