



an umbrella could be a heart with two names inside

the larger the umbrella the easier it's shared

the outside of an umbrella is always someone else's

when we close an umbrella the outside is inside

what good is an umbrella on the prairies?

to open an umbrella indoors is bad luck

never take a strange umbrella or leave a broken one behind

the Buddha's "Precious Umbrella"respect and protection from all evil

the priest should always hang his umbrella on the bride's door

some trees, leaves, and birds look and act like umbrellas (we think)

the umbrella vows cover everything

in Japanese it is called an "ai ai gasa" a "love love umbrella" a little shade a little rain a little sun a little pain

when it snows all afternoon stay home in the evening

to gather to bicker to chatter to litter

or walking to the bus stop or talking in a tent



come home hungry put on the rice eating together 's pretty nice

little things fold into jewels the forty ribs of this umbrella

prop up parental canopy — *kids*! the bumbershoot of friendship

let it pour and let it roar fallout fall on parasol

hold that handle arm in arm heads together in the storm

ready for the sunshine ready for the rain ready for the children ready for the hurricane This parasol of paradise is to protect you from falling.

From under the big top, your relatives will say, Marriage is a boat.

One of your four shoulders could get a little wet.

The trick is to keep in step, the umber-ella dance.

Besides, you can hear at least three voices under this nuptial dome.

The mushroom is more than a symbol for trust; never wash it.

One of them might say, Let's turn this umbrella over and float.

Our marriage travels by bus through a prairie of marriages.

One of them might say, Knee brushing knee.

Think of the osprey, the yolk of an egg, the rice.

On narrow sidewalks treat your umbrella as a seeing-eye dog.

What if we say, The necessary distance of sweet uttering needs no lips.

Don't be such a chin wag, you could reply.

And if perhaps one rib breaks it is possible nothing will happen.

Is it not it, the storm the mind, the rain the body, the sun, feet?

Or if you'd rather let this murmuring remember all the prayers —

Say you're under the moss tree, parabola of love.



100 copies for Scott & Erika's wedding Sunday October 12, 1997 - Fred Wah