

A SHUFFLER

A shuffler is one who takes to the game
Like a fish to the briny sea;
He pushes the discs with finesse and care
Like one with noblesse oblige.

At first he is meek—as a stranger afield;
He's a very complacent soul,
But soon his control is mastered, he thinks,
And tournament fields are his goal.

So the day arrives when he ventures forth
And plays with the best in the game,
But try as he will his score will not grow—
In the kitchen he dwells—in shame.

Another day, and more tournament play,
This time it will not be the same;
But try as he will he cannot fulfill
His dream to conquer the game.

Them morrow arrives—he hustles to play—
He hurries to start the game;
In spite of his aim, his score's a disgrace
Again the results are the same.

A friend volunteers to lend him a hand
And shows him the right course to take,
But later he knows the best thing to do,
So, he keeps on making mistakes.

Then, one day he meets a duffer supreme
He wins—and it tickles his heart;
Now he's assured that he mastered the game—
He knows he was right from the start.

—U. Michael Slater

Courtesy of What's What in Clearwater
