### **Everything is Different**

Ten years ago the glorious sun burst through the clouds and that ray, one electric golden ray, shot down from a small opening in the ominous sky and illuminated our bands, as I, with cupped hands, purified them in the Atlantic. Our breath stopped.

Standing a few hours later in the small stone chapel our vows cut deep and resonated throughout us.

The universe screamed, YES!

Screamed with nature's trusted golden orb as messenger.

Can you imagine sitting with a young girl, a girl you rocked and held, fed and bathed, sitting while pain dilates her pupils and fear grips you both? Can you imagine sitting and telling her to wait till her "other" mommy gets there before you rush to the emergency room? Can you imagine all the while you know her appendix is like a tiny bomb waiting to burst and flood her with poison, and you have to wait because even though the universe shone its very blessing into your heart you don't have a document that makes you her parent?

And imagine waiting because you feel powerless in a culture that asserts you're not a legal parent?

Now, with this Civil Union document, signed by the town clerk and authorized by the State of Vermont, she is my wife; she is their mother.

Spouse is synonymous with union: union in the kitchen, union in the household, union in stranger's eyes.

Spouse conjures up a single red rose next to a reserve sign on a table set for two on an anniversary night.

Spouse allows access into an emergency room, an insurance policy and your future.

The legal document we hold in our filing cabinet opens doors.

And not just hospital doors or office doors,
but doors of language into titles once denied.

Everything is different.

#### Moira Donovan

Reading through the May issue of OITM, I was delighted to see the article I wrote ten years ago, "The Right to Wed", reprinted as part of the "Replay" section of the paper. But as I read through it I realized everything is now different in my life. Not that everything I wrote is a lie, but everything is different now. Civil Unions really do make a difference. The law sanctifies who we are. This poem is a response to my writing of ten years ago...

Moira & Mary joyfully will celebrate the one year anniversary of their Civil Union on July 7th. They live in Waterville.



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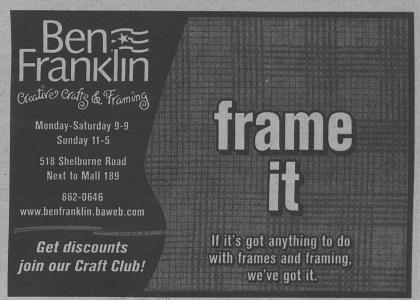
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