

The Vows

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She walked down the aisle.

Bright as a star.

Dressed in white.

She was a vision to behold.

Stood before me, she.

And my head spun.

What was this?

Her eyes were to be brown.

Whose were these blue ones?

Her lips were to be thin with a scar.

Whose were these perfect red ones?

Her smile was to be small and shy.

Whose was this shining full one?

I stared and stared, willing this illusion to pass.

It didn't.

"You may kiss the bride", I heard.

Kiss, I did. Whom, I did not know.

Thunderous claps and it was done

I'd sold my soul.

Unfortunately, to the wrong devil.