



Noah's Poem



Books to A Young Boy

Young boy's thoughts, hov'ring o'er his bed
Bringing kingdoms to life in his head,
Rivers to swim in, mountains to climb,
Myst'ry perceived, magic places, lost time.
Treasure transformed, lifted off of the page,
When the playground is sleep, when a dream is the stage.

Where champions reign, and dragons must die,
'Tween the covers of books, great dreams come alive,
Crusoe and D'Artagnan, Musketeers and Beau Geste,
And fifteen pirates on one dead man's chest,
King Arthur, round tables, nocked arrows, King's wood,
Sharp swords, tender maidens, brave knights, Robin Hood,
Shipwrecks, desert islands, tall ships spaceward bound,
Have Spacesuit, Will Travel to Paradise found.

The Center of Earth, no longer concealed,
Dark sides of the moon, and of man, are revealed.

Exploring with Sawyer, and floating with Finn,
Dreaming adventures he yearns to live in,
The boy lies sleeping, wide awake in his head,

There he lives,
Striding boldly
Through the stories he's read.



With Great Love,
Your Grandad

December, 2006