

The State of Play
by Graham Irvine

There was I in Taranaki
at the Nats Vets Golf and the weather is crappy
The rain set in, the fairway soaked
We played 2 holes, that's no joke
I was going well, the ball for a spell
behaved as into the hole it fell.
The horn it sounded, we all came in
wet, and almost soaked to skin.
They canned the golf for the afternoon
Saying please come back, we'll play real soon

All Tuesday morning in Taranaki
At Stratford Golf, the weather still crappy
There's a guy in the corner selling wet weather gear
Making the most of this peculiar year
For him the rain is most opportune
Making bucks out of our misfortune.
They are telling us now that we may play
if the weather clears by midday
So that's plan A for the afternoon
Watch this space, and we'll play real soon

Come afternoon to make us all happy
The weather eased up, but still crappy
The ladies hit off around mid day
There was nothing gonna get in their way
They'll do the whole eighteen
The men'll do nine if they are keen
Some of the men decided to fold
and I won my game by default I was told.
Bruce and I went out for a hit
For tomorrow will get serious...
Well, just a bit!

Wednesday comes, it had rained all night
the fairway's looking quite a sight
The puddles merged into little lakes
and now I discover (for goodness sakes!)
All golf today is canceled (oh shucks!)
the climate amenable only to ducks.
The clubhouse though is empty and void
Bar the campers and those annoyed
at the incongruous lack of play
on what should have been a summer's day
at Stratford where the weather's crappy
up here in the North Taranaki.

Something happened overnight
When I got up the sky was bright
It's Thursday, and the weather is fine
As I dashed to be there by nine

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The park was full, the place a buzz
The lads out on the course that was
a little wet, but not so much that we can get
a game of golf in yet.
The mood has lifted like the weather
As we prepare to joust together
A cluster of hopeful wannabees
As we step up to the tees

My teeshot's good and we're away
My second I hit and water sprays
all over me and on we go
content that we're not playing in snow
The sun is shining the golf is fine
As we all strive to keep the line
Through trees and gullies and to the flag
The lucky winners today won't brag
But come tomorrow will meet
In one last quest for victory sweet

Friday's fine & the game is on
So no matter where you're from
Or how your game has been
The game has gained some esteem
From those who have worked together
Despite the rain & crappy weather
Congratulations & thanks!