

Fuser

for John Frederick Zender

*for his 50th birthday from Michelle and Charlie*

We gather here to celebrate  
a man who's at this table.

Truth be told he is old  
but age is just a label.

He doesn't let it get him down,  
he doesn't let it stop him.

How many people do we know  
who risk their every limb?

He does it all no matter what  
as long as danger's there  
Survival is his second thought  
He's got that savoir faire

He jumps, he rides, he paraglides  
He polishes the dancefloor  
He welds, he burns, on 8 he turns  
He always wants to dance more

You always go the extra mile  
We're not certain how you do it.  
At any sign you'll make the time  
And always will snap to it

He loves great height and fast speed  
the adventure of the ride  
Yet rarely does he stall or fall  
Or tumble down a slide

When he was young we had our doubts  
He would found a family  
Now Kiya and Yan make this man  
Their patriarch and FOB

Let's remember Rex and Juice

also dwell in his great house.  
Where oblique angles, purple walls,  
signal passions never doused.

He rarely sleeps, he hardly eats,  
And always he's on call.  
Could be that Mama's on the phone,  
or Dad took his latest fall.

He's really hardly aged at all.  
In fact he's just a child.  
He's doing things he did way back.  
It seems he's just as wild.

At Burning Man for fifteen years  
We've seen his theme camp grow  
Now Hardly Davidson Caf's  
Drinks make the burners crow

Let us toast the guest of honor here  
before we turn too misty  
And extend the poem to honor him  
the next time he adds fifty

Half Moon Bay, California, March, 2012