

A WEDDING

Peter Austin

When Jill, in Rome, ran into Joan,
They reminisced, *con brio*,
About the good old college days,
When Dot had made a trio.

“She tied the *knot?*” cried Joan, “with whom?”
—“A guy she met while sledding;
Some nabob’s heir, by all accounts;
You should have seen the wedding:

“Her gown was silk organza, gemmed
With emeralds and rubies,
So wholly off-the-shoulder, it
Was hardly on her boobies.”

“How many bridesmaids?”—“Six, in green,
With matching shoes, and posies
Of lace and English ivy, wrapped
Round tiny ruby roses.”

“It must have been a ton of work .”
—“It was, girl, for the planner.”
—“And where was the reception held?”
—“Some place called Bagshott Manor,

“With views across Lake Pendleton,
And booze to float a schooner,
And food enough to fill it, and
A silken-suited crooner.”

“And how’s the marriage?”—“Down the drain.
You knew where it was heading
Before she got the garter off;
But, God, that was a wedding!”

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