

The Trickster

You might have seen him playing before,
Though he's getting rare these days,
And though his shorts are back in style,
He's from a different age.

He's no respect for racket trends
'It's just a modern con',
But no one really listens,
They think he's nearly 'gone'.

With returns so weak and feeble,
His chances look remote,
But he'll dink it to you softly,
Then stuff it down your throat.

He turns you on the wrong foot;
Warps you inside out;
Drops his shots precisely,
And listens while you shout.

'I've never played this bad before',
To those laughing at the side,
Unaware still at the rally's end,
You've been taken for a ride.

Cos his craft is well concealed,
In a camouflaged disguise,
And when you're looking long and deep,
You'll find it short and wide.

'I'll give this crafty trickster

A taste of modern stuff',
But your semi-western passing shot's
Not solved his double bluff.

You bob and weave and duck and dive,
Yet he just seems to flow,
With lots of time to choose his shots,
While you're a yard too slow.

So you madly sprint across the court
In a frenzied show of power,
While the ball just floats the other way,
At fourteen miles an hour.

'You jammy sod!', you cry out loud,
As his third lob hits the line,
But you'll be sobbing quietly,
When he's done it twenty times.

And when the match is finished
And you can't believe you've lost,
You'll want to smash your rackets,
No matter what they cost.

And you'll not feel any better
When you're told by a so-called mate,
That he hasn't had his racket strung
Since nineteen eighty-eight.