

## Golf

Standing on the eighteenth tee, peering for the flag  
Hoping for a straight drive, not a slice or drag  
The sun is shining brightly, there's no breeze in the air  
And I'm feeling on top of my game, so opponent's best beware

I take a loosening practice swing, my driver in my grasp  
I recon a good three hundred yards is not too much to ask  
Bushes down the left side, big bunkers down the right  
The ball should fly straight down the middle if I hit it right

I take a final deep breath before I strike my pose  
And with a windmill swing, and a sweet sound ping, I watched as my ball rose  
Climbing into the atmosphere, into the sky so blue  
Parallel to the fairway, straight as an arrow, true

I allow myself a smile, as the white ball comes to rest  
A good three hundred yards away, I passed my opening test  
The eighteenth hole is a par four, according to my scoring card  
Only another fifty yards to go, that shouldn't be very hard

The green is just a swing away, if my club choice is correct  
Looking at my wheeled bag, which one should I select  
I could chip it with an iron and run up to the hole  
Or loft it with my pitching wedge and spin back towards my goal  
I decide upon the iron, but mistime my second swing  
And it's much too late to abort the shot when you hear the ball go ping  
Flying like a missile towards a bunker full of sand  
Plugging below the surface when it finally comes to land

Fifteen more yards to the finishing hole, but I doubt it from this lie  
I feel a birdie is out of the question, but I'm going to give it a try  
I dig out my sand wedge, and line up the shot  
Getting it in from here will take all that I've got

I hack at the ball and the sand starts to fly  
And I lose track of its flight as the sand hits my eye  
Just inches to go, despite the loss of my sight  
Luck more than judgment, seems I hit it just right

I reach for my putter, one more shot to make par  
Only inches to go shouldn't be very hard  
Gently does it, I stroke the ball with deft  
And much to my dismay it buggers off to the left

Much to my annoyance, I tap the ball into the hole  
And add another plus shot onto my final score  
And think to myself, it's torture, why do I play this game  
Knowing that when the sun comes out, I'll play it once again

By Lee Haigh