

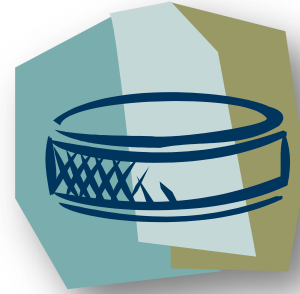
Silver Skates

Shiny silver skates cut a path on the ice

A lone figure whizzes quickly by

Deep etched grooves embedded so nice

His speed increases appearing to fly



The smooth curved blade of his aluminum stick

Cradles and shelters the puck from all others

No wasted motion carrying the round rubber disk

He moves farther and farther away from his brothers

Opposing team members in futile pursuit

Of the smooth flowing player beyond their reach

The child fakes left then right before he shoots

The vulcanized rubber sails into the breach



Such a small boy yet playing with ease

He's grown so fast from twig to a tree

Always working hard and trying to please

My grandson the gift for which I thank Thee