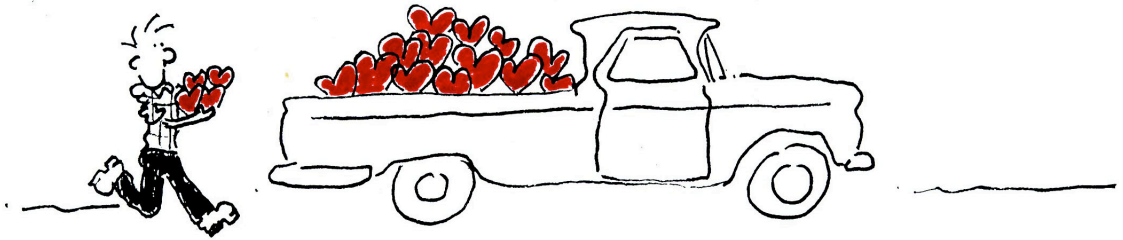


Heart Man Max



by

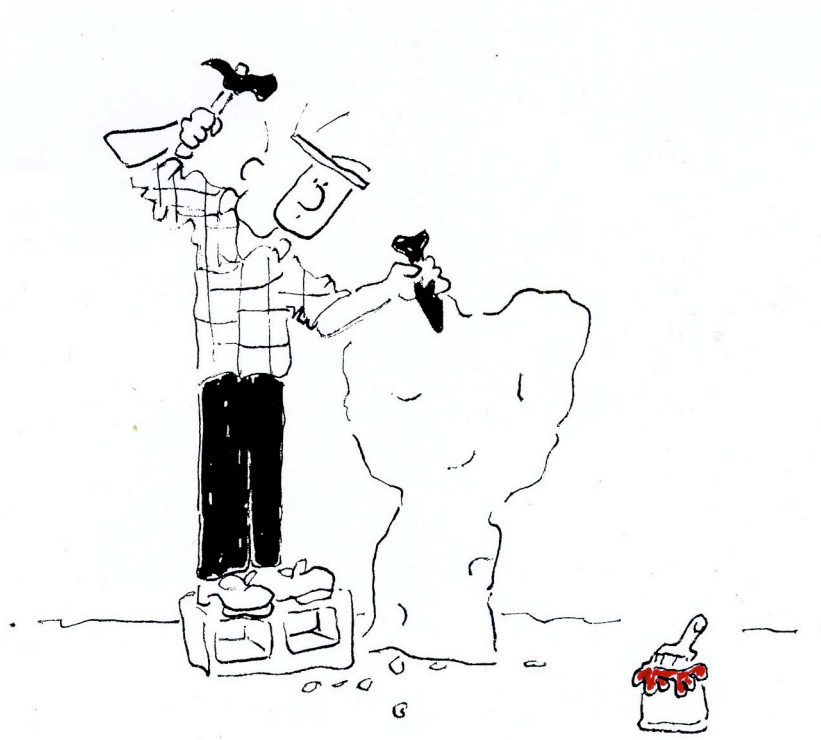
David Svensson

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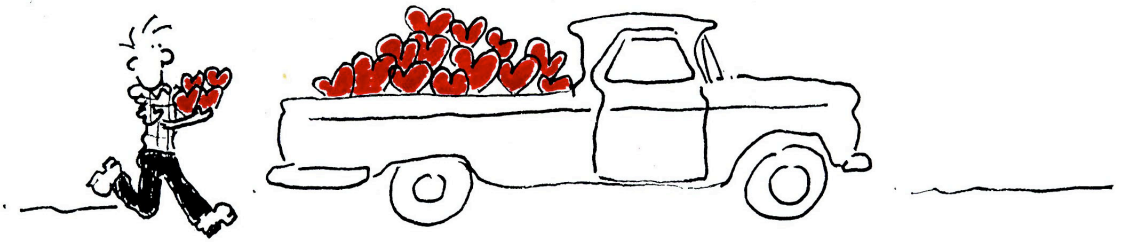
To Sarah and Daniel who I love with all my heart.



