

Bob Turns Forty

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One day in November that felt more like December a new baby boy was born,
With sandy blond hair and bright blue eyes fair and a smile that could melt any scorn.
His nose had a wrinkle and his eyes had a twinkle and a gleam that no one could rob,
The parents of the boy, with heart swelling joy, dubbed this curious little man "Bob".

As time went by, he would laugh and cry and learn many ways to have fun.
He learned how to crawl and he learned how to fall and eventually he learned how to run.
He learned to play and love each new day and enjoy the warmth of the sun,
He learned to speak and within one short week came the phrase "Have a good one".

Everyone could see, and seemed to agree that the boy was an overachiever.
His small muscles grew and his character was true and he approached his work with a fever.
But as he got older and people got bolder, they slowly began to surmise
Something was queer, something severe, concerning the little guy's size.

Just when it seemed that life was serene, and nothing could get in his way,
One April morn a new boy was born and his whole world changed on that day.
His father and mother had brought him a brother, someone with whom to play tag,
But to the baby's chagrin, the truth soon settled in: he was the new punching bag.

The baby was coy and fun to annoy and had a strong need to please
He craved affection and needed protection from a brother who loved to tease.
But his smile was rich and his eyes were warm and his behavior could be quite funny.
The boy's name was Marc and his nature was dark, his disposition not always so sunny.

The new little brother worshipped the other and followed him everywhere he went.
But the older son was an independent one and resented the attention he spent.
And although disappointed with feelings disjointed a lesson was slowly unfurled.
For the little one learned by being so spurned to make his own way in the world

The years went by in the blink of an eye and the brothers would soon coexist
They shared some games and they shared some pains and they exchanged many a fist.
And onto this stage of drama and rage, entered another young actor.
A new little brother with a face like none other, his presence was a calming factor.

The two made amends and the three became friends as each blossomed in his own way.
Bob's love was sports, and building tree forts, and neighborhood baseball play.
Marc's love was books, and playing in brooks, and music and magic and games.
Rich was outgoing, with charm overflowing, his friends made a long list of names.

As they grew up together through fair and foul weather the boys formed the closest of teams.
They learned from father and mother and they learned from each other and they began to follow their dreams.
And when it seemed late, again in walked fate with something new to see.
Amidst awe and surprise, a new sister arrived to join this band of three.

The boys were now older and each one would hold her and cuddle her close for a while.
She laughed and she cried, and they audibly sighed, so smitten were they by her smile.
They taught her to walk and they taught her to talk and they taught her to laugh at the world.
And in this arena, the baby named Dina turned into a bright young girl.

Fate would arrange that over time things would change, as each grew in his or her way.
They all went to college to gather some knowledge or at least so their parents would pray.
All four were married, and sometimes were harried by the frantic pace of their day.
But they each share their lives with husbands and wives and family easing the way.

We meet here today to honor the way, old Bob has come of age.
He's been our teacher and he's been our preacher and for the most part he's been very sage.
It's nice to pay, such tribute today, for now he begins a decline.
In truth I must say, that his age on this day, is slightly above thirty nine.

In software creation, his chosen vocation, Bob demands quite a high price.
Firms know his name, from PC to mainframe, 'cause he's worked for each one of them twice.
Bob runs so much, in marathons and such, you might think he's flipped his lid.
But the truth is his running is somewhat more cunning, he's running away from his kids.

Bob life is so busy it seems a real pity, his job's a continual crisis.
He gets home late, he's asleep before eight, leaving Carol to her own devices.
Bob's an interesting guy, I cannot deny, but his taste is somewhat bizarre.
He's strangely delighted and visibly excited by a used luxury car.

So let's share a toast to our elderly host, who's nice enough to forgive
The way that I try to magnify the number of years that he's lived.
As old age impedes and his hairline recedes, at the dawn of another great year
I hope he realizes that the biggest surprise is - it's all downhill from here!