

Somewhere Down

South

*A Poetic Adventure*

Thérèse Rose Emmanuel

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## *Welcome to my Garden of Poems and Pictures*

*Celebrating beauty, nature,  
sunshine, and happiness*

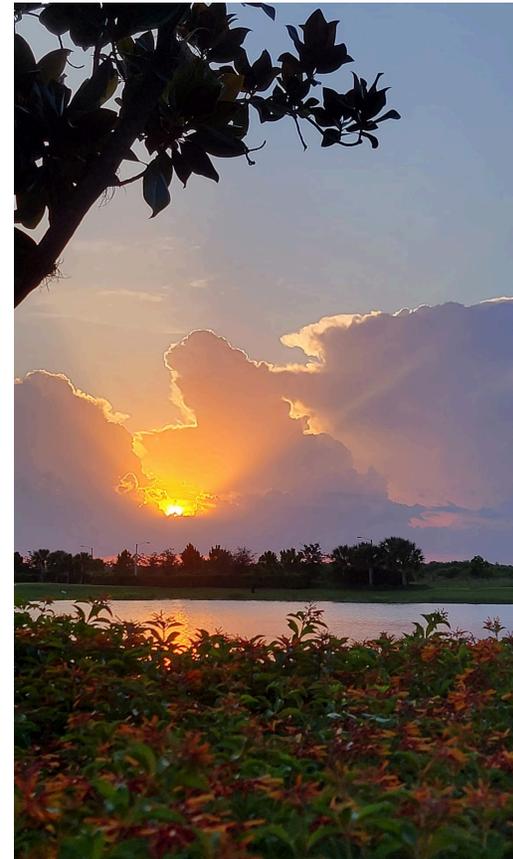
*Sharing a poetic adventure  
through Naples and South Florida,  
and the pictures I took along the way.*

*These poems and pictures, were first published  
in the blog, Naples Is Beautiful, [beautifulnaplesflorida.blogspot.com](http://beautifulnaplesflorida.blogspot.com)  
and [www.mostbeautifulpoems.com](http://www.mostbeautifulpoems.com)*

## *A Beautiful Sunset*

*Sunshine state is my home, sunshine state in my heart!  
Come back first thing tomorrow for a brand new fresh start!*

*Each morn is a clean slate on which I must write  
Deeds of good, deeds of God before saying good night.*



