

# Little Joe

by John Thornton  
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Bowls can be a funny game,  
If looked upon in jest,  
Especially when a bowler,  
Is striving for his best,

For instance there was someone,  
Let's call him little Joe,  
Who wore some new bifocals,  
To see how he would go,

To little Joe's amazement,  
He saw two jacks ahead,  
A small one and a big one,  
"You beauty mate!" Joe said,

He quickly bowled his first one down,  
Which rested on the jack,  
His second one was just as good,  
His next two joined the pack,

This went on for many ends,  
Each bowl reaching the kitty,  
Joe could not believe it,  
To stop would be a pity,

But little Joe felt nature call,  
So headed for the loo,  
Returning to the rink in haste,  
His trousers now wet through,

"My goodness! said a passer-by,  
How come you are so wet?",  
"It's cause of these bifocals,  
I'm not used to these as yet",

"I've just been to the loo you see,  
And had a heart attack,  
Saw a small one and a big one,  
So I put the big one back!". 🙄