

The Scribblers Art

@Alastair Allanach 2019

This is particularly difficult, firstly because I'm in the presence of published poets - Mary (show Mary's card), and Glyn (show his framed poem). Secondly, as Glyn and I know very well, the maximum grog-to-poem allowance is two pints, and I'm well South of that. Hey-ho.

There's an upstanding toast at the end of this, so if your glasses are surprisingly unfull, get them charged...and ready to be on your feet...

A tricky job, the scribbler's art,
Compared with Glyn, I'm just a fart..
..ther way from being good,
At making verses not too rude.

His recent ode, about the Club
Went down well with last week's grub
Neatly framed, it 'dorns the wall
Dilutes the din, the caterwaul

Cavy's Byron to my McGonagall
I'm hacker, cudgel to his prodigal
I Limp and stagger through the stanzas
My tragedies to his extravaganzas

This earthly group, with folk fair mixed
For twenty years, have fought, transfixed
We never know our playing partners
Till just before, (then) we're Kings, or Martyrs

On court, in bar, and dining out (politely)
We rarely fight, well ... just about
The odd wee scuffle, but the odd expload
That's our effin' point, you effin' toad

Chuzza McGee, his strokes with flourish
Likened to a whirling dervish,
Slashing, striding, quasi-crack pot
With his once (twice?) annu-al drop-shot
.....
Seafood, haddock, turbot, hakes
Chazza's always on his Skates

His lefty colleague Hibee **Keith**
HAS the bit between his teeth,
The fast-black boy with ping-pong skills,
Boasts, drives, drops,- nae fancy frills

Simon White, financial Wizard
A.K.A the on-court lizard
Skilfully creeps about the court
Investing wisely in his sport

Dr Hogg, perhaps our most adept?
But avoirdupois, has slowed his step,
His magic Quadrille, sometimes gallus,
Akin the lobster's dance in 'Alice'

We've loved our trips to Gorgie parts,
And Fabby trips on **Queen** of Hearts
Where Makis hostel, Tel-e-silla,
I can only rhyme with 'Heid the Ba' (very appropriate)

And what of **Glyn**, poetic scribbler
Post eight pints, the demon dribbler
Now nearly back to perfect form
Recovered from his turn 'abnorm'

Next up is Costermonger **John**,
Absent, distant, yet not forlorn
Left us with his Fettes wench
Feisty Karan, 'escaped' his wrench

Alors, the late great **John McB**
A man with artificial knee (s)
Returned to fight on other days
But sadly claimed by illness grave

Then enter egghead, quizboy **Col**
Hits a mean old racketball
Doric, Mags and Dons fanatic
Runs our 'Club' with style phlegmatic

Rod the God, the Toffee Man
Pad-el arranger, Custod-ian
We recollect his neat drop shot
Disguised and skilful, hit the spot!

Bernadette, you are included
In this parable-undiluted
The single lady in the Padel squad
But with a forehand, hit like God!

And what of me, the strolling bard
Methinks I'm eldest, and slight retard?
Slowest moving, heading North not South
Did someone mention blabbermouth!?

Now if your name has not been mentioned...
Worry not, this verse intentioned
Mary, librettist extraordinaire
And Lindsay, for Keith - you're always there

Charge your drinks...

In conclusion, I trust no name omitted
Even those who may be Guttled...
Agin the odds, we made it here
So raise a glass to 'a fab next year'.