

## I'm a Sculpture Serendipitous

*(The idea of Sam's Sculpture Park came after reading about the Tom Fiorini Sculpture Yard in Lenox, Massachusetts)*

I'm a sculpture serendipitous  
Whom chance has made bicipitous;  
But not a Beeblebrox-like humanoid.  
My maker, Sam, did driftwood find  
That happily did call to mind  
Twin heads with features surely ornithoid.

The beaks seemed vaguely aquiline,  
Suggesting to him that design  
Of double-headed eagles he had seen  
On flags and on heraldic charges  
On coats of arms and shields and targes,  
And palaces abroad where Sam had been.

And so he took that wood away  
And in his workshop there it lay  
With plastic bits and metal scraps and stone -  
Discarded objects of all sorts,  
Tin cans and jade and lumps of quartz,  
And antique things of ivory and bone.

Through serendipity Sam found  
Along the wayside on the ground  
What some called trash but he called lucky finds;  
With these he fashioned works of art  
To bring a smile and joy impart  
To gladden e'en the gloomiest of minds.

And so eventually he found  
An oval object, firm and round;  
And over this for feathers he did pin  
In overlapping rows so neat  
Small rhomboid shapes cut from a sheet  
Of metal which he'd beaten very thin.

And thus my body was prepared;  
Then Sam envisioned wings that flared  
And so with patience looked among his finds;  
He fashioned from his metal scrap  
Two mighty frames on which to strap  
Some brightly coloured lengths from plastic blinds.

And so heraldic wings were made  
Which, elevated and displayed,  
Would brightly flare in multicoloured splendour.  
Some sturdy legs I needed now,  
And claws and tail; I knew somehow  
That Sam with cunning me complete would render.

And so he did, and now I stand  
Magnificent and bright and grand  
Amid my fellows in Sam's sculpture park.  
For Sam has many others made  
Which in his park you'll find displayed,  
Where they your curiosity will spark.

For here you'll find much to amuse  
To stimulate you and infuse  
Your mind with wonder, as you walk around  
The sculpted critters great and small  
And flora too both short and tall,  
And other quirky things which can be found.

Though serendipitous may be  
The finds Sam makes; you must agree  
Sagacity and patient skill and cunning  
Transform his junk from trash to art;  
With quiriness and merry heart  
He fashions sculptures both bizarre and stunning.

And so I stand here looking fine,  
Bicipitous and aquiline,  
Yet made of metal, plastic scraps and wood.  
So do not think of things as trash;  
Be patient, wise and don't be rash.  
But use imagination. Yes, you should.

Nor think a person's of no worth;  
For everyone upon this earth  
Does have potential to fit in somewhere.  
Be positive and look for good;  
Think what that other person could  
Achieve if aided patiently with care.

And so, dear friends, I end my song  
And wish you all a fond so-long  
And ask you ponder all the things I've said.  
Write nowt and no one off as junk -  
I'm living proof that that is bunk -  
But look for capabilities instead.