

## A Poem for Old Rugby Players

*When the battle scars have faded and the truth becomes a lie  
And the weekend smell of liniment could almost make you cry.  
Have a good hard look old son! That face is not that great  
The nose that takes a sharp turn sideways used to be dead straight.*

*You're an advert for arthritis, you're a thoroughbred gone lame  
Then you ask yourself the question: why the hell you played the game?  
Was there logic in the head knocks, in the bruises and in the cuts?  
Did common sense get pushed aside by manliness and guts?*

*Do you sometimes sit and wonder why your time would often pass  
In a tangled mess of bodies with your head up someone's arse?  
With a thumb hooked up your nostril scratching gently on your brain  
And an overgrown Neanderthal rejoicing in your pain!*

*It's almost worth admitting, though with some degree of shame  
That your wife was right in asking why the hell you played the game?  
Why you'd always rock home legless like a cow on roller skates  
After drinking at the clubhouse with your low down drunken mates.*

*From the first time that you laced a boot and tightened every stud  
That virus known as rugby has been living in your blood  
When you dreamt it, when you played it, all the rest took second fiddle  
Now you're standing on the sideline, but your hearts still in the middle.*

*And no matter where you travel, you can take it as expected  
There will always be a breed of people hopelessly infected  
You see – that's the thing with rugby, it will always be the same  
And that, I guarantee, is why the hell you played the game!*