



Irene, Tetherball Queen

Like a nimble ballerina,
She'll rise up on her toes,
To swat the orb into orbit;
Around the pole it goes.
A crowd surrounds the white circle,
Watching the yellow sphere.
The ball and string it's tethered to,
Like magic disappear.
She's the best kid at tetherball,
The playground's ever seen.
No one in school can put her out,
Irene, Tetherball Queen.

She's neither strong or very long;
Sweet timing is her skill.
She picks her hits and knows the tricks,
To help her make a kill.
Way high and fast, the ball blows past.
She never lets it stop.
When the rope winds, the T-pole finds,
A turban at its top.
Won't make a lick of difference,
When she becomes a teen,
For now may she enjoy her rein,
Irene, Tetherball Queen.