

## THE ROUND TABLE

by Harry Dunn

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Down at Inverloch Bowls, just near the member's bar  
Stands a revered and famous icon,  
Known to bowlers from near and far,  
A priceless and hallowed old artefact,  
Which certain ladies will never acknowledge,  
A valuable piece of our history,  
The famous old Inverloch Bowl  
Round Table of Wisdom and Knowledge.

Beautifully crafted from timber, worth a dollar per metre at least  
And burnished each day, by reverent hands and sleeves,  
Spreading spillage of malt and yeast  
And occasional drops, from vintner's crops,  
By perpetually thirsty lawn-bowlers - mostly still living  
And others, now sadly deceased.  
Some of these men didn't see much school  
While others went to Uni and college  
But with stubbie in hand, or a V.B., canned,  
They're all treated as equals,  
At the Inverloch Bowls  
Round Table of Wisdom and Knowledge.

Like dear old King Arthur's, this table is perfectly round,  
So no man can think he's The Knob,  
And you can hear the fury and sound  
Of those tribal bowling elders,  
Taking a break from the job,  
Holding forth in all manner and matters,  
Except political parties and creed,  
Much safer to stay with their bowling,  
Their football, sex and their speed;  
The fair sex gets occasional mention,  
But only in the context of dollage,  
By the thirsty old gaggle of blokes  
At that table of masculine Wisdom  
And boundless, unlimited Knowledge.

The day - we are told - is approaching  
When the club-rooms will get a new face,  
And there's a strong and persistent rumour  
That the hallowed old drinker's table  
Is unlikely to hold its place,  
With its beer-soaked chip-board surface,  
And its wonky and rusting legs;  
Some discerning members are saying  
It's a run-down grubby old relic

Like some of the gents who sit 'round it,  
A boozy and smelly disgrace!  
Well, it *has* done some sterling service -  
This much they're prepared to acknowledge,  
But now they aspire, to retrench and retire  
That famous old circular table  
Of unlimited bowling Wisdom  
And infallible General Knowledge.

Let's hope it will find a permanent home  
In the area set aside for the barbies,  
And who could object to that?  
Out there it would feel completely at home,  
With remnants of onions and gravy  
And lashings of barbecue fat.  
So whenever you visit the Bowling Club bar,  
Buying drinks and paying your tollage,  
Spare a thought for that iconic old table, now semi-retired,  
Which good men have sat 'round for years,  
Sharing their Wisdom and Knowledge.