

When All My Brothers Slaved Away In Class *(for Mum)*

For Seamus, it was Sunday peeling spuds;
For me the hallowed turf of Wimbledon.
She kept me off that day, *(back then you could)*,
and I assumed the rank of honoured son.
The solid, but unfancied, Miss Ann Jones
was up against the awesome Billie Jean,
on Centre Court, our TV monochrome,
though now full-colour on my memory screen.
When all my brothers slaved away in class
And dad worked on the line in Ellesmere Port,
We cheered each volley, double fault and smash,
Brought closer than we'd ever been, by sport.
All hers, as Jones snatched immortality,
That Friday afternoon, just mum and me.