

# “The Work of Hands and Dreams”

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In days gone by, with calloused hands  
We shaped the earth, we tilled the land  
The blacksmith's fire, the teacher's pen  
Built dreams for children and tools for men

Today we tap, type and stream  
We build our brands, we chase a dream  
From apps and art to food on wheels  
We work with our thoughts as well of steel

Tomorrow waits with jobs unknown  
In cities grown from grass and stone  
Where robots serve and minds explore  
Yet hearts will still be asked for more

From past to now, from now to new  
The work we love is what we do  
For hands may change and tools may too  
But purpose stays in me and you