

Veni, vidi, vincimus! JT. (August 27th 2016)

Over hills from the north they came,
Set on their mission to tame
These precious pretenders to fame.

One long year ago did they claim
To be the champions in name,
But all now rested on this game!

The scene is set, let play commence:
Home Captain David Lake is tense,
As balls fly where the rough is dense.

The opposition team is stiff,
Unsmiling some, no words, as if
Of any banter not a whiff.

No easy home procession here;
The scores are close, not much to cheer,
Nor any cause to nurture fear.

Nine holes accomplished, time to draw
Encouragement from what we saw
And know from matches played before.

The pairings, tried and tested all,
Respond so often to the call:
Rise up, step up, swing true, stand tall.

The tide begins to ebb, to turn
Against the northern blast. We learn
That Fisher is about to earn

With partner Holt a priceless point,
And followed soon by August joint
With Sale. Whom shall we now anoint

As victors? Two wins needed yet,
But Gibson lagging. No safe bet
This time with Honey not so set.

To the eighteenth green we race:
See Davies' putt roll: too much pace!
Next one misses, then how his face

Changes: the putt to halve spins out!
Bryant shakes his head, turns about,
One up! The third point not in doubt.

Yet two more groups remain on course
In combat. One half needed. Worse
Case scenario? No! The force

Is with the warriors of home.
To the seventeenth tee we've come
And to drama more indeed some!

All square with two holes left to play:
"If they hang on," to Lake I say
In muffled tones, "We win the day!"

Hook's tee shot, like an arrow straight;
The last to putt, downhill, we wait,
As tension mounts, to see its fate.

Just leave it near the hole, slow, stop!
Still moving, urging, let it drop!
Yes! Yes! Exultant Kent! "We're top!"

Arithmetic is fully done:
Both match and league are duly won,
It's guaranteed. The race is run.

The news is carried to the pair
Still fighting on somewhere out there
For the cause, still doing their share.

For Sealey and Janes, it's par threes,
All square, as they trudge twixt the trees,
One by one to the eighteenth tees.

"Shall we call it a half, then, now?"
Definite no and set eyebrow.
The final score: 5-1 somehow.

In days to come, when memories fade
I'll look back on the time we played
The Cobhams, put them in the shade.

When verily the deed was done
By twelve good men in blazing sun:
In truth, I came, I saw, we won!

