

Creative Writing

Poem: Mrs. Bennet

Priyanka Ruth Prim

Mrs. Bennet

Courses one or courses four
Wondering what to serve at home,
Guests are mighty, rich and young
Must practice one's silver-tongue.

Living of five thousand a year
Gained for one, a daughter dear,
Ease of heart, what rewards fine
Horse and carriage, ball and dine.

Whence came this sudden chill,
To sunder lovers under hill?
Oh faint of heart, must soon recover
Now parson's come to peep and hover.

New offer's made, what glad delight!
A moment's fantasy of sight,
T'will not be, her father's spoke
Now next-door's daughter and parson's yoked.

The Red Coats come in finery bright
Perhaps if cards are now played right,
A chance for one wedded bliss
Such adventure one could not miss.

One girl to London, one to parson's went
Three remain to me, my patience spent,
A blight there be upon this name
Not a single wedding, to my shame.

Upon their return, I find some peace
Then rich relatives take their niece,
While parties here she'll miss divine

With Regimental brass and shine.

A flurry then, whirlwind romance
He took my flower from a dance,
Heart a-flutter I wait for news
Wishing so, for front row pews.

At sixteen wed, my darling girl!
She comes home, her dress a-twirl,
Ignore I all disapproving frowns
Before my darling's gossip and gowns.

One down, four more to go
Surprises knock upon front door,
A suitor old, appears and speaks
My girl's heart made whole, she weeps.

All settled for sleep, there is a fright
A sudden knocking at dead of night,
'Tis night, but royalty knows no time
Angry shouting, bewildered mind.

So unexpected were the events at morn
Renewed is heart, suite and home,
Ten thousand a year, another engaged
Love's battle won before it waged.

Only two chicks I have by my side
The house is empty, spaces wide,
O silent coop, You are self-evident
Of a mother's ambition, triumphant.

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