

## 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 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 its 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 ruddy 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 brassey 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.*