

## Licensing Rituals

If we walk into City Hall  
lean over the cool marble counter  
and tell them

we quibbled over the thermostat on Monday  
    shared disapproval of world events  
    and groaned in and out of work  
    until the aroma of Cajun chicken crept from the oven  
and on Tuesday  
    sorted laundry  
    caught a \$5 movie  
    moved ghostly garbage bags to the alley  
and on Wednesday  
    ventured to store for a half-pound of turkey  
    and half-pound of provolone  
    because a pound buys a gallon of milk for \$1.99  
and sandwiches for Thursday  
    when we folded Monday's laundry  
    organized the bills  
    dined with mother at the Chinese Kitchen  
and on Friday  
    we crawled into a bed  
    where a sage blanket lay like a mossy shoreline  
    and lounged in each other's soft arms  
and Saturday  
    savored favorite greasy omelets  
    celebrated evening with grandchildren  
    who bathed in a tub of red and blue dinosaurs  
and Sunday checked for forgotten mail  
    watched *Animal Planet*  
    and debated thermostat temps.

If we tell them only this,  
we will be pronounced married.

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