

Recent Weekends**By John Harsen Rhoades**

Ever dropping.
Always hitting.
Cold as cold can be.
Splashing, spitting,
Constant dripping
Down my neck to knee.
Clubs are slipping,
Awful slicing,
Missing putts of three.
Puddles forming.
Feet are freezing
Waiting on the tee.
Specks are dimming.
Hopeless wiping,
Dreary things I see.
Misting, drenching.
Ever pelting
Saturated me.