

Ode to Grandma

by Avogadro

We say (no contrition); That part of our mission
Is to spread some sweetness and light
We achieve that objective; With lots of invective
Which helps explain our plight

Every bridge session there's much indiscretion
So, we are almost stars (from the screen)
But our hopes are uplifted; our performances shifted
By stars whose brilliance is routine

Tom and Finola are rarely flaitheulach;
If anything, they are mean.
Declarer play fearless, defence always peerless
(For us) ne'er a top, more often a duck's to be seen.

On the leaderboard they sit atop
They hardly need their brows to mop
Normal service never ceases
On their face you'll not see creases

Outright tops are hardly rare
But, for us it's hard to bear
But there is always inspiration
Rather than our desperation

Soon, our names may top the list
With fortune good we may be kissed
Then we'll fly the Galway banner
Having displaced two from Fermanagh