

Golf Luck

As a golfer I'm not one who cops the money;
I shall always be a member of the dubs;
There are times my style is positively funny;
I am awkward in my handling of the clubs.
I am not a skillful golfer, nor a plucky,
But this about myself I proudly say-
When I win a hole by freaky stroke or lucky,
I never claim I played the shot that way.

There are times, despite my blundering behavior,
When fortune seems to follow at my heels;
Now and then I play supremely in her favor,
And she lets me pull the rankest sort of steals;
She'll give to me the friendliest assistance,
I'll jump a ditch at times when I should not,
I'll top the ball and get a lot of distance-
But I don't claim that's how I played the shot.

I've hooked a ball when just that hook I needed,
And wondered how I ever turned the trick;
I've thanked my luck for what a friendly tree did,
Although my fortune made my rival sick;
Sometimes my shots turn out just as I planned 'em,
The sort of shots I usually play,
But when up to the cup I chance to land 'em,
I never claim I played 'em just that way.

There's little in my game that will commend me;
I'm not a shark who shoots the course in par;
I need good fortune often to befriend me;
I have my faults and know just what they are.
I play golf in a desperate do-or-die way,
And into traps and trouble oft I stray,
But when by chance the breaks are coming my way,
I do not claim I played the shots that way.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)