

ODE TO GOLFING

Here's to the men out on the green
Here's to their patience, so serene.

Morning dew shines on blades till sunset glows and the light fades

Chasing after small white spheres and leaving back the world of fears,

They spend the day on fairways smooth avoiding traps and in the groove ,

They swing with gusto, go for broke!
They crouch and squeeze their putting stroke

They fear no slice, nor pond, nor hook.
They give that green a careful look

Then tap so carefully, no hop,
Just smoothly rolling then ker-plop!

That sound is music to their ears and never tire of it for years.

For putting crowns all eighteen holes,
at little flags on skinny poles...

And putting "drives" them to return.
There's always something new to learn.

Their camaraderie is
great...
Here's to the golfers who create

A world where trees and grass and sun
Can define their world of fun!!!

Good luck, Brock, on this "World Poetry Day"
From: Brock's Mom
March 21,2021