

If the brain

was a muscle,

Ravi would be a weightlifter.

He's brilliant at chess,

wins masses of medals.

His dad drives him to competitions:

whole weekends on the road

in their battered black Escort.

When I see him beating

sixth-formers on the chess tables

in the square,

out-thinking them by miles,

I think

my best mate

might be a genius –

but then he gets up

& trips over

his laces.