

Lady

Missing Person

WHERE is she now, that lovely bride,
Radiant, untouched by stress?
Just ten years on, how can she hide
Inside this mess?

With broadened backside, sagging chest,
Stretch-marks and advancing tum,
The girl who's hiding can't protest:
Well, she's a *mum!*

There's daily desperation – though
“*Lovely family!*” they say.
Some pros in procreation? No,
There's just dismay.

She's got three kids and must withstand
Drudgery's relentless tide,
And feed the baby on demand,
So where's the bride?

There's luxuries she can't afford;
Kids for ever asking why.
It's part of life's rich pattern, Lord –
But where am *I?*
