

IN BEING THE NAME OF THE GAME – poetry, prose, essays and anecdotes – By
Arnold Bathersfield

TIME
IN TIME
I LEARN
HOW FORTUNATE WE ARE TO HAVE YOU.
YOU HAVE TAUGHT US
BY WAY OF DISCIPLINE
TRUE PRINCIPLE
BY WAY OF CULTURE
TRUE LIVING
BY WAY OF FIGHTING
TRUE STRENGTH
BY RESPECT
TRUE ENDURANCE
BY DIGNITY
TRUE LOVE
SOME OF US ADHERED
SOME JUST DON'T CARE
BUT
THE TEST IS ENDURANCE
SOME CALL YOU THE "SAGE"
THE YOUTHS "TALL ONE"
NOT TO YOUR FACE THOUGH
BUT
TIMES HAVE CHANGED
THE ELDERLY, SYDNEY, EUSI, AND TO MOST, IN
THOUGHT "MENTOR".
BABIES MAGNIFY THE RAYS RED, VIOLET OF BLUE
AND
WITH DELIGENCE YOU BECKONED
WHILE THE YOUTHS CHANT "WE ARE READY!
WE ARE READY!
AND
THE ELDERLY STUMBLE
"FREEDOM OR BONDAGE"
BUREAUCRATS
SCRAMBLE AIRPORTS OR SEA

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AND
THE DISGRUNTED, MANY IN UNIFORM RUN TO-AND-FRO
WHILE
THE WORKERS AND SUPPORTERS MARCHED ON THE LAND
AND
THE EMITTED ENERGY COMES FROM THE SUN
AS YOUR EYES GLITTER
WE REFLECT
TREES SWAYED NEGATING THE MOOD OF THE DAY
THE BELL TOLL
IGNITING THE HEAVENS.
STARS RADIATE
THE MOON GLOSS
AS THE SPIRITS
ABOVE AND BENEATH
UNITE IN FLESH
SINGING THE CELESTIAL SONG AND “YOU” ARE IN ONE WITH ALL

IN TIME.

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