

To the people who have the West Norwood Lawn Tennis Club in their clutches

I despise myself:

For despising you when I watch you as I pass by

Playing tennis

When you want to

In your old backyard

Which is now ours.

You have moved away

And return in your cars

On Wednesdays and Weekends.

The club used to be open

But now it is closed

To a self-selected few

Who seek personal profit

From crowding our skies and our streets.

Those who gave life to the club

Would despise you too

For the loss of this space

To those not yet born

And the money you will make

From running the club down.

Pragmatism versus romanticism?

Perhaps. But you are getting older

And one day will no longer play

This game you loved in your youth;

But you will be better off in your pocket

And with the windfall from the sale of the land

Be able to retire more comfortably

With fond memories of the game

That you were the last to play

At the tennis club in West Norwood

Now gone before you

In perpetuity.