

Ode to Spam

Oh sweet memories of boyhood you beget
Sandwiches in Dad's black lunchbox I cannot forget
A thermos above an apple with cheese beside
Hardy lunches for the shop it did provide
My Dad at work with his sandwich of Spam

From the Spring of '46 until the Fall of '79
Progress Tool and Die is where he spent his time
Lunching with Joe, Bubbles, Bob and crew
And stories 'bout most any subject to chew
My Dad at work with his sandwich of Spam

Six days a week arose as mom put coffee to brew
Lovin' conversations nothing particular you knew
Would mummer into my night's awakening
Then I'd hear the old Chevy's engine start shaking
Dad headed to work with his sandwich of Spam

About once a decade the routine he'd abandon
Pimento cheese would be his short lived stand in
Just maybe a week -- could not be long bared
Lunch box again filled with its usual fare
Dad headed to work with his sandwich of Spam

Then came retirement -- sweet time had flown
And sadly mom left him too soon all alone
Yet in the fridge you could usually find
Meal makin's he could enjoy and then dine
Dad at work with his sandwich of Spam

Don Adams

On Bethel Pond, March, 2023