

There is a sport
Where you drive in a car
You don't go fast
You don't go far

There's a wheel and a seat
And tires on hubs
A place for the golfers
Their beers and some clubs

Some are electric
Some are gas
They ride on a path
Then onto the grass

Tug on the belt
With a catchy latch
Snuggle it safe
With a '*clicky clutch*'

Ride side by side
On solid ground
Around the bunkers
And out-of-bounds

You step on the pedal
To the ball where it landed
The brake is the same
If you're right or left-handed

Happy the times in a cart
You are spending
The envy of all
Your cart is ***trending!***



CART TREND

Poem & Illustrations: Editor

