

## A TRIBUTE

An old man sits with drooping eyes  
with shaking hand he heaves with sighs  
His mouth sags open with strings of drool  
and babbles to people just like a fool

The eyes that droop were one time true  
his hands created what he wanted them to  
His mouth was set with stubborn pride  
as he walked in life with a determined stride

Giving no thought to the time to come  
he planted a garden and gave away some  
He worked to provide the family's needs  
and pulled a few fish from watery reeds

He built a home with his own hand  
while years poured out like hourglass sand  
He raised his family as all men should  
and provided for them as best he could

His youth and strength began to fade  
so he retired to the life he had made  
He became sluggish and his hand shook  
as Parkinson Disease his vigor took

He sits in his chair and relives the past  
in his mind only do things really last  
I wish there was a way to let him know  
he is my Daddy and I love him so

*Nora R. Hobbs*