

## Good Health

*Bob Poe*

The little lad could scarcely raise his head above the mattress  
But when he smiled at family round, he charmed them like an actress.  
“He’s strong and healthy,” Mother smiled. “He’ll grow” Dad said, “to be a man”.  
“Healthy as a foal,” his grandpa said, and shook proud Papa’s hand.

The lad went off to school, to learn, and grew in height and weight.  
He soon excelled in running games, and ate, and ate, and ate.  
His mother beamed, and sewed, and cooked, and showed her boundless pride.  
“Healthy as a colt,” his granddad said, with smile a mile wide.

The lad grew up, and college called; he quickly earned his letters.  
His classroom efforts he maintained; competing with his betters.  
“He’ll do all right,” his father said, “that strapping son of mine.”  
“Healthy as a horse,” his grandfather said. The old horse died at 29.