

SPOILSPORT

November's early warning in my knees
Requires me to unpack the heavy clothes
That hamper my golf game. The frosty breeze
Abuses my composure with a sneeze
As icy needles penetrate my nose.

I'm not exactly slipping out of sorts,
Or not preserving well with passing years.
I never lack for partners or escorts,
And still can hold my own in tennis shorts,
Returning summer's serves, and getting cheers.

Invading like a parasite, the cold
November wind impales me on its points.
I hover by the hearth to rub my joints
And bones that otherwise don't know they're old!