

Roamin with Dave

By Glenn Currier

I thought I heard that great Bates boom
then I saw him in the back of the room
and from that practical critical mind
he spoke an idea he'd carefully refined.

Over West Virginia hills you can hear his voice
and for a good laugh the limerick is his choice.
From that active mind he liberally speaks -
by heart he can say poems for weeks.

His heart is as large as his country frame
and he cares not if you've got status or fame
he listens and hears the sound of your soul
makes a diamond from your hunk of coal.

If you've listen to his friends you've heard
that David Bates is a man of his word.
If he commits he carries through
and he'll speak out for you if you're true.

You seldom see him get haughty
but he does get risqué and naughty
with stories of body parts and congress in bed -
oh how he makes his poor wife turn red.

Yes, he does have a rough and tough side
but his eyes moisten with gentle pride
speaking of soldiers and valor and pain
the frail but the brave of the human terrain.

No other can compare or even come close
to the drama in his voice telling of blows
on the nails that hung Christ to that awful cross
to the sound of that pain and that terrible loss.

We are grateful to him for staying and listening
to our poems - for his eyes dancing and glistening
for the sound of his laughter and his praise
for the attention to our words that he pays.

We're also grateful for his loving wife
who's stood with him throughout his life,
for the interest in us she's shown
for the support from her we've known.

As for Dave - who could be untouched or unmoved
or fail to have their troubled heart smoothed
by his poems far from the clattering mills
where we find him in his golden autumn hills.

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