



The Dancing Clock

This summer my younger son is getting married, almost exactly three years after the nuptials of his older brother. He and Rebecca have decided to wed at a farm in the Litchfield Hills of Connecticut, in a former dairy barn adapted as a wedding venue with high ceilings, rough-cut wood walls, and a ceiling of reclaimed metal.

There will be long family-style tables, vases filled with orange, yellow, and crimson poppies, place settings of crystal and china. The bride will wear white, the groom a blue tailored suit. They will be beautiful, nervous, and smiling.

There will be many guests in summer suits and pastel-flowered dresses.

I will watch the celebration swirling around me and remember the times I held my son in my arms, wheeled his carriage round and round the block in a futile effort to get him to nap. He is over six feet tall; I can barely recall what it was like to chase after him when he was a toddler.

I will dance with family and friends. I will dance by myself. I will dance with my son. I will dance with my husband, who hates to dance.

I will dance with time. Together we will link arms and sashay across the floor while the band plays, and the guests mingle, sipping champagne, and the chandelier's prisms gather all the colors in the room and send them spinning round.



The past is like an old faded photograph, familiar yet unrecognizable because so much has changed.

The future is like one of those instant Polaroid snapshots before it brightens into focus, blurry and impossible to read.

Every day is precarious and fragile as we dance with time, a most unrelenting, demanding partner.

by Nancy Gerber, from *The Dancing Clock*,
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