

ODE TO A SLICE OF THE PIE

By John Sweeney – November 1, 2007

In a search to recapture a memory or two
I think of reunions, as we all tend to do.
We gaze in the mirror of good times gone by
To remember the best – how the years seem to fly.

The Captran days were the best in my life
Filled with great hope, good friends and rife
With pursuit of challenging dreams
Of attainment, joy, and some devious schemes.

We were led by the man with a vision in tow
KWT in red was his trademark you know.
He had the plan, and it rose up to heaven
In the little beach office back of 7-11.

How lucky we were at the edge of a time
When we were the leaders on top...in our prime
We paved a new road that many would follow
But now they're up front and we're in the hollow.

But that's OK man, 'cause we were the best!
We showed them the way from east to the west.
With sharpness and smarts and yeah dedication
We showed the whole world how to vacation.

I guess we come back to cast out a net
To gather up thoughts and reality...yet
It seems so close now, like we never grew up
We sigh and look back, and drink deep from the cup.

Both glad and sad times have moved us along
We remember the crew and others now gone.
We'll come back again - if we're alive
Just to see who's still fat and who has survived.

In twilight, I turn to days that won't fade
Oh, Captran crew, what an impact we made.
It started out folks with a good solid base
That bolstered us up in life's hectic pace.

In our continuing quest to turn back time
We seek out friends and moments sublime.
We bask in the warmth of yesterday's sun
It was poignant for all...but assuredly fun.

It's nice for an evening to just reminisce
Of days so care free, like a child's fleeting kiss.
For the present we live, for the future we pray
The past makes us young once again for a day.

We worked and we loved some more than others
But I wouldn't trade it if I had my druthers.
We reached out and grasped at a tenuous tether
That binds and unites us forever together.

What made Captran great? It's quite hard to say
We all view the dawn in our own unique way.
And now thinking back we wonder with awe
And cling to each other to see what we saw.

Our dreams were not selfish, that's easy to see.

We cared for each other and that makes us free
To ring loud the tocsin, pass on the baton,
With love and affection, we wave and move on.

How silly it is to cling to the past
Say cynics and grumblers...old times don't last.
Yet all of us know to the depth of our soul
What we were then, makes us tempered and whole.

We'll stand for a moment in silence to say
Goodbye to our friends now gone from the fray.
In spirit we feel them among us no less
May they all rest in peace, apart from life's stress.

Some of the group - with repairs - look the same
While others have spent more time in the game.
Still others have changed – more skin and less hair
And after one dance reach out for a chair.

Some waists are bigger, jowls do abound
We talk about ailments, but listeners aren't found.
And mention of sizes some wore on their clothes
Are whispered real quick when gals powder their nose.

The story we lived can't really be told.
It's part of a life we had growing old.
For a few, life's been golden – for others bereft
Sadly, memories are all that some really have left.

But when we look back, it was solid and real.
Scoffers can laugh but never will feel
The bond that was forged...and unbroken still

As we gaze at each other going over the hill.

Take out some time, a moment or two

To think of Captran...it was real, it was true.

Let's head for the bar for a laugh not a cry

'Cause we all had a share in "a slice of the pie."