## Egret the Great

*I wondered what this egret was thinking  
wandering through the swamp maze...*

*Did he even know he was king  
of Florida's vast birding trails?*

*An eye for an eye and a beak for a cheek*

*What a daring white plumage understatedly chic!*

*Come Alexander and Peter and Catherine and Akbar*

*Follow Egret the Great, no need journey afar!*

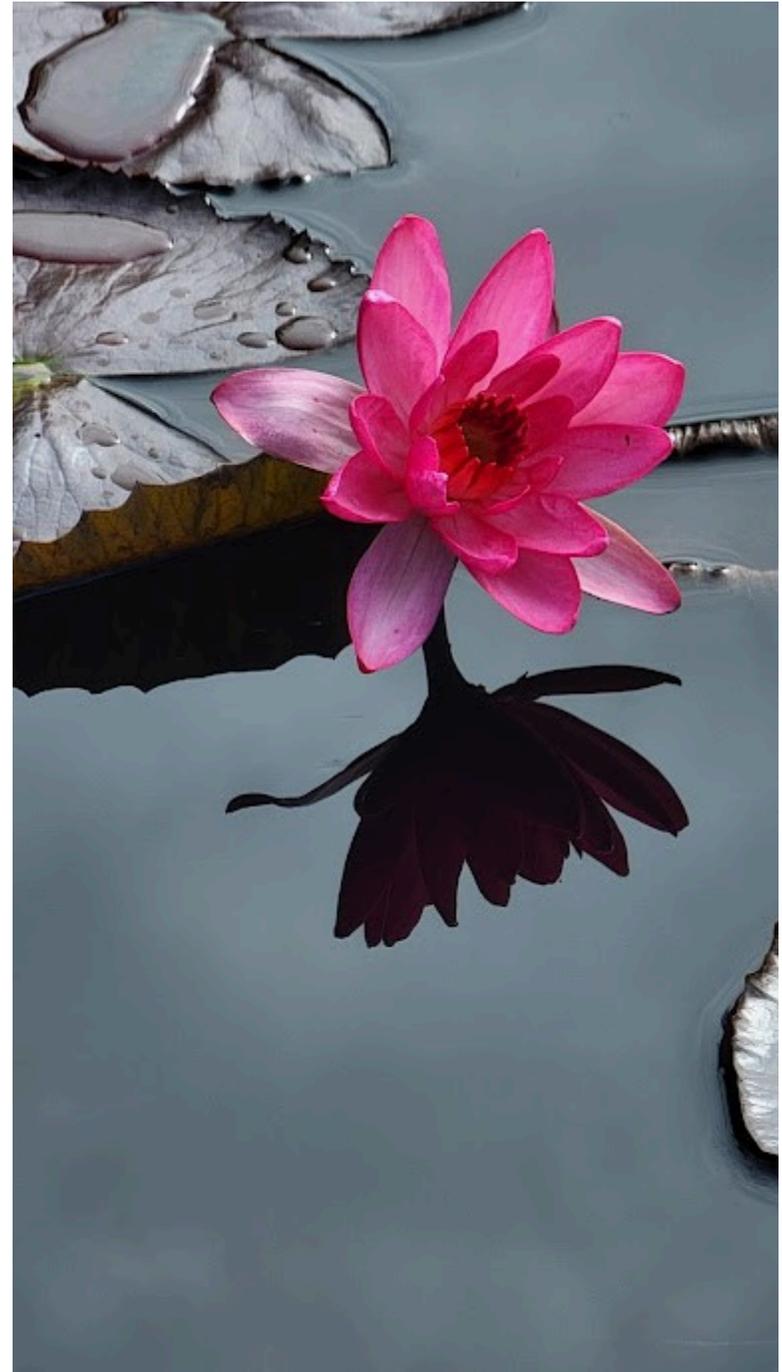
*Hear his raucous wild cry, grant his supernal wish:*

*Feather fly to the sun after catching a fish!*



## Water Blooms

*Dormant in the water blooms  
Blossoms like a prized heirloom  
World of Shadows Plato's plight  
Now extending to the Light  
From the mud a lotus rises  
To teach man what God desires—  
Reflecting on reflections sure  
Grey clouds yield to skies azure!  
Notice her before you leave  
Wearing her heart on her sleeve  
And the pad from which she springs  
Token of eternal spring*



## Fountain of Life

Fountain of life, thou sweet fountain of youth  
Living waters flow forth speak of eternal truth:  
White light bursting forth as with purity's ray  
Touching canopy blossoms in glorious array!

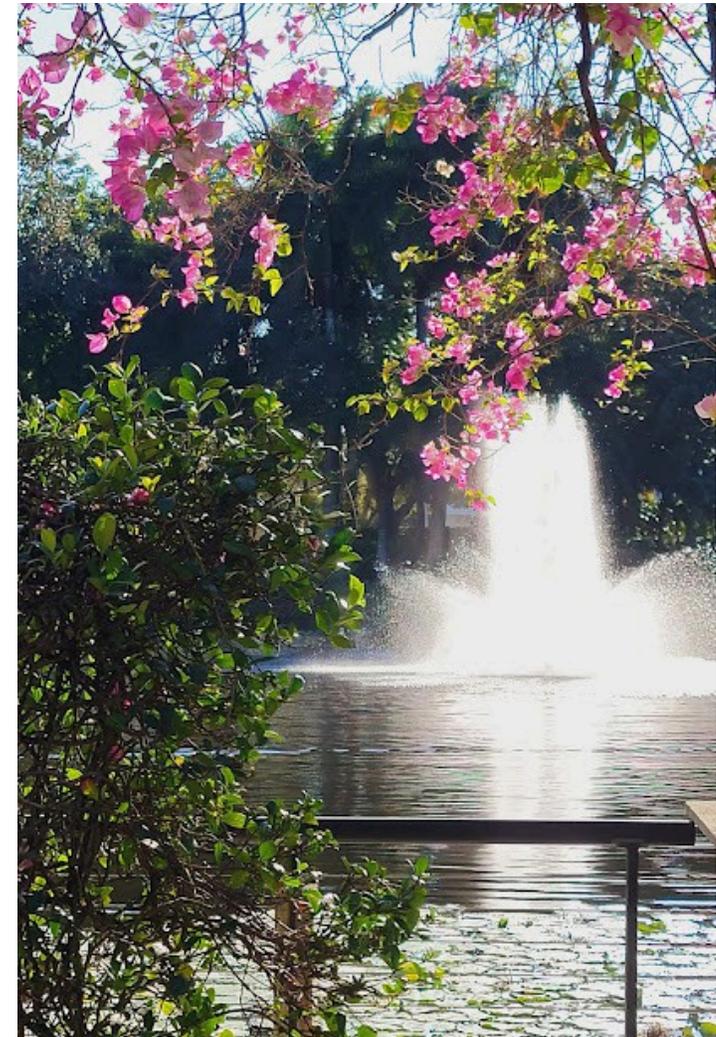
No fountain can yield both salt water and fresh,  
While lily pad blooms frame your sparkles to mesh  
With the music of drops splashing down to the ground  
And I pause like a butterfly without making a sound...

