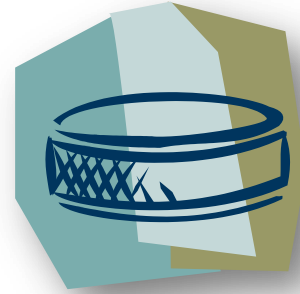


Silver Skates

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