

Happy Birthday Irene: Ninety-One

Once in an August so green
A baby girl came on the scene;
Their wishes fulfilled,
Her parents were thrilled;
And they named their new baby Irene.

Growing up in the land in between
Ocean blue and the inland all green,
She'd often escape
To visit Arch Cape;
And that was Irene as a teen.

She drove 'round Hug Point in a car
Before roads extended that far,
Then drove down the beach
The cabin to reach,
Where Bert then threw open his bar.

Then she lived in some far-away places,
Experienced some hot desert spaces;
But in each new scene,
The star was Irene,
As she smiled at all those hot faces.

Then fearing she would turn into toast,
And no longer wanting to roast,
She left those hot places
And wide-open spaces
And skedaddled right back to the Coast.

After years on the Coast with much fun,
For Irene a new age has begun:
On this Saturday,
We just want to say:
"Happy Birthday Irene: Ninety-One!"

Jim Markham, August 2012