Can I fly between drops to your sweet harmony,  
Can I sigh like a sprite and find comfort in thee?

Will I die and return like a drop to the sea,  
Will I rise and expand like the mist of the free?

In the garden of hope, twinkling eyes like the mist,  
In the garden of courage, weary bones lay to rest.

In the pink blossoms fair I look up and perceive  
Myriad angelic forms to attend my soul's glee!



## Somewhere Down South

Somewhere down south on Old 41 trail  
Stands a post and a tree and a fisherman's tale—  
Words of wisdom to awaken the most jaded of kin  
B'fore that ten-footer shows up with a vast toothy grin!  
Be ye French Quebecois or bourgeois or just chill  
From New Jersey, New York or quaint over the hill  
Here's a bit of advice you shouldn't leave on your dash  
Or you'll find yourself running downstream in a flash!



## Purple Petal Perfume

Heavy the head that wears the crown was once said

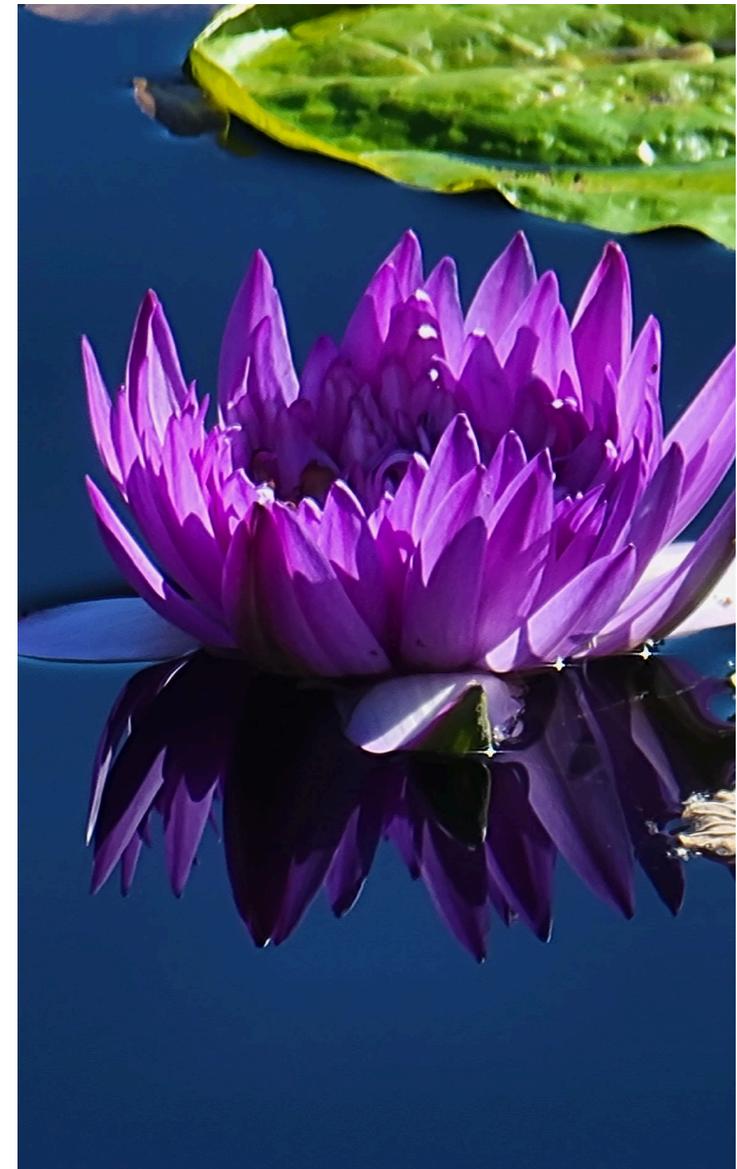
But your crown is not heavy and you're stoic instead.

