

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## The Wedding Ring

Terri Hanauer · Wednesday, November 11th, 2020

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This series is curated by Gali Rotstein.*

## The Wedding Ring

by Terri Hanauer

I tried on my mother's clothes  
she was already in the ground  
lying beside my father  
so I didn't think she'd mind.

It was the dress from that photo  
when she was 20 in Prague.  
The photo was black and white  
but I had a feeling the dress was emerald  
wool with long sleeves and a thin belt around the waist.  
I tried on the shoes. Heavy black thick straps and heel.  
Nylons with a seam down the back.  
She had a gold tooth so I put that on, too.  
I let my hair be wavy like hers  
with two clips pulling the sides back.  
The hat was black with a thin net veil.  
Her stride was long and strong  
she had no idea where she was headed.

When I was ten I stood in front of her dresser  
the round mirror with me in the middle.  
It was eight o'clock  
middle of July  
Ed Sullivan was on  
the lamp was on  
I took off  
my clothes and put on her pearls  
and then her lace blouse.  
I heard laughter.

It wasn't coming from the living room.  
 It was the neighbors next door  
 they were standing on their back porch  
 watching my shadow through the pull-down shade.  
 Laughing. At. Me.  
 I crouched down  
 lay on the floor for half an hour. Shaking.  
 No more to see  
 they went back into their house.

For my wedding  
 I wore my mother's ring  
 the one she carried through the camps,  
 the one that held in its  
 brilliance the facets of  
 the women who had come before.  
 I married them all.

They put their arms around me  
 and held me close.

Today I wear my mother's kindness.  
 At least I try to.  
 Oh, and I thought you should know  
 the neighbors have all died.



1.42 CT classic emerald cut diamond ring set in 18k white gold. The shank is studded with 110 round diamonds totaling 0.79 cttw. [Available from Raiman Rocks.](#)

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