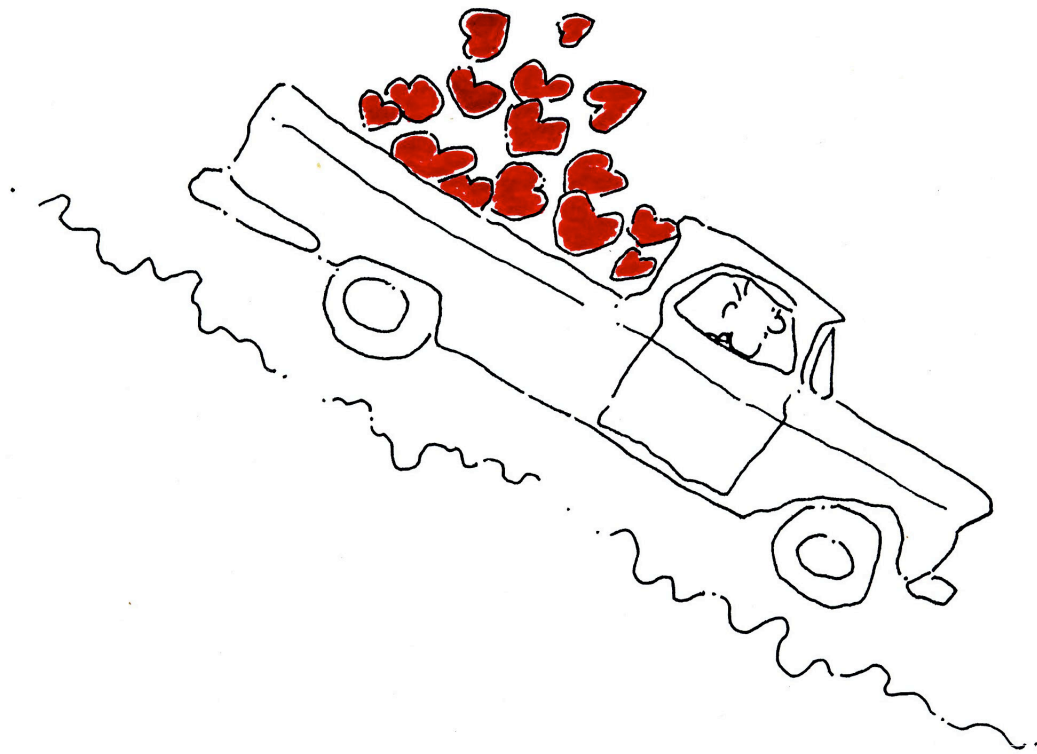
When it came time to make hearts every year,
Heart Man Max would work in high gear.



