

Time

Cricket Confession

I DO not love my village cricket:
The plain fact is, I just can't stick it.
There's not a chance that I'll be found
Knocking sixes round the ground:
I only play, O God in heaven,
To help the lads make up eleven.
Each Saturday, on my arrival,
My only thought is my survival.

When at the crease, it is my habit
To bat like some myopic rabbit –
But hope to live, that I may see
The things that Mary's made for tea.
Once a bowler starts to thunder,
He will smash my stumps asunder:
Let him hurl one down the line,
There's not a chance that I'll divine
Its pace, direction or intent
In time to see that it was meant
To come full-toss and wreck my wicket
Or move away to make me snick it,
So it dollies straight to hand
For one of the encircling band,
Who roars, "*Owzat!*" – though he can see
It's absolutely fine by me.
Long-stop is the place I field,
In grass that's tall: I lie concealed
Behind some rusting iron tub,
And dream of pints back in the pub.
If bat and keeper make a hash,
The ball gives my old tub a bash,
To rouse me from my peaceful slumbers:

Time

I was picked to make up numbers.
At this, I give the ball a fling
To those who *want* the bloody thing.

And when they've finished, I can see
The things that Mary's made for tea.
