

This poem was written May 6, 2006 while on a writing marathon in Philadelphia. As we passed by an historic church, a wedding party spilled out of the large doors. The prompt was marriage.

For Whom the Bell Tolls
By Albert Difilippantonio

For me, once,
It was more of a clang, crash,
Liberty Bell split.
Poorly built by mixing two metals
Without a bonding agent.
Cheap shit, only lasted one year,
Ok, eight months.
The only remaining resonance of that gong,
My son; harmonious overtones
Creating the wondrous harmonic that is he.

I do want to try it again.
Ritual has its place;
Devoid of dogmatic influence.
A Neanderthal union,
Grunting vows,
Nuance understood
Sophisticated without words,
Knowing without intellect;
That appendage that is both a blessing
And a curse.

A wedding ordained by ourselves.
Sanctioned by us.
Witnesses by others
Whose invitations won't arrive by mail,
But will be delivered through the collective unconscious.
Like Close Encounters of the Third Kind,
Those who were touched will be there
Watching us take off
Into an ever regenerating world.

A month ago I saw an artistic necklace
And I bought it for a woman I did not know existed.
I knew I would be giving it to her within months.
Buy it and she will come,
A voice said.
No, not the salesperson.
Occasionally I open the box
The red coral glows brighter each time.
She is nearing.
She for whom the bell will toll.