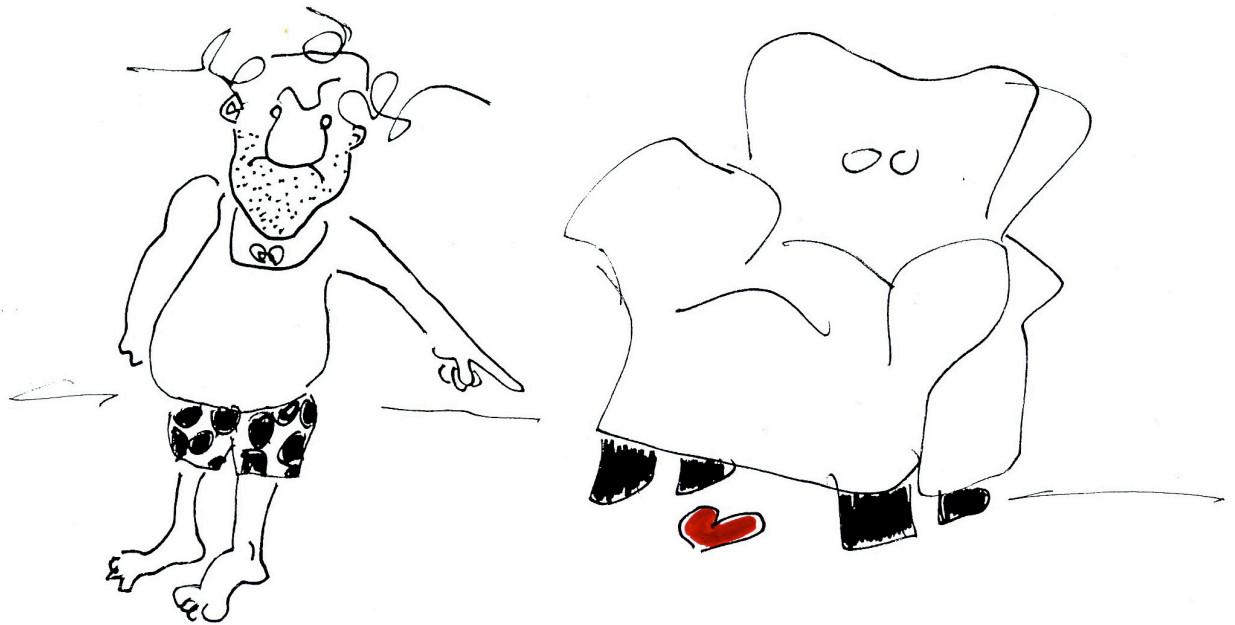
He made hearts out of clay and some out of wood.
He made others from red colored rocks if he could.



With a great deal of care and a little good luck,
Max finished the hearts and loaded his truck.



He drove down the hill, which was often quite bumpy,
To his first customer, Mr. Theodore Grumpy.



Mr. Grumpy complained that his heart was too small.
He'd need one much bigger to be good at all.



But Max tried to keep from losing his cool,
When he saw Mr. Grumpy use his heart as a stool.



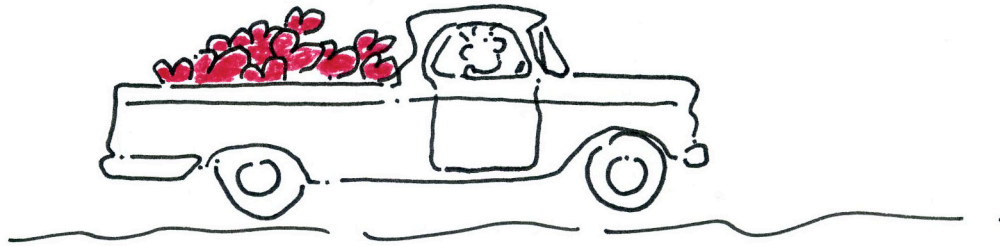
Miss Impatience was next, Max saw on his list,
Checking the time on the watch from his wrist.



