

Here We Come, World

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [December 2024](#) issue

Published on November 12, 2024

In her right hand she clutches red and purple  
wildflowers, her flaxen hair tumbling  
from its bun, her slender fingers laced  
in his burly fingers, trying to knit one  
understanding between them as they run  
on a white-sand California beach  
toward the camera, toward me, who  
once taught them how metaphor can name  
and hold the world.

Now I hold this picture  
of them leaving their wedding guests behind  
as they forge their future beyond the camera.  
Toward the sun, he in his boutonniere,  
his dress shoes, the suit he'll wear just once. Her  
wedding frock, demure, her waist much smaller  
than my thumb which holds their picture.

She beams shyly at her sophisticated heels  
as they churn up the gleaming beach. How  
difficult to run through sand! How easy  
they make it look. In spite of all the evidence  
we've learned, insulting love, see how they fly  
in a solar wind of joy, the two of them:  
a new metaphor that's been set free.