

Ode to a Prop

It was midway through the season
we were just outside the four
and although I know we won it
I can't recall the score.

But there's one thing I remember
and to me it says a lot
about the men who front the scrum -
the men we call "the props".

We won a lineout near half way
the backs went on a run
the flankers quickly ripped the ball
and second phase was won.

Another back then crashed it up
and drove towards the line
another maul was duly set
to attack it one more time.

The forwards pushed and rolled that maul
They got the tough set the ball up to a tee
the last man in played tight head prop
and wore the number "3"

The ball was pushed in to his hands
he held it like a beer
then simply dropped to score the try -
his first in 15 years.

Then later, once the game was done
he sat amidst his team
he led the song and called himself
the try scoring machine.

But it wasn't till the night wore on
that the truth was finally told
just two beers in, he'd scored the try
and also kicked the goal.

At 6 o'clock the try was scored
by barging through their pack

he carried two men as he scored
while stepping 'round a back.

By seven he'd run twenty yards
out sprinting their quick men
then beat the last line of defence
with a "Jonah Lomu" fend.

By eight he'd run from near half way
and thrown a cut out pass
then looped around and run again
no-one was in his class.

By nine he'd run from end to end
his teammates stood in awe
he chipped and caught it on the full
then swan dived as he scored.

By ten he'd drunk a dozen beers
but still his eyes did glisten
as he told the story of "that try"
to anyone who'd listen.

His chest filled up, as he spoke,
his voice was filled with pride
he felt for sure he would be named
the captain of that side.

By nights end he was by himself
still talking on his own
the club was shut, the lights were out
his mates had all gone home.

And that's why I love my front row -
they simply never stop
and why I always lend an ear
when a try's scored by a prop