

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