Your petals the purple that kings of France wore,  
And your leaves the green mem'ry of an age gone before.

Like a ministering servant for the Aquarian Age  
You're a violet flame focus, transmute life's disarray!

And I stop to admire your resplendence so meek  
That most precious adornment which most humble hearts seek.

Were I Monet, Bouguereau, Veronese or Renoir  
I would open my easel and sit with you till soir—  
I would capture your beauty, that most tender perfume  
Dance a fairy romance in the light of the moon!



## Everglade Magic

You've heard of winter wonderlands  
where sleigh bells warm the snow

But here's a fairy wonderland where green and gold leaves glow.

It's quiet and majestic, most peaceful and serene  
And if you don't step gingerly, you might disturb the scene!

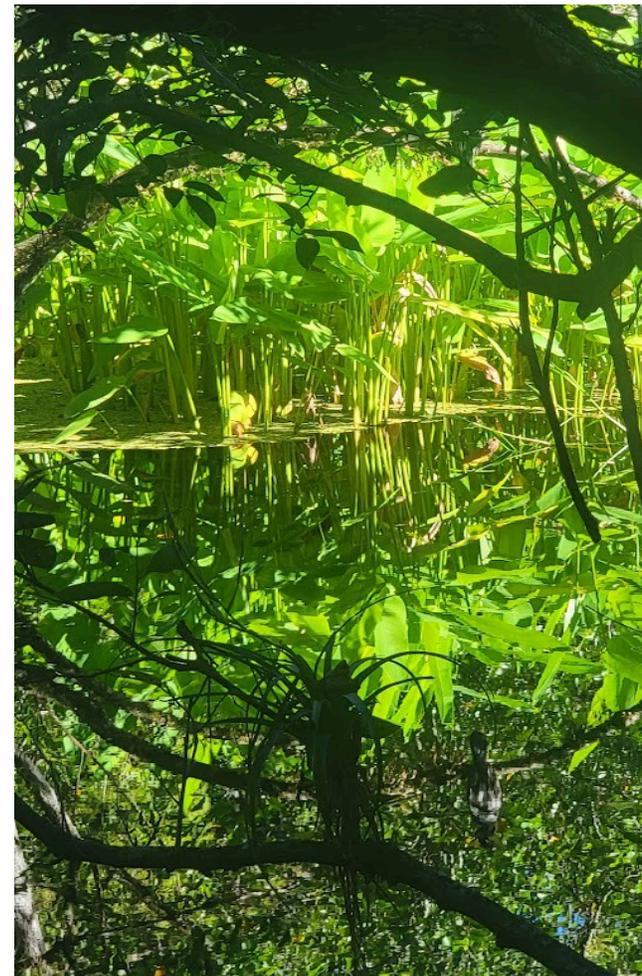
The fairies like to air float waltz a Green Danube so bright  
They skate across a pond that's wet with uttermost delight!  
While epiphytes and marsh plants do guard their jubilee  
Sun rays peek through the mirror, a glorious symphony!

An upside-down anhinga will not be lost by most  
Photographers that linger, his black sheen coat to boast—

And underneath the waters, so laid back and so still  
An alligator lingers, his thick belly to fill...

So many fish and tadpoles that nature has her way,

No need to worry passing, he'll wink and swim away.  
While fairies dance their fancy and shimmer in plain sight,  
Till fireflies come light their way when daytime turns to night!



## Ode to South Beach

For some the Big Apple is a state of mind

For others sweet Georgia is one of a kind.

But for me it's Miami when I'm feeling blue

Not the blues I hear singing but a joy that is true.

As I head down the sidewalks to the white sandy beach

Verdant canopies yield to pavilions most chic;

And the traffic slows down on this South side of town

Where birds tweet Ode to Joy from sun up to sundown!

