

## On the Game

I linger on the corners:  
Just staring at the grass;  
When I'm in luck, I get a ruck -  
If someone makes a pass.

I love a good, hard tackle -  
Am partial to a maul:  
And when on top, I use a Prop  
To grasp an odd-shaped ball.

But, 'though I may be Forward;  
The ball's gone out of touch:  
And an attempt to score would  
Not lead up to much.

I am an ageing hooker,  
And that's what makes me cry:  
For in my youth, I played the field,  
But now,  
    I never  
        Try.