

THE ROUND TABLE

by Harry Dunn

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Down at Inverloch Bowls, just near the member's bar
Stands a revered and famous icon,
Known to bowlers from near and far,
A priceless and hallowed old artefact,
Which certain ladies will never acknowledge,
A valuable piece of our history,
The famous old Inverloch Bowl
Round Table of Wisdom and Knowledge.

Beautifully crafted from timber, worth a dollar per metre at least
And burnished each day, by reverent hands and sleeves,
Spreading spillage of malt and yeast
And occasional drops, from vintner's crops,
By perpetually thirsty lawn-bowlers - mostly still living
And others, now sadly deceased.
Some of these men didn't see much school
While others went to Uni and college
But with stubbie in hand, or a V.B., canned,
They're all treated as equals,
At the Inverloch Bowls
Round Table of Wisdom and Knowledge.

Like dear old King Arthur's, this table is perfectly round,
So no man can think he's The Knob,
And you can hear the fury and sound
Of those tribal bowling elders,
Taking a break from the job,
Holding forth in all manner and matters,
Except political parties and creed,
Much safer to stay with their bowling,
Their football, sex and their speed;
The fair sex gets occasional mention,
But only in the context of dollage,
By the thirsty old gaggle of blokes
At that table of masculine Wisdom
And boundless, unlimited Knowledge.

The day - we are told - is approaching
When the club-rooms will get a new face,
And there's a strong and persistent rumour
That the hallowed old drinker's table
Is unlikely to hold its place,
With its beer-soaked chip-board surface,
And its wonky and rusting legs;
Some discerning members are saying
It's a run-down grubby old relic

Like some of the gents who sit 'round it,
A boozy and smelly disgrace!
Well, it *has* done some sterling service -
This much they're prepared to acknowledge,
But now they aspire, to retrench and retire
That famous old circular table
Of unlimited bowling Wisdom
And infallible General Knowledge.

Let's hope it will find a permanent home
In the area set aside for the barbies,
And who could object to that?
Out there it would feel completely at home,
With remnants of onions and gravy
And lashings of barbecue fat.
So whenever you visit the Bowling Club bar,
Buying drinks and paying your tollage,
Spare a thought for that iconic old table, now semi-retired,
Which good men have sat 'round for years,
Sharing their Wisdom and Knowledge.