Crystal waters calling home on a hot summer day

Aquamarines so tremendous take your breath away!

Clear and simple like pools scintillating with sun

When some undines appear just to join in the fun!

In winter, mighty turquoise waves come crashing down

But today pristine waters most serene like the sand.

And I float and I swim and explore with delight  
Miles of happy white ripples and a fish out of sight!

In the distance, fancy yachts passing by quietly

The occasional roar of a speedboat set free!

Purest days of lost treasure, 'tis Atlantis I see?

Beyond blue horizon, Poseid waiting for me.



## Cottage Mystic

On a thoroughfare she stands  
Hiding in a thicket,  
Next to miles of waves and sand  
She gazes like a mystic.

A cautious welcome at her gate  
Her spirit seems to nod yet,  
To tourists and those passerbys  
Who walk the pier at sunset.

Her windows are like eyelids  
With lashes made of flowers,  
Contented peaceful is her gaze  
She'll watch like this for hours.

The wreaths she wears remind me  
Of glad tidings of good joy,

With frankincense and gold and myrrh  
Where moss and ivy grow.

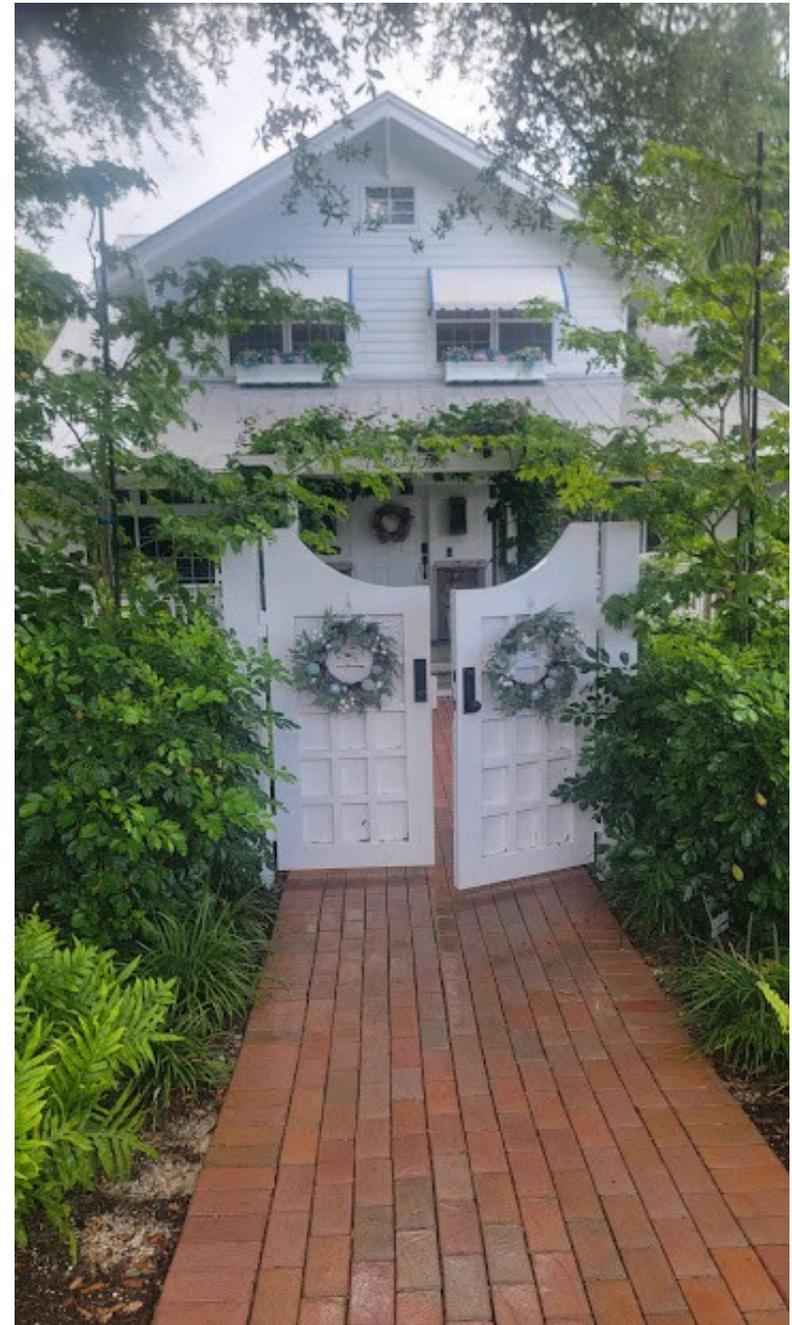
The trees that frame her forehead,  
Like wispy bangs of leaves  
A pause for thought, a "je ne sais quoi"  
That puts my soul at ease.

