

## **“A DARCY BEFORE I DIE”**

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In a world of expectations, of standards far too high,  
I want a Mr Darcy before I die.

Dependable, capable, passionate and bright,  
Intelligent and witty, athletic, erudite.  
Someone of integrity, somewhat of a gent.  
In a world of extraordinary men this one's heaven-sent.

He has to be handsome, romantic and fetching  
And he must have a character that's done its own sketching  
Cos I want him fully rendered with a sense of humour dry.  
You see, I want a Darcy before I die.

We could ask Eliza Bennet, we could ask that Brigit too,  
We could even squeeze the truth from Germaine Greer before we're thro.  
The competition's fierce for we girls upon this earth  
But surely there must be more than one Colin Firth.

So I've asked in Scandinavia where divorce rates are high  
And I've asked sheilas DownUnder to this brutal reply;  
“Blokes? They're all a bunch of bastards and we couldn't give a shag  
cos every good one is taken, or married, or a fag.”

And I've asked them in Beirut where they've even slept around  
From New York, to Rio and old London town.  
But they don't want Peter Allen, they don't want a clown,  
They don't want some other well-meaning letdown  
With a beggar's bowl of courage and a tincture of good sense,  
A guy to bore the pants off us by sitting on the fence.  
We want someone who's challenging but underneath quite shy.  
Seems we all want a Darcy before we die.

Who's solid and stable with a quick and quirky mind.  
Honest and able, considerate and kind.  
Thoughtful and provoking but not into control,  
Disciplined and driven, whose career's not on the dole.  
With no pride nor prejudice, no addictions as such.  
Just loyal and mannerly – am I asking too much?

Cos it's really got me baffled and it's harder than I thought  
I'm a girl with standards but these guys keep falling short.  
It's becoming quite a mystery, a pandemic and a trend,  
but it makes me feel much better if I blame it all on men.  
See, I don't need a mirror, I don't need to change at all-  
Surely it's not me who's ageing, anal, rigid or twee, intolerant or cynical  
Or frumpy in my thinking, a Cyclops who cannot score  
That's for all the other girls; I've heard their shit before.  
No, I've done my homework and I know I'm pretty hot.  
It couldn't be me who's shrouded in self-delusion with one massive, personal blind spot.

So with expectations and standards never too high  
I deserve a Darcy before I die.

Dependable, capable, passionate and bright,  
Intelligent and witty, athletic, erudite.  
And all those other things I said before I really meant  
In this room of extraordinary men surely one of you is 100%.

Cos I don't need to compromise and nothing less will do. Cos guys, I'm looking for a Darcy, does he sound a bit like you?