**Hail young thanes who gather about me –**
**For I am April of the tribe McCalister**

**Who dwells near the iron and steel- path.**
**From the land of Bossier, here in Louisiana.**
**Daughter of the respected John,**

**Chief among the men of Red River Parish,**

**Known far and wide for his gruff exterior,**
**And Tina, healer of the infirm, Compassion’s faithful servant.**

**Sister of Jennifer, wild-haired woeful western woman,**
**whose skills imparting knowledge to the young are unequaled.**
**From the Reservation! I roar!**
**Reader of books, creator of fabric designs,**
**Scribe of stories, and essay-assigner.**
**Chief designer of the collection of memories**

**Coveted by the soon-to-be graduates—longingly looking toward Spring,**
**I photograph and arrange, recording the days spent in quiet study, creating the chronicles to be enjoyed for years to come,**
**Together with Alana of the Bullocks and Smiths**

**Who has been heralded for her abilities with numbers both great and small,**

**I work as chief of those who have achieved the twelfth level of education.** Planner of events!

Arranger of gatherings.

Ensuring smiles for all of those on the roadway of Greenwood.
In preparing the great mead hall of Bellaire,

I hammer the boards with whack, wham, whack,

Cut the wood,

Paint the walls with my creativity—color and tone combining.

Never before or since has there been a mead-hall of this magnitude,

This grandeur.

My new challenge has arrived.

Raising the young male heirs—

Sons of my sister,

Heroes, soldiers, cowboys, and scholars,

For them **I am healer of wounds, listener of qualms,**
**Helper of homework, preparing the way for**

Each **to this mighty institution of learning.**
**I’ll make good on my boast and talk all the louder –**
**Generations will celebrate my actions with rousing cries,**
**Shaping my deeds into timeless songs, resounding through the ages.**