Demure and dainty, self-effaced  
She only shares few details,  
A white house confident and strong  
Inspiring hope of ages!

Like Buddha's eyes on stupas  
In Nepal's far beyonds,  
I found this house on 12th Ave  
My soul wrapped in a song:

"Home, home by the sea,

*Where wild oat dunes are waiting for me,  
Where the wind and surf blow,  
I admire on the go  
Cottage mystic, oasis of green! "*



## Elephant Figs

I was walking through the garden late one afternoon,

Botanical of Naples, that closes far too soon...

When I caught ruby fruit out of the corner of my eye,

I was completely drawn to them but they were perched so high.

I climbed behind the giant tree and hid myself from sight,

I had to try and eat the fruit that looked so keen and bright!

I hid a few and munched a few and then looked at the tag,

Elephant figs from India, that surely can't be bad!

As I drove from the garden, I marveled at their shape.

They looked just like Aladdin's lamp, a genie to create!

But by the time I got downtown, I wondered where I'd been,

My appetite gave way to doubt, were these my body's friend?

I rushed to find a parking spot and stop my troubled drive.

Beside the Gulf, a fancy car, with man about to ride.

"Thank God," I said, "I found you, I picked some figs today,  
And my sad phone is out of pow'r, I can't look up their name!"

He gazed at me with wonder, for more than just my looks—

He'd never heard a tale like that in all his favorite books.

"I'll look them up for you Madame to put your mind at ease,"

"These figs you found have been around for many centuries."

He gave me gallant peace of mind along with information.

"They're edible in India, Bhutan, even here in Naples!"

I thanked him for his efforts, and walked down to the beach,

My mind and belly better now as if these were a peach.

For truth in life, Mark Twain once said,

is stranger than most fiction.

And as for me I recognized the cause of my affliction.

When in a former life I scaled high up a mountain, tree or fence,

And gathered ruby figs to eat without my elephant!



