

A CRICKETER'S LAST BOUNDARY

Weeping willows formed an honour guard
For the cricket ball writ with a noble name
A team of ten, which had once been eleven
Would never be the same side again

No bails united the forlorn stumps
Since this wicket had fallen some days ago
And as the bowler delivered to the lone batsman
The hushed crowd willed a six to go

The magical sound... of leather on willow
The sweet smell... of freshly cut grass
The cricketer... crossing the last boundary
To his final innings that would forever last

Michael Ashby

THE PASSING OF A FOOTBALLER

Football's a match made in heaven
Which is fan-tastic news for me
And heaven's a level playing field
Where anyone can kick off for free
The referee needs no introduction
Or whistle for a foul blow
When God raises his eyebrows
None argue with the penalty or throw
The transfer window never closes
As new players arrive all the time
There's always a top team to play on
As for the kit, I just wish I'd brought mine
We kick off side by side in a minute
Cheered by old family, teammates and friends
Football's really a blast in heaven
After your first whistle the matches never end

Michael Ashby

RACING THROUGH MY EYES

Some love it for mingling with their upstanding crowd
The drinking, the laughter, the gossip so loud
They arrive at the track wearing yesterday's shopping
For racing you say, more a spot of Box hopping

A trip to the Ring, it's all part of the game
to lay down a tenner on the horse with the name
that sounds like a winner, a worthwhile bet
but tarry no longer, we'll miss the jet set

Ambitious new money tries hard to compete
to break into the circle, become the elite
By trying too hard, their case is rejected
Those subtle old judgements, still roundly respected

So to the gamblers, the men here for business
The track shows no mercy, their wives less forgiveness
No time for a banter, or a welcoming kiss
For they come here to deal, this arena their office

A broad demographic, some salt of the earth
Who with them they bring passion, character and worth
The owners, the trainers, the jockeys, the stride
the horses, the strappers, the dreams and the pride

And so now to me, what does it all mean
for me not the fashion, or the high social scene
but the thundering hooves pounding down on the earth
The grace and the power of these kings of the turf.

Henry Birtles

Grand Prix

It started off at Goodwood,
With gentleman dressed in tweed,
Driving open topped supercharged cars
In circles at terrifying speed.

Surtees, Moss and Fangio,
McLaren, Renault and Benz,
Murray Walker over excited,
The highlight of summer weekends.

He saw all the history of formula one,
From aerofoils to carbon disk brakes,
Supermen driving at unbelievable speeds,
That would give a mere mortal the shakes.

So life has waved the chequered flag,
As he heads into the setting sun,
One last call to the garage,
And now his race is run.

By Lol Owen

ODE TO GOLF

In my hand I hold a ball.

White And Dimpled, Rather Small.

Oh, How Bland It Does Appear.

This Harmless Looking Little Sphere.

By Its Size I Could Not Guess,
The Awesome Strength It Does Possess.

But Since I Fell Beneath Its Spell,
I've Wandered Through The Fires Of Hell.

My Life Has Not Been Quite The Same,
Since I Chose To Play This Stupid Game.

It Rules My Mind For Hours On End,
A Fortune (5 Euros) It Has Made Me Spend.

It Has Made Me Yell, Curse And Cry,
I Hate Myself And Want To Die.

It Promises A Thing Called Par,
If I Can Hit It Straight And Far.

To Master Such A Tiny Ball,
Should Not Be Very Hard At All.

But My Desires The Ball Refuses,
And Does Exactly As It Chooses.

It Hooks And Slices, Dribbles And Dies,
And Even Disappears Before My Eyes.

Often It Will Have A Whim,
To Hit A Tree Or Take A Swim.

With Miles Of Grass On Which To Land,
It Finds A Tiny Patch Of Sand.

Then Has Me Offering Up My Soul,
If Only It Would Find The Hole.

It's Made Me Whimper Like A Pup,
And Swear That I Will Give It Up.

And Take To Drink To Ease My Sorrow,
But The Ball Knows ... I'll Be Back
Tomorrow.

By Allan Berman

The Cricket Field

Fortunate indeed this field;
It's destiny is not to yield
A harvest made with wheat and corn
From rutting plough or harrow born,
But cleared of lump & stump & thicket
Is set aside for playing cricket.

In winter gentle sheep may graze
Preserving turf for summer days,
A picket fence thrown round the square
Should hoof or human trespass there.
Some say we should share – use the land-
Clearly, they don't understand.

This field shall always take its name
Only from England's noblest game.
Despite its level disposition
And most favourable condition
Hockey posts shall not be found,
This is no recreation ground.

Four generations, maybe more,
Since long before the first World War,
Cricketers long gone, & some
Who play today, & those to come,
All sow unmixed the seeds of cricket
And harvest only run & wicket.

By Arthur Salway

The Formula One Fan Anthem

Our mission statement, our oath our creed
It is high-octane petrol that we bleed
Formula One fans, get up on your feet
Right hand on your heart so you feel it beat
Repeat after me and say it real loud
WE ARE F1 FANS, WE'RE FIERCE AND WE'RE PROUD!

We solemnly swear to watch every race
And closely follow the title chase
From coast to coast and pub to pub
From living room or Motorsports club
We shall not waver, we shall not fault
Formula One We shall exalt

Our drivers, Our teams, Our Motorsport
We shall glorify, defend and support
On battlefields of tarmac and gravel
On every continent that you may travel
On Grand Prix weekend, we'll stand and cheer
Mindful not to spill our beer

We shall awake at a ridiculous hour
To witness the battle between grip and power
The steward's rulings we shall accept
Regardless of time zone or whether we've slept
We shall honour the legends of present and past
And pay tributes to those whose time has passed

Brothers and sisters, friends and foes
United we stand through highs and lows
We are the strongest and loudest among the crowd
WE ARE F1 FANS, WE'RE FIERCE AND WE'RE PROUD!

by Ernie Black – The F1 Poet



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