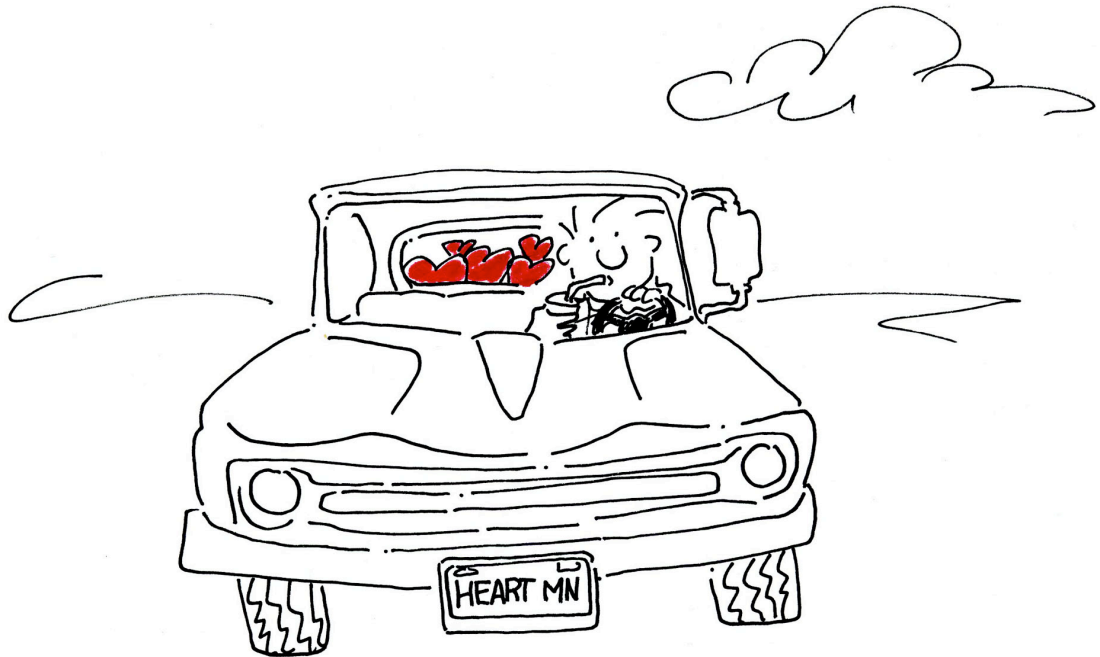
“What took you so long?” she said with a shout.
“And where’s that new heart I’ve been hearing about?”



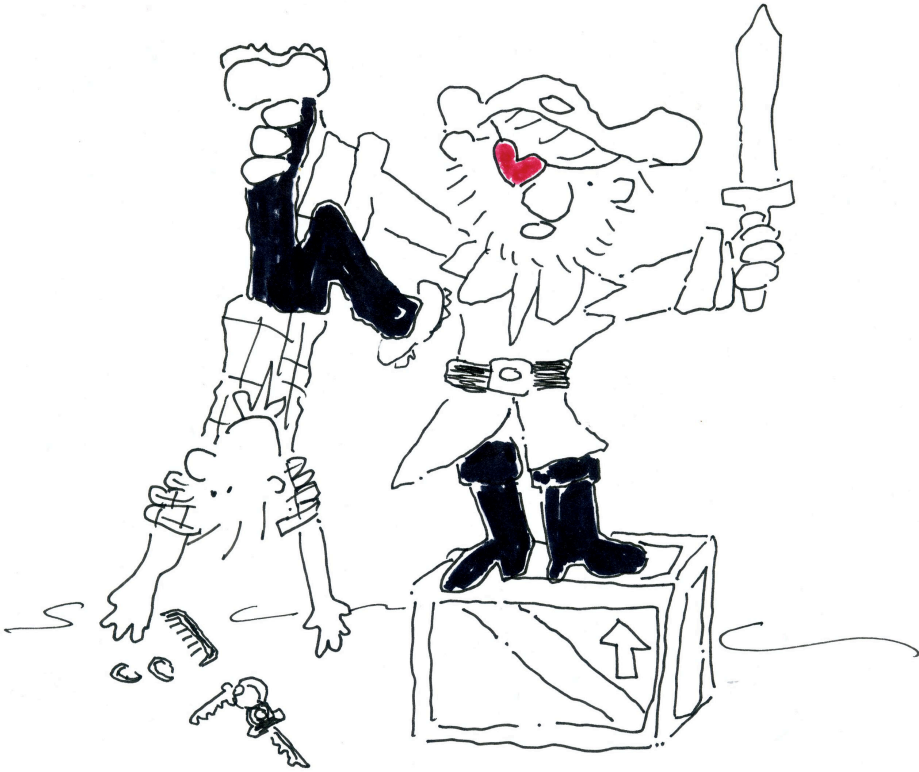
“I’ve waited too long, I’m ready to flip!
And this tongue in my mouth is starting to slip!”



