

Celebration

In days of yore, upon the field,
Jubilation was concealed,
There were no screams or lion's roars,
Just a handshake or polite applause,
No congregation or cock-a-hoop,
No aeroplane wings or loop-de-loop.
I often marvel, or think 'how quaint',
At how they managed such restraint,
It is a skill that has been lost,
And whether this was at great cost,
Is a matter for debate.
But how could one profess to hate,
Seeing joy and glee expressed,
With commiseration, praise and jest?
Happiness is contagious;
Wild celebration is not outrageous.