

A Shuffler's Prayer

Oh, weatherman, make a prediction so brief,
The elements will not open and cause us grief.
Please, please, rain – just stay away
Til the end of our season of shuffle play.

Keep the lines on the courts so very narrow,
Our sliding discs will cause no harrow,
The drift be smooth and very slight,
Not to give cause for concerns or plight.

May our opponent not be at his best,
'Twill make it easier to pass the test.
The kitchen's the problem for one and call,
It's a familiar sound ... we avoid that call.

The match is over, the game is done.
There is a loser, and a player has won.
Neither of the two could have been me
As I was designated the "Head Referee."

- Anne Cavanaugh