

# Poem: Table Tennis Titans

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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**  
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