

## *Wedding Dress*

My mother once looked down at her wedding dress, admiring the purity of love. But hating the interference and annoying claims from family about the ceremony.

Her father still looked at her as if she were an infant walking down the aisle; her mother commanded things as she did; her in-laws were transparent among the supposed sheer joy of a wedding.

The rest of the family wanted a banquet and wine bottle wedding favors, but *she* wanted no wedding at all. The plan wasn't hers, yet it was executed. Killing her marital wishes.

So let the food spill and the glass shatter and the tables crack under the weight of her false happiness. Let every broken piece turn into a dollar bill. So that she could afford the honeymoon she had always wanted so that a plane would fly a roundtrip only half as long as my mother's love for her husband, at a cost that was worth a cent compared to his value in her eyes.

And in her eyes, He. Was. Beautiful. More shining and shimmering than a wedding. He was the reason she just kept calm and carried on...

He was the reason for her burning sensation to be with someone she had known for six years. He was a person, individual and independent of himself, still submitting to *her* dictations. He started a bond, loosely tied compared to any other. It was a paradox: the more destruction caused, the more she genuinely was in love with him.

Their connection endured the notoriously gradual destruction time could cause to a relationship. It is so gorgeously perplexing that I don't have the mental capacity to ponder on it, anticipate it. I told myself it was my mother and my father caring for me, and they're coincidentally married. My little arrogant mind used to think I was the center, the core of love within our family. My father was my father to me at the time.

But he was and still is and will forever be so much more. He was my mother's husband. The way he saw her, the way he treated her was the source of my existence. A self-replenishing source that most likely would last... forever

But when I got older, I met many deprived children. Hungry for that source because the parents who loved them were less loved. Because the parents who supported them were not sufficiently supported. Because it would be wonderful if there was someone else there too.

Now, I am so glad that my father isn't just my father but also my mother's husband. Because they need each other, and I need them both.

It is like the seams of my mother's wedding dress: once one stitch is undone, the rest falls apart.