

The Trailing Edge

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Little Ball

By Stormy Weathers

Little ball, little ball, come out and play.
I want to walk through the meadow today.
Let's play in the grass, let's play in the sand.
I promise to find you wherever you land.

I'll grab a club while you sit on your Tee.
I'll drive you as far and as straight as can be.
Your dimples, how merry. They glint in the sun.
I'll watch you with care as we continue the fun.

And speaking of dimples, three hundred or so,
They help you fly straighter and farther, I know.
With boundary layers tripping and spinning in flight,
They help you make lift, like the good brothers Wright.

Oh, little ball, little ball, why do you hide?
You mock me for erring. You're hurting my pride.
Or, did you go swimming? I know you don't float.
I can't go on looking. I don't have a boat.

So, I'll drop one just like you and play it from there.
I'll add one to my stroke count, just to be fair.
Finally, we find ourselves up on the green.
With putter in hand, what a glorious scene.

Little ball, little ball, we finished the round.
You went "plunk" in the cup. What a glorious sound!
Now, I stored you away with my golfing stuff toys.
We'll play you once again as we share in the joys.