

Granny

by Harry Dunn

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**Me Granny died on Tuesday
The selfish, mean old b,
So once again she's spoiled me day
And timed it to a tee:
I mean - she could have carked it Monday,
Or any other Doesn't-Matter-Day
But, no, not my dear old Gran,
She hung on 'til early Tuesday
So all her rellies can be there
When they plant her deep, next Saturday.**

**What's wrong with Saturday, October Twelve,
I can hear you mutter,
You ungrateful little beast,
To bury poor old granny'
Now that she's deceased:
Well, I'll tell *you* what's wrong with it
And why she's spoiled me fun,
It's the start of Pennant bowls
And I'm in Division One!**

**Yep - Division One, no less,
So consider me position,
First time that I've been picked,
It's me lifetime Bowls ambition,
And me treacherous old Grandma,'
Making her last stand
Hops the twig four days before -
Don't tell *me* that wasn't planned.**

**And if I'd visited her in hospital,
Last Saturday or Sunday
I'd have asked the doc to speed things up ,
So she'd be gone by Monday,
Or, failing that, to slow things down,
And there's nothing wrong with that,
So she'd last 'til Wednesday or Thursday
But preferably no later,
So the funeral would be held on any day but Sat,
For me sneaky old Grand - mater.**

**I mean, to bowl in Divvy One
First game of the season,
With a great home-ground advantage
Makes me joyful beyond reason,
And to think of what I've had to do
To get selected in this team;
I've greased all five selectors
And I've been practising like steam,
I've made frequent quiet mention
Of the recent form I've found;
I've laughed at all selector's jokes
I've bought lots of beers all round,
Making sure that I don't waste
This bit of form I've found.**

**And now me Granny's done me wrong,
In the way she's hopped the twig,
She must have known that I'm committed,
For this most important gig:
Well, Granny, I have news for you -
Don't wait around on Saturday,
For your least favourite grand - kid
To take a fond last look at you
Before they close the lid!
Sadly, I'll be absent
From the service and so forth,
'Cos I'll be playing bowls for Inverloch,
When they take on Mirboo North!**