

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.

I move with ease right through October days.
But when raw wind impales me on its cold
And pewter sky infects me with malaise,
My body starts reminding me it's old!