

Time

Hole in the Ground

THERE'S no village we have found
With such a *special* cricket ground.
It's not exactly best bar none:
There's quite a hole at deep mid-on.

We also have a nice old tree,
Which stops a leg glance scoring three –
And BT didn't tell a soul,
The night it came to plant a pole
Just in that bit of turf that dips
Right by first and second slips.

We've grown quite used to cricket clutter,
Although opponents tend to mutter.
They seem to think it isn't cricket,
And sometimes tell us where to stick it –
Just because a batsman's gone,
Caught and holed at deep mid-on
They say our hole should not be there,
Three feet deep and eight feet square.

They play great drives that skim the ground,
And watch them whistle, boundary-bound,
Missing tree and missing pole,
But heading sweetly for the hole –
Where Bill can catch, the wily devil,
Daisy-cutters at waist level.
There's no village we have found
With such a *special* cricket ground –
But now word's spread, the *other* catch is,
Our fixture list has no home matches.
