

ODE TO GOLF

Author: Allan Berman

In my hand I hold a ball.
White And Dimpled, Rather Small.
Oh, How Bland It Does Appear.
This Harmless Looking Little Sphere.

By Its Size I Could Not Guess,
The Awesome Strength It Does Possess.
But Since I Fell Beneath Its Spell,
I've Wandered Through The Fires Of Hell.

My Life Has Not Been Quite The Same,
Since I Chose To Play This Stupid Game.
It Rules My Mind For Hours On End,
A Fortune (5 Euros) It Has Made Me Spend.

It Has Made Me Yell, Curse And Cry,
I Hate Myself And Want To Die.
It Promises A Thing Called Par,
If I Can Hit It Straight And Far.

To Master Such A Tiny Ball,
Should Not Be Very Hard At All.
But My Desires The Ball Refuses,
And Does Exactly As It Chooses.

It Hooks And Slices, Dribbles And Dies,
And Even Disappears Before My Eyes.
Often It Will Have A Whim,
To Hit A Tree Or Take A Swim.

With Miles Of Grass On Which To Land,
It Finds A Tiny Patch Of Sand.
Then Has Me Offering Up My Soul,
If Only It Would Find The Hole.

It's Made Me Whimper Like A Pup,
And Swear That I Will Give It Up.
And Take To Drink To Ease My Sorrow,
But The Ball Knows ... I'll Be Back
Tomorrow.

LIFE IS LIKE A ROUND OF GOLF

Author: Criswell Freeman

Life is like a round of golf
With many a turn and twist.
But the game is much too sweet and short
To curse the shots you've missed.

Sometimes you'll hit it straight and far
Sometimes the putts roll true.
But each round has it's errant shots
And troubles to play through.

So always swing with courage
No matter what the lie.
And never let the hazards
Destroy the joy inside.

And keep a song within your heart
Give thanks that you can play.
For the round is much too short and sweet
To let it slip away.

SEASIDE GOLF

Author: John Betjeman

How straight it flew, how long it flew,
It clear'd the rutty track
And soaring, disappeared from view
Beyond the bunker's back -
A glorious, sailing, bounding drive
That made me glad I was alive.

And down the fairway, far along
It glowed a lonely white;
I played an iron sure and strong
And clipp'd it out of sight,
And spite of grassy banks between
I knew I'd find it on the green.

And so I did. It lay content
Two paces from the pin;
A steady (conceded) putt and then it went
Oh, most surely in.
The very turf rejoiced to see
That quite unprecedented three.

Ah! Seaweed smells from sandy caves
And thyme and mist in whiffs,
In-coming tide, Atlantic waves
Slapping the sunny cliffs,
Lark song and sea sounds in the air
And splendour, splendour everywhere.

GOLF TEES LAMENT

Author: Larry Buddin

Golf tees on my dresser
Golf tees in my bed
Golf tees on my pillows
Where they poke me in my head

Golf tees in my closet
Falling from my shirts and pants
Golf tees along the baseboards
Just like army ants

Golf tees in the carpet
And underneath my feet
Golf tees lined up on the mantle
Oh, they look so neat

Golf tees in my couch
And in my back and thighs
When I sit and watch TV
I feel those little guys

Golf tees in the kitchen
In Jurassic coffee mugs
Sometimes when I pass them
They look like prehistoric bugs.

Golf tees in the bathtub
Like sailors on plastic ships
Golf tee in her make-up
Like little bald q-tips.

Golf tees in the attic
Golf tees in the shed

Golf tees, golf tees everywhere
I wonder where they bred?

Golf tees out the backdoor
Like Hansel-and-Gretel's trails
Golf tees in the flowerbeds
Among the mulch and snails

Golf tees in my car
And underneath the mats
Golf tees in the backseat
Like little baseball bats

But when I am at the golf course
I ask my partner, like a louse...
"May I borrow some of your tees?"
I left mine at the house!

THREE UP ON ANANIAS *

Author: Grantland Rice

A group of golfers sat one day
Around the nineteenth hole,
Exchanging lies and alibis
Athwart the flowing bowl.
"Let's give a cup," said one of them,
A sparkle in his eye,
"For him among us who can tell
The most outrageous lie."

"Agreed," they cried, and one by one,
They played way under par,
With yarns of putts and brassy shots
That traveled true and far;
With stories of prodigious swipes—
Of holes they made in one—
Of niblick shots from yawning traps,
As Vardon might have done.

And when they noticed, sitting by,
Apart from all the rest,
A stranger, who had yet to join,
The fabricating test;
"Get in the game," they said to him,
"Come on and shoot your bit."
Whereas the stranger rose and spoke,
As follows, or to wit:

"Although I've played some holes in one
And other holes in two;
Although I've often beaten par,
I kindly beg of you
To let me off—for while I might
Show proof of well-earned fame,
I never speak about my scores
Or talk about my game."

They handed him the cup at once,
Their beaten banners furled;
Inscribing first, below his name,
"The champion of the world."

** Ananias was a biblical figure, who fell down and died immediately after uttering a falsehood.*