

by Alistair Higham from 'Off The Frame -The Lighter Side of Tennis'.

www.offtheframe.co.uk

It's not exactly fast or slow,

Not grass, nor hard, nor clay,

It's not that strictly by the rules,

It's officially fit for play.

It's a different type of hard court,
Been repaired from patch to patch,
With different types of tarmac,
For a different type of match.

Its' net can let a ball through,
A basketball in fact,
Its' fence is kind of shipwrecked,
Its' lines are mostly cracked.

It suits my one-off hit-miss game,
And my mis-matched patchwork kit,
It's weathered like my chipped return
And my crosscourt drop miss-hit.

And it suit all kinds of game styles,
If you choose your place to play,
The far back downhill backhand court,
Is where you'll find the clay.

There's clumps of grass in the service box, If it's chip-charge in your heart, Though if you have an all-court game, You'll not know where to start.

You may prefer the uphill end,
Depending on the rain,
Coz the cracks around your service line,
Give the stream a place to drain.

It's at its' best in the wind and rain, Against a player who plays indoors, Who's never seen this type of court, With so many different floors,

A player with a silky swing path,
Who prefers a bounce that's true,
Who finds it hard to time the ball,
Where the tree roots' breaking through.

Hit that patch in the service box, For a sure-fire clean-roll ace; Hit the moss up by the baseline, Then watch your opponent's face.

It favours those who view it,
With an eye for a lucky patch,
Whose favourite bounce is bounceback,
Who has a plan to hatch

It'll give you hope of turning points, When your back's against the wall, A lucky bounce escape route, From a last-ditch hacked-back ball.

A chance to turn the tables,
To turn the match around,
From a floaty flicked-back flightpath,
That falls on stoney ground.

So look for the court that's overgrown,
With a net that's wearing thin,
Challenge those that play indoors
And plan your greatest win



TENNIS POEMS 22

TENNIS POEMS 23