

A GIRL I KNOW!

Her name is Cindy, she grew up on a farm.
She's a beautiful woman with talent and charm.

From pioneer stock, her lineage is secure,
Tenacity and grit, they belong to her.

Work is her ethic, speed is her game.
A task completed, this is her aim.

She's fun, she's funny, she's contagious I say.
Besides her work this girl likes to play!

Spontaneous, unpredictable, that's the way she was made,
Gorgeous and sexy, her youth does not fade.

At eight years old the girl drove a truck,
Hauling wheat to town, it was more than just luck.

Only girls in this family, no boys to work,
She was down in the grime and covered with murk.

The little girl drove a tractor, an adult she became.
With eyelashes and lipstick to the field she came.

Irrigation pipe was carried, she worked like a dog.
Nothing was beneath her, all the work she would hog.

It's a computer world now and here she thrives.
The keyboard is dancing as the stock market dives.

If her stocks were not sold, this we know,
It's not because the keys were moving too slow.

Constantly I chase her around the bedroom at night,
And also in the daytime, but she usually takes flight.

On occasion I catch her and this I know,
The wait is worth it when she does not say no!

This beauty was prom queen a few years back,
It was obvious then she possessed the knack.

To accomplish goals, she set out to do,
Perseverance and confidence, these are hers too.

Ten years on the ambulance, as if spare time she had,
Many lives she has touched, these people are glad.

From a church, a community, a small town she came,
To the city where many would soon know her name.

High spirited for sure she never slows down,
We all know she has the best show in town.

Travel and tours are the agenda now.
Africa, Europe, Asia, oh wow!

Her smile is beautiful and genuine indeed.
It draws you in, she takes the lead.

She's a scrapper like her daddy; she does pay her dues.
If you challenge her in battle, just prepare to lose!

As a child on the playground she could whip the boys.
You would hear them bawling, oh, what a noise!

Flip the coin over, only kindness is there,
Her body is full of love and of care.

Mama Cindy, her grandkids coined a term.
They're spoiled, she loves them and can not be firm.

She waits on everyone within her reach,
Her time is divided and devoted to each.

We stand in line to receive our turn,
We bask in her praise and for it we yearn.

She's flying through life like a gold winged dove,
Every facet of this diamond I know and I love!

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