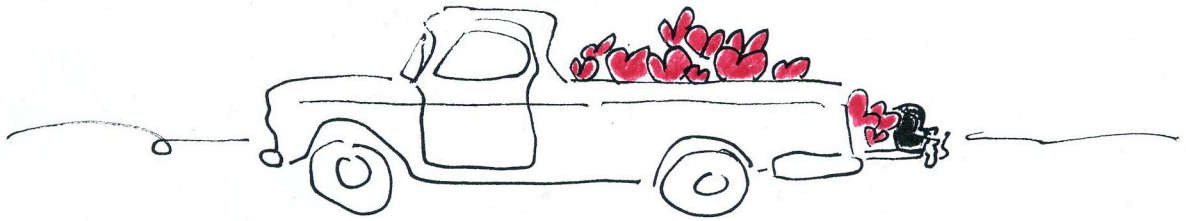
Max was indignant, but wouldn't let on.
He left her the heart then quickly drove on.



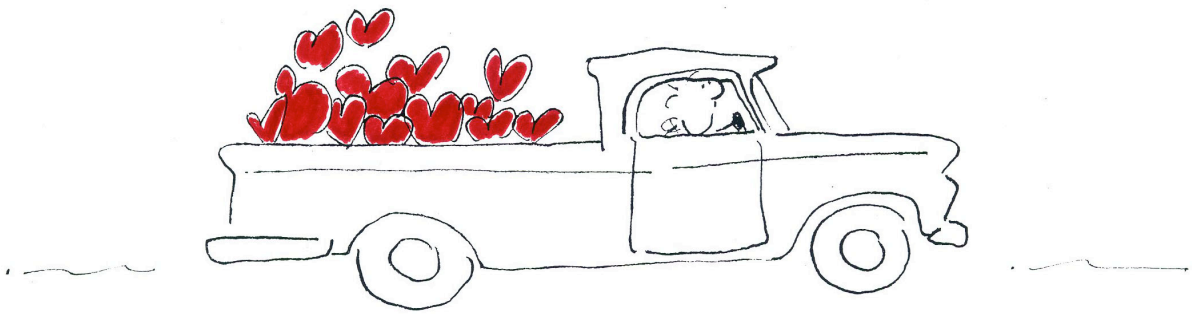
Mr. Joe Meany was his very next stop.
Max clung to the wheel and sipped on his pop.



“Last year’s heart was soft to the feel!
Don’t you have hearts that are made out of steel?”



Max dug around the hearts painted red.
The heart of Joe Meany had gone to Joe's head.



“The stop for Miss Envy is always a treat,”
Max humored himself as he drove down the street.



“The hearts you give others are better than mine.
Mine are so normal, but theirs are divine!”



“Give me a heart that’s better than theirs,
And give me no less than four or five pairs.”



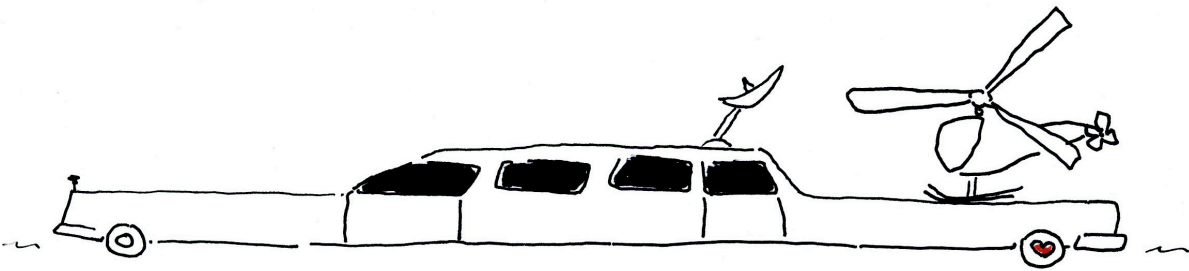
Max thought Miss Envy was being quite rude,
But to argue with her just wasn't his mood.

