

The Royal Wedding

Hundreds of guests sat in rows and rows,
in the ancient hall, wearing their finest clothes,
but one pony stood, striking a pose,
as the Princesses arrived, dressed from flank to nose.

Celestia led her sister up the aisle,
looking regal, walking with style,
on her face she wore a sunny smile,
because her sister had found happiness; it had taken a while!

Luna was an incredible sight,
simply divine in her dress of white,
contrasting perfectly with her coat of night,
although it would have made for an impractical flight.

But all the guests could do naught but stare,
at the groom who had been her own 'best mare'.
The Great and Powerful Trixie awaited a bride so fair,
that even *she* made an effort to look debonair.

Trixie had used the best plan she could devise,
to keep the Princess firmly under her guise,
and nopony had taken the time to realise,
that there was no sparkle behind Luna's eyes.

The band started playing, the choir got their cue,
the voice of three young fillies suddenly grew,
competing with the sound of the trumpets that blew,
trying their best to completely outdo!

Enthusiasm, those girls certainly did not lack,
they got even louder, having found the knack,
the guests felt their ears had come under attack,
and Luna's engagement ring began to crack...

Noticing the jewel, Trixie grew scared,
that spell had worked better than she ever dared,
but as it fell apart, its magic flared,
perhaps if she fled now she would be spared...

As her mind became free of its encroaching gloom,
Luna rounded upon her cowering groom.
Her eyes blazed with an indignant doom,

and her voice rang out with a cracking boom:

"Oh you are *SO* banished to the moon."