

**A day undistinguishable from most others**

There was no white dress

No something new

Or borrowed

Or blue

Just something old

Their love of eight years

It was a Tuesday in spring

They left work early

And met at the courthouse

Instead of walking down the aisle

They walked through security

In a windowless office

They signed their names

In a corner of a hallway

Next to the bathrooms and water fountains

They said their vows

In a minute it was done

Tied to each other

'Til death do they part

Back outside they went

Into the city streets

Crowded with workers on their lunch hour

A day undistinguishable from most others

When they returned home

They called each other husband

And wife

As they smiled

A secret they would forever keep

That evening life's routine returned

With dinner, dishes and bad TV

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