



Pat Sokolis



Into the violent fray  
the gallent golfer goes.  
With naught but his flimsy handicap  
to protect him though he knows  
The battle is hot and heavy  
and the chances to win are few.  
But bravely he marches forward,  
there's nothing else to do.

The morning is bright and quiet  
and green is the battleground,  
With grimly determined comrades  
striding all around.  
They all are prepared for conquest.  
Their eyes betray a glint,  
Yelling occasional battle crys  
in language I can't print.

The golfer is girded for battle  
in colorful combat dress.  
His boots are spiked and costly,  
His sweater is Arnie's best.  
His lips are parched, his forehead's wet  
and he prays with his heart and soul  
To break a hundred just this once,  
before the 19th hole.

The enemy stands before him  
secure in its little nest,  
Gleaming whitely defiant,  
waiting to see who's best.  
Elusive pars and birdies  
prepare yourselves to kneel!  
The golfer is ready to strike a blow.  
The battle's begun for real.

Time and again his weapon's raised -  
there couldn't be more at stake,  
But time and again his shot falls short  
and the ball goes in the lake!  
He won't give up! He won't lose face!  
A soldier's not mild or meek.  
No matter what he's won or lost,  
he'll do it again next week.

Weary and glad it's over  
our soldier straggles home,  
Ready to drop in a chair that's soft  
and tip a mug of foam.  
From the look of him and his weapons,  
You'd think he'd been through hell,  
But he's fought the war of his choosing  
and Oh! what a tale to tell!