He gave her the hearts and left her alone,
Hoping that she wasn't accident prone.

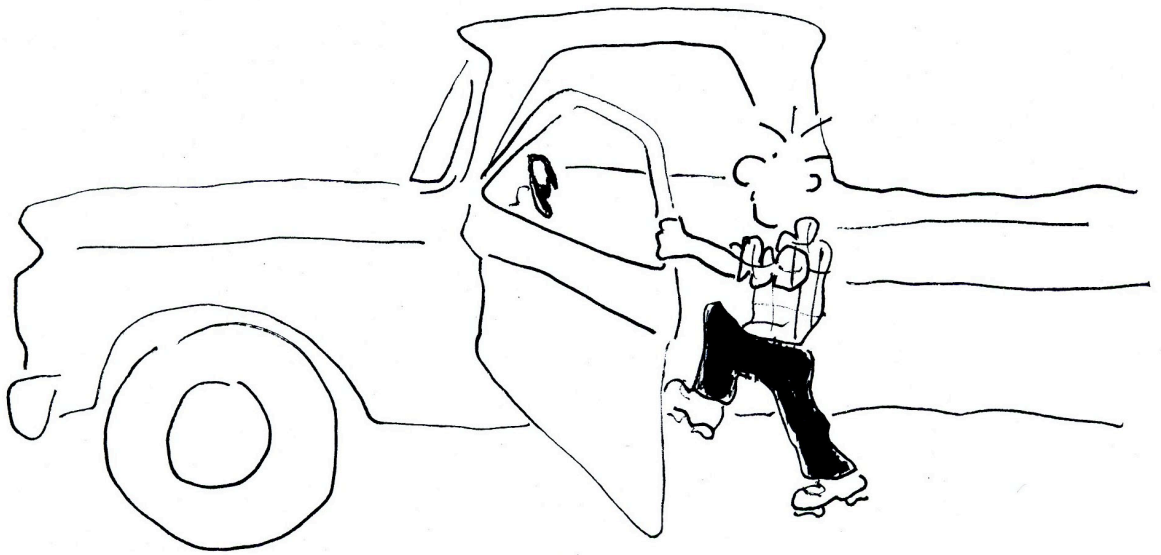
Mr. McPride was one for the books,
Always self centered and stuck on his looks.



He bragged all about the size of his pad,
How rich that he was and the power he had.



Mr. McPride used the heart on the wheel
Of his great big oversized automobile.



“I’m in the wrong business,” Max said to himself.
“I should never have taken these hearts off the shelf.”



With one heart to go Max was just about done.
His day up to then just hadn't been fun.



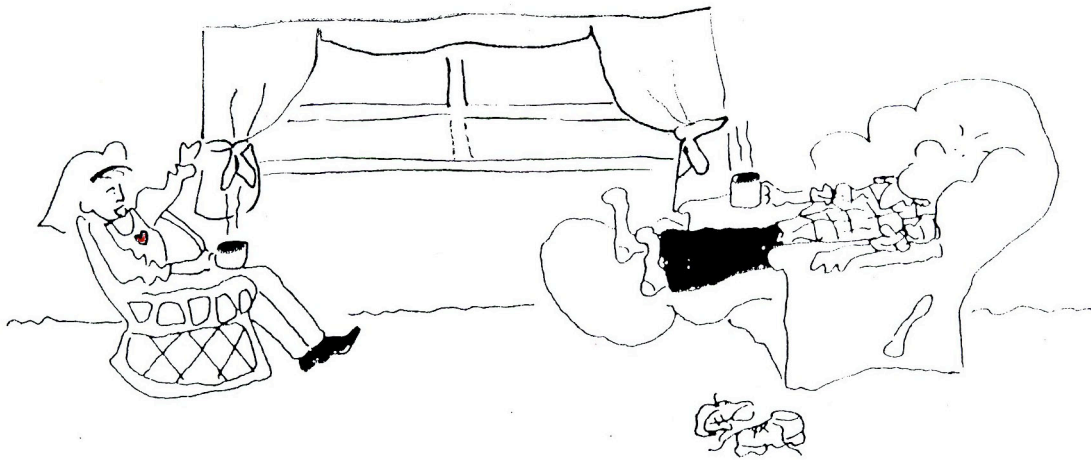
This last little heart was tiny indeed.
So tiny, in fact, it looked like a seed.



