

Idle Thoughts

Dart Bored

TO see an over-bellied gent
Aiming arrows with intent,
And *achieving* his intention,
Brings to darts a new dimension —
Tedium it can't afford:
Even where he *aims* is board.

In years gone by, a game would fill
An idle hour: my chance was nil
Of persuading temp'ramental
Darts to do the fundamental
Operation I'd applaud —
Landing somewhere near the board.

Since every dart that I have thrown
Would wing at once to the unknown,
It meant, no matter how I tried,
That what could not be specified,
By myself or playing friend,
Was the spot where it might end.

We were never certain-sure
Of an aim so true and pure
That we knew as we were throwing
For a fact where it was going.
It might rise or swing or dip
On its nine-foot mystery trip.

Every game was wonderful:
Seek a double, hit the bull.
Not for us, the bland precision
Of the game on television.
How can anybody stand
Treble-twenties on demand?