## Sound the Om

*Like a keyhole on the beach,*

*Like a kiss upon the cheek*

*Sun rays glisten on the sand*

*Water splashes on the land*

*Leaves of wisdom green unfold*

*Peering through archways of gold*

*Evening hour shining down*

*Peaceful light upon the town*

*Sunbeams dance and light rays speak*

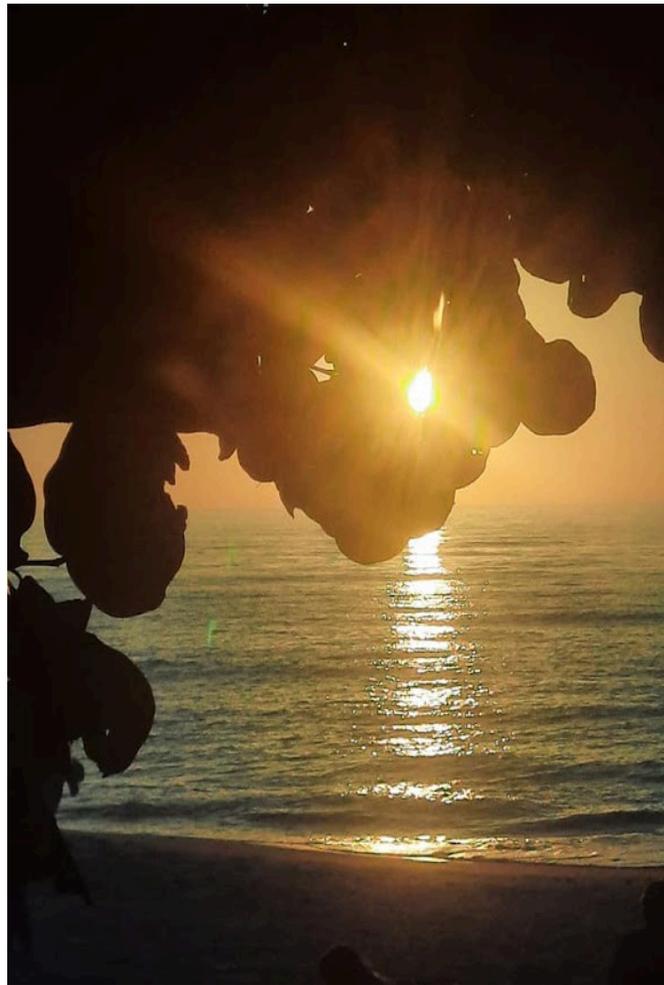
*Love and light are ours to seek*

*Auld Lang Syne, God's grand design*

*Memories flow through space and time*

*Infinite is bliss reborn*

Cosmic grace in finite form  
Walking down an aisle of foam  
Sound the Om and wave for home!



## Hibiscus Breeze

Hibiscus gone with the wind, an almost but not quite,

Like a lady's chapeau on a warm summer night

Like a scarf in the breeze on Tahiti's blue shores

Rangiroa sings true, cobalt blue, cyan floors

May life grant you soft pink in cerulean decor

May this fruit of the vine be for spirits that soar

Says hello and goodbye all in one, Namaste

*Te mau mana'o tauturu no te*

Hibiscus breeze that departs from the bustle of life

Like sunbeams descend to proclaim freedom's light

Near or far where thou art fairy sun, flower star

Token gift of the gods to send love where you are!



## Hong Kong Orchids

For Valentine's Day this time of year,  
Violet flames bloom far and near,  
Brought by a missionary long ago  
Trees from China set hearts aglow!

Orchids flutter in the wind,  
Love frees hearts, soft sea blows in,  
Magic of beauty, elemental, divine  
Pause for a moment, her perfume is sublime!

Hong Kong orchids, Shanghai Breezes

A song fills the night air  
Flowers trumpet, shining Venus  
In her casement fair!

Pistils beaming, softly leaning  
Evening's sweet caress

Petals whisper, softly wisping,

Token of life's tenderness

"And your love in my life is like heaven to me

Like the breezes here in old Shanghai"

Yes, love brings us closer to heaven

Gentle pink clouds billow in the sky,

Violet hues rising up are the leaven

To release fore'er Madame Butterfly!



## In the Keys

The In the Keys you'll find, a new kind of elation

Whether for a day trip, or a much-earned vacation--

Beyond the bridge, no wave in sight

The water's shear and crystal bright:

Freedom abounds...fisherman's sound,

Last man in town...Sun roofs come down!

Dolphins are sought... Blessed parking spot!

