

Unbroken

More than a century later
they were still celebrating
the day of their wedding
with a victoria sponge
layered in halves,
with lemon cream
both tart and sweet,
with spun sugar stars
connected by triangles
opposing each other,
one up one down
imperfect in their execution.
Between their delicate strands
the beckoning years,
the call of a promise
that claimed their joys,
their success and failures,
their sadness and patience
in an unbroken centre.

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