

Sunday after Thanksgiving I went to the golf course as I have done for over twenty years, usually playing with the same few guys. That day I knew one would not be there as he called and said he had hurt his back in a fall on Saturday. Another called in the morning before I left home. He had a sore shoulder. I knew other friends had a tee-time right after ours, so I thought I could find someone to play with. Two guys I did not know started their round soon after I arrived at 8:30 AM. No one showed up, no one I knew or any stranger. Before our regular club play on Tuesday, I wrote a poem for my friends.

My Golf on Sunday, November 27, 2016 by Mike Bove

8:30 AM

I see it rained a bit Saturday night.
It is Sunday now and golf I might.
Who am I kidding?
Golf today? Damn right!

9:00 AM

The grass is only damp not dry as a bone.
Perfect conditions I dare say.
So why dear Julie, am I all alone?
Why did all my friends stay away?
They didn't show. They didn't even phone.

9:30 AM

Could be Thanksgiving guests overstayed their welcome.
Mine have gone and left me here lonesome.
Can't be the weather. It's cold, but my fingers aren't numb.
Maybe playing golf at 50 degrees is dumb?

10:00 AM

I'll go out myself, I've waited long enough.
Without distractions I'll stay out of the rough.
There will be bad shots, there always are.
But I'll write on the card only the good stuff.

11:40 AM

OK, I lost a ball on the hill on number one.
On number two I lost a ball in the sun.
My drive on number three hit Gene's back door.
I got a hole-in-one on number four.

I would have bought you all a Coke or a beer.
Too bad, you bastards, maybe next year.