

THE PLAYOFF

Royal Melbourne, His fuse now lit
Australian Open Victory's close he can taste his spit
He has risen now to feel the burn
But Riley's putt says it's not his turn
A fifty foot snake finds its way to the pin
But this is not the first loss, nor what might have been

Gone. Not forgotten, A mate from his youth
And if you think losing golf's hard
If you want the cold proof
It's saying goodbye that's the moment of truth

Stand quietly, Settle, his mind is clear and still
Sudden death playoff, crowd wants it's thrill
Focus, get behind it, Let the cup find it
He can do no more now but there's more here than skill

Lie quietly, lie still, It's a needle it hurts
Mummy, can I just take a pill
The free radicals that dance within so close to quiet
The chemotherapy should quell the riot

There's a hidden course beyond the pale
To hit a golf ball and watch it sail
What drives his driver
Who reads his lie
Who tees him up
And what make his try

Subclavian tubes connect straight to their head
But their connected to Robert
No matter how far apart
My childhood friend, I don't comprehend that we
Won't fight in this playoff and not win in the end

If there's one club that drives him
It's the child that survives him
And he keeps looking at the back of his hand
It's a difficult lie...Playing out of the sand
But he sees small faces in the gallery stand
He will carry the weight of a word they can't spell
And they carry his spirit when he's not playing well

When tourings hard, Your games in a rut
The mounting pressure to make the cut
Sponsor's threaten to end a contract
He calls time and on he's mobile he'll contact
A young friend whose playoff is not just a game
Whose loss means families are never the same
He declares Leukaemia ground under repair
And then he makes the cut
For families under despair

To Lose a golf ball is par for the course
To Lose a friend is a strange resource
The blood love that comes from umbilical cords
Is greater than golf and all it's rewards

At presentations the cheques not the payoff
It's when a young friend pulls thru
In their sudden death playoff

The challenge not charity
Has given him clarity
That score cards and cell counts are great in disparity

For most of us life is balanced and weighted
But for some that we love
Life is unfairly fated
But his spirit is gripped
And now the caddy's been tipped
And with whatever force on or off the golf course

If there's a playoff

Just Challenge me....

My names Robert Allenby

By Chris Driscoll