

Assignations with a Golf Course

By Christopher Nagle

Armed with woods and trusty irons
Lovers play with her environs.

You go round her
Trying to get it in,
But she will beat the man
Who isn't up to par,
Or has too many
Sitting at the bar.

Even so, she may undo you still
Upon the fourth and seventeenth,
And slip your handicap around your knees
To slow you down,
To show that pride
Is but the prating of a clown.

If she is any good,
She'll be the devil in the rough,
Drown you in the waters of desire,
Or lose you in the desert sands
That shift
Until at last she lifts
Her fluttering flag,
From its sacred place,
To let the worshipers
Admire,
This temple of remorse
For haste,
Or exaltation
At steely nerve
And steady hands
That stay the course.

And thus and thus
She rolls you every which way
On her subtle and undulating turf,
Towards that moment ball and hole,
Are joined to make the score;
Your heart's delight,
That keeps you coming back for more.

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