

In the woods of yesteryear,  
When wine was wine and beer was beer,  
A seed fell down upon the ground  
And other seeds fell all around.  
And then they all began to grow;  
Some were fast and some were slow.  
The first seed, who was known as Joe  
Was much more fast than he was slow.  
All the seeds grew into trees  
And stood around to shoot the breeze:  
"As sailboat mast I'll travel ~~fast~~<sup>on</sup>,"  
Said tall and skinny, salty Don.  
"A flagpole is the life for me,"  
Said Abe who would let flag flap free.  
"You guys are thinking way too small,  
Wait until you're big and tall;  
I'll be a boat, my every plank  
And sail the seas," said sturdy Hank.  
"You be planks, but I'll be logs,"  
Said Joe, who towered over fogs.  
"From logs they'll build a cabin big,  
Where Miss Irene can dance a jig."  
All these things came as they should,  
Now see what here is made of wood.  
Joe's a cabin big and strong,  
Standing here for years so long.  
So wave as Hank and Don sail by  
Speak to Abe when flag is high.  
Now celebrate mid logs with cheer,  
And think of seeds of yesteryear;  
Irene have a good birthday,  
And say "Hello!" to Joe today.

Jim Markham,  
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Happy Birthday, Irene!

Jim