Max pulled on the string that hung from the bell
Attached to the door of Mary Heartwell.

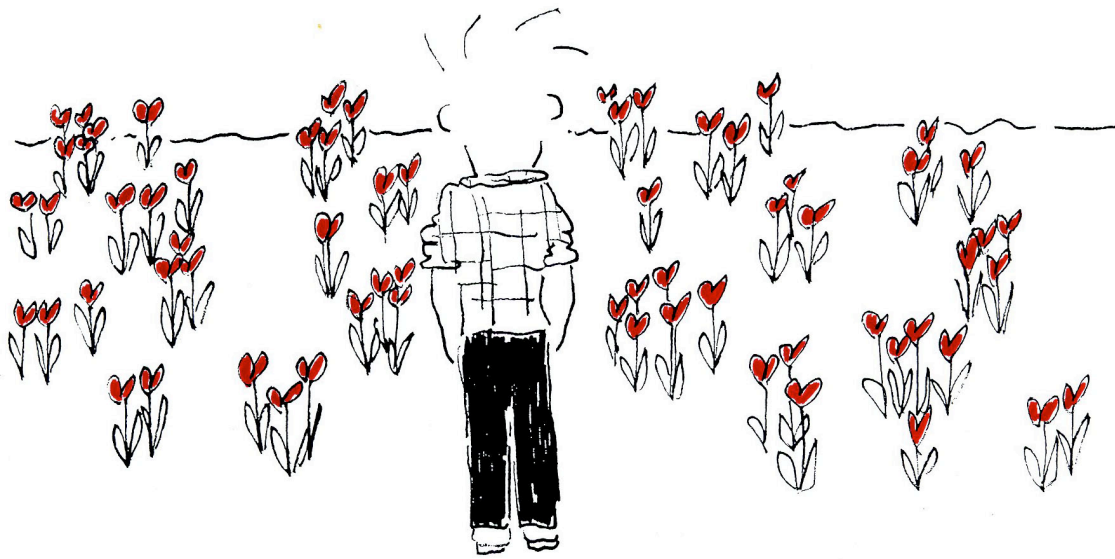
Max was surprised she invited him in,
And asked him nice questions like “How have you been?”

Mary enjoyed the hearts that Max made,
And fondly admired his heart making trade.



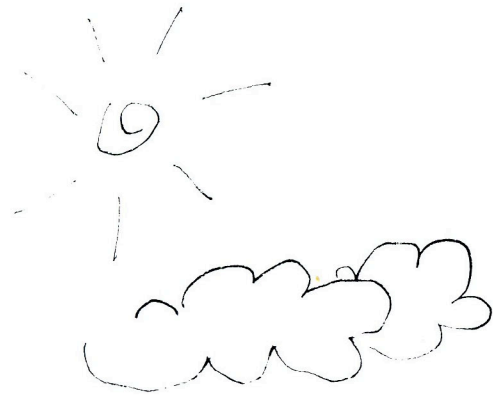
“I won’t need a heart, but don’t get me wrong.
The one you made last year is still beating strong.”

“The heart has grown large, so big and so wide.
Now *I’m* making hearts in the field here outside.”

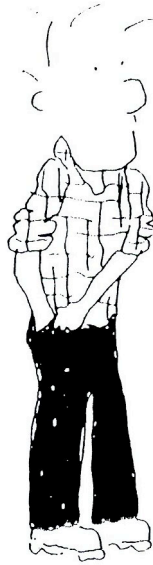


Then Mary showed Max and incredible sight.
More hearts in her field than stars in the night.

