My grandma and grandpa 
sat behind a frosted cake,  
placed on my living room table. 
“Happy 50th anniversary!” it read.

Her arm wrapped around my grandpa's shoulder, 
her ringed fingers concealing his open mouth. 
Were they cracking a joke? 
Did he say something funny?

But as I look back,  
years after the photo was taken,  
I can read far beyond her smile;  
it no longer matched with her gleaming eyes.

With every  
word,  
name,  
and reference he spoke against her:

    The dinner isn’t made right!  
    Stay in the kitchen!  
    You’re never on time!

her love began to dim.

His Bourbon on ice  
posed next to him in every  
photo,  
scene,  
and meal  
he shared with her.

I can see why she was covering his mouth;  
she probably wanted to eat the cake by herself.