



Forever Young

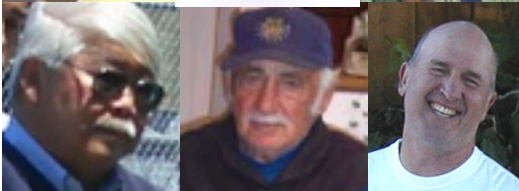
These friends of mine
With wrinkled cheeks
And eyes that shine,
With graying heads
And smiles so kind--
Players of tennis,
Cheaters of time.



Young at heart
These friends of ours
With leathery arms
And battle scars.
Hiding within
An impish child,
A prankster Puck,
A kid so wild.



We laugh, we vie,
We tease, we boast:
Who are these guys
We're going to roast?
The birthday boys await.
What torment is anon...
for Gruntin' Richard, E-mail Steve,
Sidelined Joe, or Cardshark Don?



Yet head and shoulders
Above most all
Stood out one youth
So very tall,
Who learned to hit
That little ball
Before most of us
Could even crawl.



Yep, it's Shufflin' Don,
Ninety-eight years young,
Who graced our courts
So loosely strung
And taught us to play
with humor and fun
On the court or off.
I never saw him run.



Thanks for all, guys & Don,
From one of many friends
Keeping us forever young.
My gratitude I send.



-Jobar Feb.22, 2012
your "designated legs"

