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One Tropical Summer Day

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BE HAPPY FAREN MANUEL

One Tropical Summer Day

SYLVIA S. MEDEL

By the river bank, underneath a stalwart acacia tree,
that filtered the blazing heat of the tropical sun,
its wide shade likened to a large canopy to me,
I lay down on the bed of soft green grasses
to rest at ease awhile, after the morning kiss was gone.

Afar, I could see the mystical twin mountain peaks,
known to the locals as Mt. Maiden's Breasts;
lush vegetation and coconut trees— tall and slender
adorned the slopes of the grandiose twin peaks.

Down the mountain sides sprawled the rice fields
already dressed in an array of yellow and gold.
The exotic Maya birds were on an early harvest yields,
as they pecked the grains, happily and freely,
jumping from one golden grain to another.

I thought how truly the birds were so blessed,
as they danced and sang for every rice grain they pecked!
No worries to shun; no stresses to deal with—
The good nature provided for their clothes to wear,
food to eat, shelter to sleep in and rest.

The whispering winds, the melodious sound
of the rippling water, the sweet and mellow notes
of the birds were like lullabies drawing
my eyes to close and my mind into oblivion.

And like the Maya birds, I had all cares flung,
letting the good nature take toll on me,
though temporarily, but contentedly,
on that picnic spot—one tropical summer day.

LOVE TO LAUGH FAREN MANUEL

