

Farmer's Bride - From Bride's perspective.

14/3/25

Father married me off three winters ago,
'For the better' he said, but I'll never know,
What I would've done had my dreams prevailed,
But three winters ago, that ship sailed.

The man was big, tall, scary and mean,
Crushing my dreams of what could've been,
Triple of my years at least,
So, one night, I set off East.

Into their fields I ran and ran,
Until they dragged me back again,
They locked me up and from that day,
I vowed not to speak a word to they.

The only understanding creatures around,
Are not more than one foot from the ground,
I play with bunnies and work the house,
Cautiously, quietly, like a mouse.

I am safe with the birds; I am bigger than them
But if I hear a man's 'ahem',
I stall like prey: sick with fear,
Whenever men-folk come a-near.

The days shorten but I am still no use,
I'll refuse to face his nameless abuse,
Wife, mother, virgin, maid
Yet never just 'me': their minds are made

Mere stairs between us aren't enough,
I still hear his voice, loud and rough,
His footsteps on the creaky stair,
No more, no more, I just can't bear!