

## The Lowly Lead

I approached the mat and the bowl was thrown.  
Everyone was silent and then a groan.  
The bowl was heavy and a little narrow.  
Into the ditch it rolled as shot like an arrow.

I tried again this time a little lighter.  
At first it appeared the result would be brighter.  
But now the hog line seemed so far away  
And my bowl was taken out of play.

My skip now tried to undo my mistake  
With a perfect bowl he tried to make.  
He delivered his bowl toward the jack  
And showed me that he has the knack.

As his bowl rolled along the green  
I saw in his eyes a sudden gleam.  
As his bowl approached the jack  
A toucher appeared to be a fact.

On the final end I delivered a back bowl  
And it seemed that I had achieved my goal.  
But then my opponent stepped up to the mat  
And delivered his bowl right onto the jack.

I stood on the mat and tried to think  
How my bowl would traverse the rink.  
Could my bowl somehow touch the jack  
And move the kitty further back.

I delivered my bowl and stood by  
Hoping the jack would move to lie  
Next to my back bowl which was near the ditch.  
And, Lo and behold, I pulled it off without a hitch!

And they say that the lowly lead  
Is nothing but an inferior breed.  
But today I demonstrated once again  
That the lowly lead can win the game.