



the  
Dental Learning  
CENTRE

# The Passion of Golf

In my hand I hold a ball, white and dimpled, rather small.  
Oh how harmless it does appear, that innocent-looking little sphere.

By its size I could not guess, the awesome power it does possess.  
But since I fell beneath its spell, I've been through the fires of the place called hell.

And my life hasn't been quite the same, since I chose to play that game.  
It rules my mind for hours on end and a fortune so far, it has made me spend.

It has made me curse and frequently cry and hate myself and want to die.  
It promises me a thing called wonderful par, if I can hit it straight and far.

To master such a tiny ball, should not be very hard at all.

But my desires the ball sometimes refuses, and does exactly as it chooses.  
It hooks and slices and dribbles and dies, or disappears before my very eyes.

Often, it will have a whim to hit a tree or take a swim.  
With miles of grass on which to land, it finds that tiny patch of sand.

Then, has me offering my mortal soul, if it would first drop into that hole.  
It makes me whimper like a little pup and swear that I will just give it up.

And take to other things and ease my sorrow,  
but the ball just knows that I'll be back tomorrow.