

# Eleven years ago

Eleven years ago the job became mine  
To write the annual poem and make the words rhyme  
In an attempt to recap the year that has past  
I'll try to enlighten you; right down to the last

The birth of our Savior from heaven above  
'tis the season of friendship, forgiveness, and love  
Please let us express these meanings so grand  
Turn now to someone and shake their hand

Bill Landis continues the groove fest review  
Our favorite bands remain while adding some too  
There's jazz, blues, and folksongs; many favorite hits  
Let it not be forgotten, they are playing for tips

Scotty leads the band in a T-Bone Walker song  
When Rick Burke is here, we can all sing along  
Brandon Findlay takes us down Telecaster road  
While Tina works the mic; can the amp take the load?

Forget not the players who remain in the back  
It's not for inability or something they lack  
The star that's out front might be in the light  
But it takes the whole band to the make music right

The Copa it seems didn't have what it takes  
To keep the place going; too many bad breaks  
Lately there have been stripers and an all male review  
What will be next? I haven't a clue

I'd tell you of the improvements here in two thousand eleven  
But then I'd be lying and might not get to heaven  
In lieu of improvements, the prices pretty much stay  
Moe says "what the heck, it's always been this way"

Not much else to tell you all here tonight  
Hopefully I've gotten everything right  
It might be the end of the poem this year  
But the party will continue, with Merry Christmas cheer

**Michael David Dennis**  
**12 December, 2011**