

Ð **



Hawk high up soaring fields of goldenrod,
Beneath clouds misbehaving nothing odd,
Lots of work and hours long –
Aware right here's where he belongs.

Like to know his reasoned thoughts,
His balanced proofs, his do's and oughts –
Honesty taught him under the hood,
Clarity came with sweat and blood.

To these gifts a passing angel added,
The "You-can-fix-Anything" this time card –
"What's the problem?" I hope he asks,
Always one to finish every task.

Charming host receiving each guest,
Whatever he does he does his best –
And somehow you were always there,
He would never go without you anywhere.