

The Japanese Washout

From Aussie shores left the Flanders team
To face Japan with pride to glean
To play cricket was the aim
But did not count on July and rain
20 – 20 game washed out
The second one went up the spout
“What wimps!” the boys all cried
At least they could have showed and tried

At first the rail was so detailed
Only two were could read the tale
But once they had it all worked out
There never was a single doubt
Not ticket; transfer, nor Midori line
Could make these Flanders boys mark time
So off to paint old Jap-an red
Never saw them early to bed.

“Climb Fuji with me” old Mattie said
But for some, a night climb was the stead
The older folk; a more subtle pace
Still had them puffed and flustered face
But never will they rue the day
They came to watch the Flanders play
Now we wait for tomorrow’s game
Can Japan cricket ever be the same
Will “Banzai” be the cry that’s heard, or
Will the Bonsai be interred?

Dr. Phil