

## A woman's prerogative

*Bling! Went the strings of my heart. Or is it zing? I get confused. Thanks for nothing, Judy Garland.*

A diamond flashes on the Bible like the evening star. I'm s'posed to repeat 'with this ring'.

My trusty zimmer steadies recalcitrant hips, sore from Pensioners' Pump. Beyoncé had sung *put a ring on it*. Norman offered. We'd laughed. I said yes.

Until today, when Henry shuffled in with his Frank Sinatra eyes. *You make me feel so young.*

Bugger the bling! I drop Norman's hand. Turn my gaze to his best man. And smile.

*I've got a crush on you.*