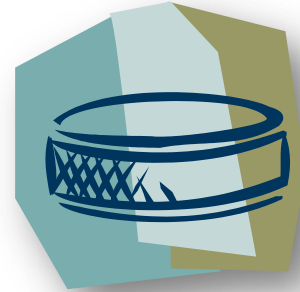


# Silver Skates

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Shiny silver skates cut a path on the ice  
A lone figure suddenly 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 further and further 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 a twig to a tree  
Always working hard and trying to please  
My grandson the gift for which I thank Thee