

The Ritual Contest

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Your left knee start to tremble, your eyelids start to twitch

And somewhere near your elbow, you have an awful itch

Your mind starts to wander, across the land and seas

You think of all the places, you sure would rather be

Water trickles down your arm, and off your finger tips

Your tongue is a piece of rubber, between two burning lips

The Esquire is approaching, My God!! He's coming here!

You begin to doubt the wisdom of that last full glass of beer.

For now you have a feeling, somewhere down below

You're not really certain, But you think you have to go.

The moment has arrived, They're standing at your place!

You somehow struggle to your feet, A Smile upon your face.

You feel all eyes upon you, the practice hours tell

You start to say the words, and your voice begins to swell

Suddenly, it's over! The job you had is done!

The only thing remaining, Is if you lost or won.

And as you leave the contest room, Forgotten is the fear,

You know deep down inside that you'll be back again next year!