

SETTING THE TABLE

The hydrangeas, each sepal-tinted green like the shallow water of the bay, stand abundant, lissome in a tall blue vase.

They keep an eye on me as I set the table.

The deliciousness of the evening will not be the food but the way the napkins rest on turquoise plates, against the pattern of the orange and yellow ironed cloth—in candlelight.

Where vertical lines of mis-matched silverware intersect with the arching of gooseneck loosestrife and English ivy in mason jars.

And stemmed wine glasses continue the curve into a closed form.

But for now—forks, knives, spoons, napkins tucked in silver rings, are all in place—the finishing touches of an art exhibit before the reception begins.

—Christie Taylor