**When I’m a Bride**

When I’m a bride I’ll miss that day

And run off with my fiancé.

I’ll cut my dress to pieces

And wear my pink pyjamas.

I’ll use no powder and no scent,

But glow all fresh and pure,

I’ll sell my gold and diamonds – Their proceeds for the poor.

I’ll think then of me only

And let the world go hang.

I’ll drive my wedding car alone

To take my beloved from his home

And leaving only when I want,



Of tears there’ll be no font.

My honeymoon will be in a wood;

I, venturesome, like Robin Hood

Will spend my order of the day

With my beloved fiancé.

But now I’ll be quite normal;

Attend to study and books

A wondrous future await me

Me and my so pretty looks!

But why not show my whimsy now

So folk won’t worry and won’t fume

When suddenly I shall not wed

And flee with my lover from home?

**Abir Mohammed Al Busaidi**