

THE GARDEN WEDDING

Len Banks 2015

She dreamed of getting married in the Spring, to beat the heat;
With the trees all out in blossom and smelling oh so sweet.
She dreamed of getting married in the garden out the back.
She'll need the asthma puffers for the hay fever attack.

A wedding in the garden means there's lots of things to hire:
A marquee, chairs and tables, a caterer, a choir.
There's glasses, plates and flowers and the table decorations.
How many guests are coming – count the friends and the relations.

Three months before the wedding, they're a long way from decision
To meet the expectations of the garden wedding vision.
Has Father planted flowers that will bloom right on the day?
Will the guests want fancy chairs or can we use the bales of hay?
Do we need a plan for rain or assume it will be sunny?
And where's the best location for the eco-friendly dunny?

With just one week to go, it is time to double check
Will Uncle Mick the builder have the flooring on the deck?
Has Father fixed the mower and the garden tap that leaks?
And has the second bridesmaid had her baby due last week?

It's time to plan the seating. Yes, they got the fancy chairs.
First the bridal table, with the wedding party pairs.
But the second bridesmaid's partner is the groom's best drinking mate.
We can't sit them together in her weak post-natal state.
The Uni friends are coming. Can we trust them near the bar?
And who should sit with Grandma, 'cause she won't know who they are.

Is it best to mix the families, since they soon will be inlaws;
Or force together siblings who should settle up old sores.
Whichever way they're seated, there'll always be a chance
That two unlikely people will start a new romance.

So, planning's done and dusted. Only two days left to go.
The marquee's going up and the lawn has all been mown.
Everything's delivered, on time when it was due;
Even baby daughter for bridesmaid number two.

The wedding day arrives and everything looks nice.
But cars still need a clean and the beer must go on ice.
The Mother of the Bride takes a moment all alone
To shed a tear and think how her little daughter's grown.

The girls are at the salon getting hair and makeup done.

The groomsmen found the beer and thought they'd have just one.
Of course they had a couple and really felt quite fine,
Knowing that the bridesmaids had their own supply of wine.

The Father of the Bride starts to panic just a little;
The boys are getting boisterous, the girls just want to giggle.
Pinning on the flowers needs a mother's steady hand.
Who was getting Grandma? Will she really understand?

Bride and Father enter, both looking quite relaxed,
Despite the credit card being absolutely maxed.
The Groom looks up the aisle. He squints and has to stare.
His red eyes not from tears – it's the pollen in the air.

The wedding was fantastic, the reception really great.
But just as guests were leaving, little brother locked the gate.
A few more drinks were taken and they finally hit the sack.
Leave the cleanup for tomorrow in the garden out the back.