

The Mother of the Bride

By Diana Hockley

“Tracy Ann, our pride and joy
Has settled for a lovely boy!”
She crowed with much stupendous pride,
For she’s the mother of the bride.

Her own mother clacked her teeth with a grin.
“It’s hard work, girl, you’ll be all done in.
When you were the bride, I went insane
And I was glad not to do it again!”

Arrangements then flew thick and fast,
The church was booked, the venue passed.
Who to invite, who did they owe?
She vacillated between friend and foe.

She made arrangements with much goodwill,
But the wedding dress was harder still.
Tracy-Ann, once sweet and mild
Had become a Demon child!

She donned a gown with midriff bare,
They could only stand and stare.
“This one I want,” she stamped and cried,
“I have to be a perfect bride!”

The Bridesmaids then kicked up a stink.
“We’ll not wear this poncy pink!
And in lilac we’ll not be seen,
But we’ll settle for the emerald green.”

Granny arrived to help with chores,
“I’ll help out, while you do yours.
I’ll collect the eggs and feed the cats,
But I draw the line at Flo’s pet rats.”

She cleared the table, washed the dishes
And in spite of all their wishes,
Leaked family secrets with unbridled glee
To those who came for cups of tea.

The wedding day dawned bright and clear
Hysteria lurked pretty near.
Granny’s teeth were finally found
In the chook yard, on the ground

Chaos reigned and orders flew.
What she’d give for a whisky or two!
Hair just right and “faces” on, they scurried to and fro.
The bride now dressed and all done up, it was almost time to go.

She smiled and met the guests with grace,
But then she pulled up face to face –
The groom’s mum looked a vision too
In identical powder blue!

The bride arrived on her father’s arm.
Tracy Ann, now full of charm,
Radiantly happy and looking a dream
In her stunning mid-riff cream.

The flower girls fought all up the aisle
Proceedings were delayed a while.
One had petals up her nose,
The other blood between her toes.

Then there came a merry ting,
As someone's phone began to ring.
Husband George took it all in stride,
He'd kept his hip flask by his side

At last, the ceremony was over,
Now, she thought "We're all in clover"
Just when she thought that all was well
The day descended into wedding hell.

The caterers had double-booked
Two hundred guests and nothing cooked,
And worst of all the wedding blips
They had to truck in fish and chips!

Feeling very hot and harried
She staggered after the newly married.
"Is the bar open?" she dared to ask.
Said George, "If it is, I'll fill my flask."

Uncle Dan and Cousin John, who hadn't 'spoke' for many years,
Mixed it after several beers.
Then a row broke out in the ladies' loo.
Susie's plus one was Jane's ex, Hugh.

But things looked up and they had some fun.
The wedding cake was drowned in rum!
The bride and groom in a happy daze
Departed early in honeymoon haze.

But her satisfaction turned to woe,
As her gaze then landed on teenage Flo.
Oh my God, she moaned aloud -
"We've another daughter yet to go!"