

More Shakespeare

All the world's a bowling green,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being of seven ages. At first, merely a Lead,
Attempting to make his Skip look better than he really is.
Then as a Second, a whining sophomore, with his bag of bowls
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school. And then as the Third,
Sighing like a furnace as his Skip chokes once again. Then the Skip
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick with his drive shot,
Seeking redemption
Even as his bowl smashes into the bank, a shot missed once more.
And then the Umpire, with eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances; And so he plays his part.
The sixth age is the Coach training a new generation,
An often thankless chore but with the occasional reward.
The last scene of all shifts into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, always with advice, unsolicited.
And that ends our strange and eventful history.