And Mary told Max with the happiest grin,
That all of these hearts had come from within.

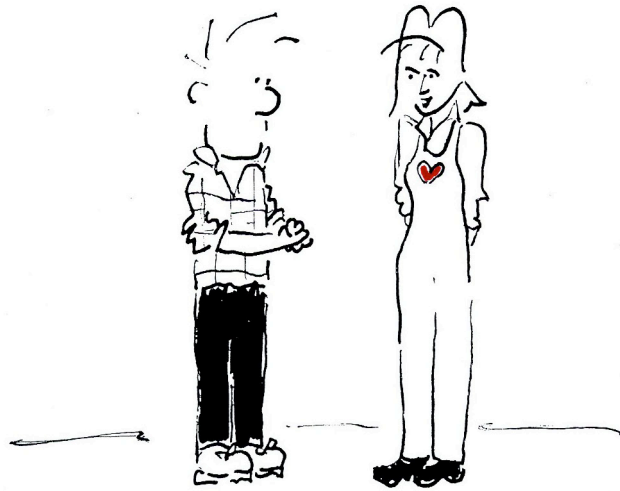


“Some hearts that you make just might go to waste,
But look what one does when it’s in the right place.”



Then Max remembered the heart like a seed.
But where would it go with no one in need?

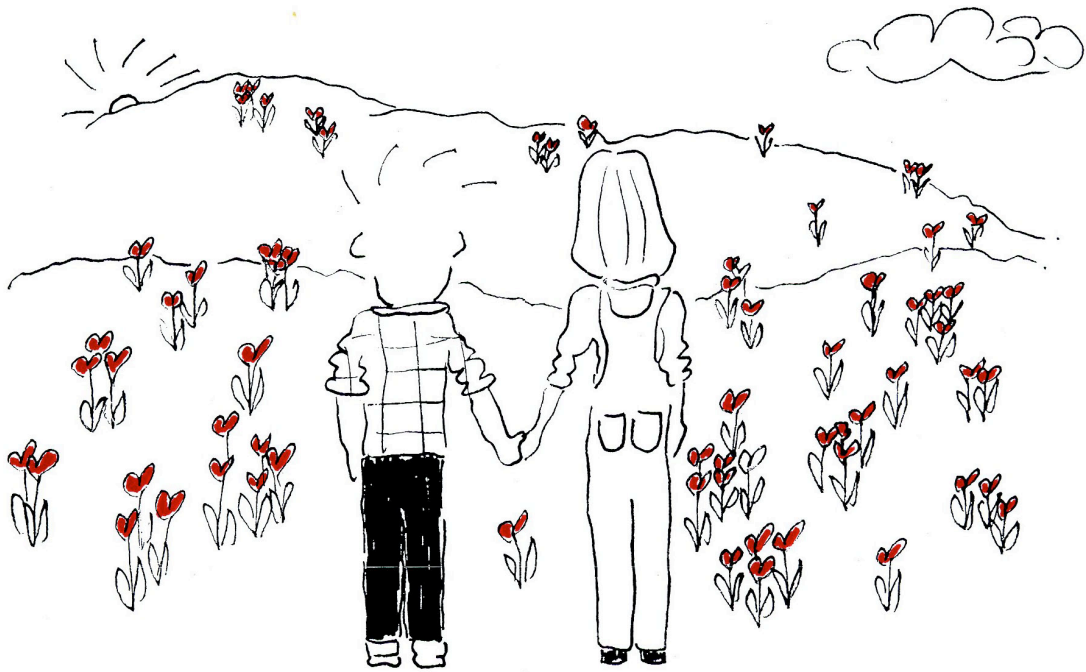
With Mary Heartwell standing right there,
Something inside made Max aware.



“This tiny heart seed belongs to me.”

Then Mary said,

“And I’ll help it grow, just like a tree.



And as they both looked across the land,
Heart Man Max and Mary held hands.

