

Poem: Table Tennis Titans

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Posted On: October 20, 2014



Spun into the corner,
Sliced into the net.
Smashed into the cosmos,
Flying like a jet.

A fearsome falchion forehand,
A backhand bayonet.
Inverting and diverting,
Then unerringly converting,
A blazing, bludgeoned ball.

A fiendish forehand,
A brutish backhand,
And a stupendous smash ties this clash
Thirteen-all.

In a furious flurry of ballistic ball-pounding
An enthralled audience's cheers are resounding,
For this dazzling display of pulsating ping pong
That they wish would continue to thrill all night long.

As many a stunned spectator perspires
The ultimate end to this game that inspires
Yields a standing ovation for what they have seen
And the startling scoreline of nineteen-seventeen.

By Daniel Chapman

October 2014

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