

# CONTRACTOR *Love* POEM

by Suzanne Breistol

The alarm goes off  
To greet a new day  
I turn on the light  
To guide my way

Two feet touch the floor  
I head through the door  
To a working commode, shower and sink  
Then to the kitchen for food and drink

Then into my car to embrace the roads  
Travel the bridges, tunnels and tolls  
Out my window I take in the sights  
Hospitals, schools, hotels, planes taking flight

Inside me a new passion arises  
As I realize then there is no disguising  
The lives we live are greater each day  
Because of the contractors who made it that way!

The electrician, the plumber, the carpenter and crew  
Without each of them what would we do?  
Each talented contractor general or trade  
How else would all have been made?

Our houses, our roads, places of work and of play  
We could dream and design them day after day  
But without the contractor to bring it to life  
It stays just a plan with no execution in sight

Craftsman they're called for obvious reasons  
Without their talents just imagine our seasons...  
The beach house, the ski lodge, the place to take view  
The race track, the theme park, the resorts all of new

None of the above would exist to take pleasure in  
Thank you Contractors for sharing your talents within  
The world doesn't always view you in love  
It's now obvious to me, you're a

*gift from Above!*

