

## THE DREAM

by Harry Dunn  
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I dreamed a dream the other night,  
A crazy dream, of course,  
In which I was a tourist,  
At Inverloch, by choice and not by force;  
Inverloch The Noble, Inverloch The Brave  
On that Inlet named by Anderson,  
Who's long been in his grave.

In my wistful reverie,  
My untroubled nightly slumber,  
I imagined many pleasant things -  
Don't ask me for a number,  
But one thing clearly I recall  
Was a visit to the Bowling Club,  
Where, of course I'm not a member  
Although that mattered not at all.

I was welcomed, in my dream, as if a long-lost friend,  
And asked to look around  
At the renovated club-rooms-  
The very best in town:  
The place was most inviting,  
With new kitchen and new bar,  
It was all brand new - pristine and quite exciting;  
No aggro did I see or hear in there,  
No bowling-club in-fighting.

A flashing sign above the door  
Said, "All visitors are welcome here,  
But leave your troubles at the gate,  
Just sign the book and buy a drink,  
And we'll treat you like a mate;  
And if you fancy some lawn-bowling  
But you've never bowled before,  
We offer Barefoot Bowls  
And a chance for you to score."

And in this dream I went up-stairs  
And found a bunch of fellers  
Who sat and watched the games below  
Under lovely sun-umbrellas.

They cooled their heels and tonsils too  
And happy they all looked  
As they waited for their turn to bowl,  
'Cos both greens were fully booked.

The smell of sizzling sausage wafted slowly up  
And a kindly lady down below  
Was selling cappuccinos  
At just a fiver for a mug , or four-fifty for a cup!

The volunteer bar-man, a friendly sort of chap  
Was serving pots of cleansing ale  
From a shiny Temprite tap -  
The kind they have in pubs.  
He said, "This is where we must make dough,  
Because there's not much bread in subs.

And with these renovated club-rooms  
And the flood-lights just installed,  
We entertain the tourists -  
Twilight Bowls is what it's called;  
Right through the Christmas break, and also public hols  
Our Twilight Bowls With Music  
Costs ten bucks a game - with sausages in bread,  
And we supply the bowls.

And yes, we also do quite well,  
In fact, enough to keep the rinks  
From our Funky Friday Cabarets  
With live music, candles, and a meal  
For just forty bucks a head -  
Plus the cost of drinks."

So I wandered back downstairs  
And through the new front door  
To this bright new room, just finished,  
With a grotty old round table, on a lovely polished floor  
And I noticed then a calendar,  
Which shook me to the core,  
It showed the date and year  
It was Friday, April First .... Twenty-twenty-four!