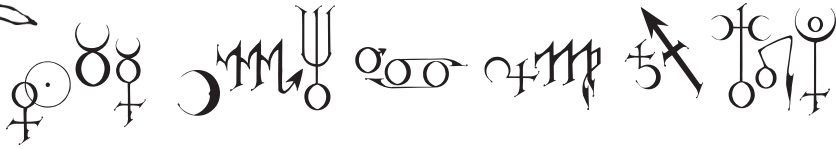


Dave



Singing hammers strike silver marks,
Ringing wrenches showering sparks,
One part green thing three parts music –
Mysteries from back before Jurassic.

Days filled with sweets and humming,
Pencils tapping tables drumming –
Business sense and circumspect,
Ever in wonder what comes next.

Practical minded down to Earth,
Remembers special mother's day birth –
You ain't seen nothin' like stubborn yet,
Like to fly, honey, he's jet.

Corner of chaos an out-dated order,
No one knowin' which way the border –
Lucky for us we got him here,
Bringing us heaven one step nearer.

