

PETER AUSTIN

## Ella

Though Ella was the beauty of the three  
(She'd been the toast of Dartmouth, as a Wren),  
The others (one a beetroot, one a *brie*)  
Were patently more fortunate with men.  
A grandma, thrice, at fifty, was Lenore,  
Complacent as a hen on seven eggs,  
While Hannah, made a widow by the war,  
Remarried in a trice, despite her legs.

It puzzled me, their nephew. In her past  
(Unreadable, unless by wizard's art),  
Had someone nailed her kerchief to his mast,  
Then sailed away and left her, crushed of heart?  
Or did the hurt that hovered in her eyes  
From no one having bothered to, arise?

[Wrens, during World War 2, were volunteers who served in the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service]