Drop shrimp below... seven-mile show

See groupers gather, sea turtles sway

The Seekers and the Beach Boys play

It's time to dive beneath the foam

Where Christ Redeemer finds a home

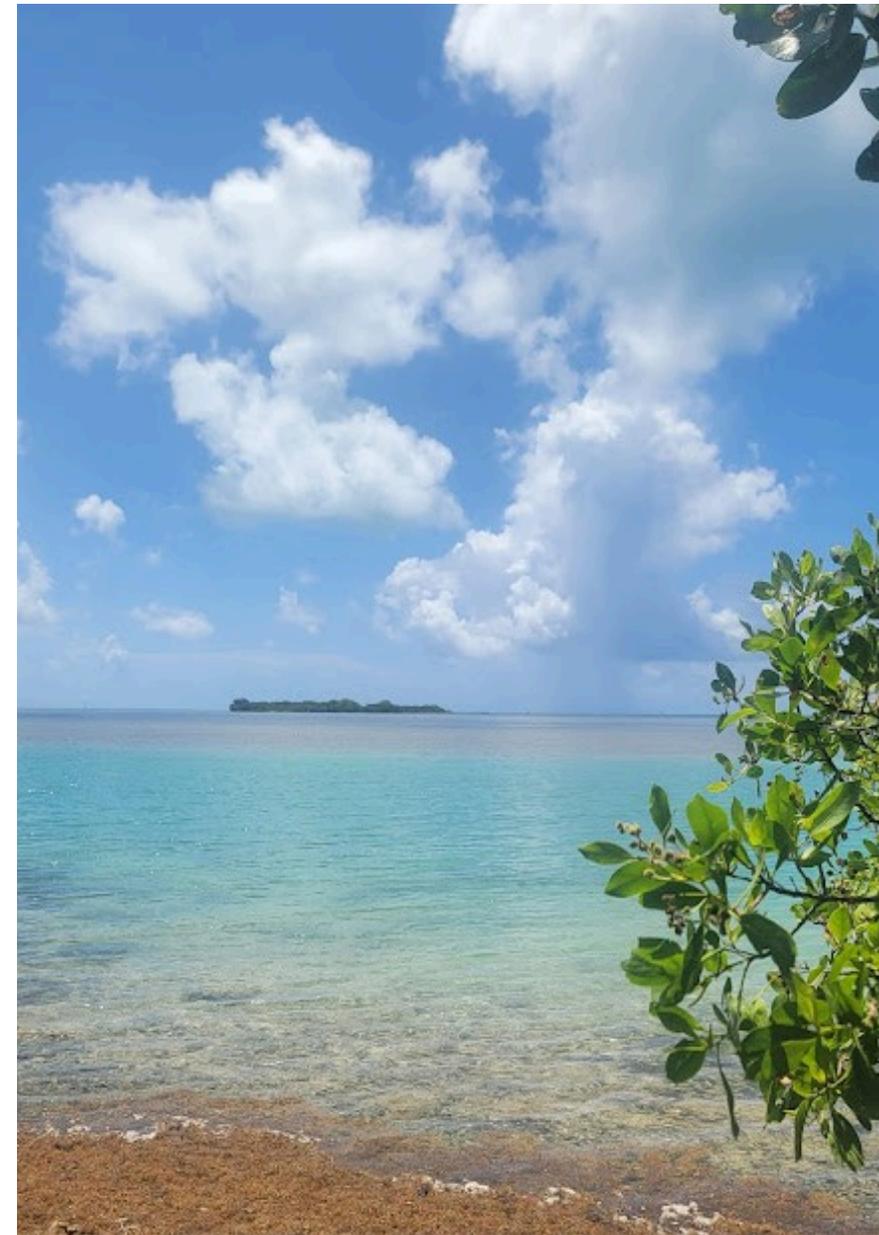
Warm summer breeze, we've reached the middle

Now watch a tarpon jump and nibble!

*Sail to the end, queen conch defend  
Snorkel offshore where reef sharks fend*

*A rainbow parrotfish swims by,  
New violet coral greets the eye  
And schools of striped butterfly fish  
Twinkle like stars, I make a wish*

*The day completes back on the beach  
Pink sunset clouds do heaven reach,  
From angel fish to angel skies  
Magical keys to paradise*



## *New Day Befriends*

*Ready-set-go, three clouds in a row  
Across pine footbridge moving slow  
To greet fresh morning glory glow  
Blue faithful paddleboard in tow  
Adventure lends, new day befriends  
And calm translucent seas commend  
Wet manatees peaceful vibes send  
While dolphins needle on pier's end!*



## *Moon O'er Islamorada*

*Is it possible such beauty can be found here on earth  
As this moon o'er Islamorada to love's sighs gives rebirth*

*“Au clair de la lune, mon cher ami Pierrot  
Prete moi ta plume,”* fleeting ships are afloat

*Pastel hue aquarelles form the archipelago  
Stretching clear from Key West straight to downtown Key Largo*

*And away in the distance violet flame choirs do sing  
From Melchizedek's vast order their blessings to bring*

*You see life just like music many levels does play  
And the etheric plane is a heaven only few steps away*

*In the light of the moon blessed musical spheres  
Unexpected anointing with most gracious good cheer*

*I will never forget when I first saw your face  
Was it magic or memory or just heaven's good grace*

*To forget would be futile like the tide that does lace  
The firm pull of the moon that she now does embrace*

*As I gaze at the skies my thoughts still soar to you  
Deft ethereal companion that my soul would still woo*

*Anon and afar unto daybreak we part*

*Like the Ladyhawke legend of love in the dark*

*And the moon's benign presence brings comfort to me*

*And with blue ebb and flow brings me closer to thee*

*Like a graced melody that we sing from the heart*

*As we move day by day with a freshened new start*

*Ne'er shall I forget your sweet timeless embrace*

*Like a pause between heartbeats that cannot be replaced*

*In the white milky stream basks a lover's lost dream*

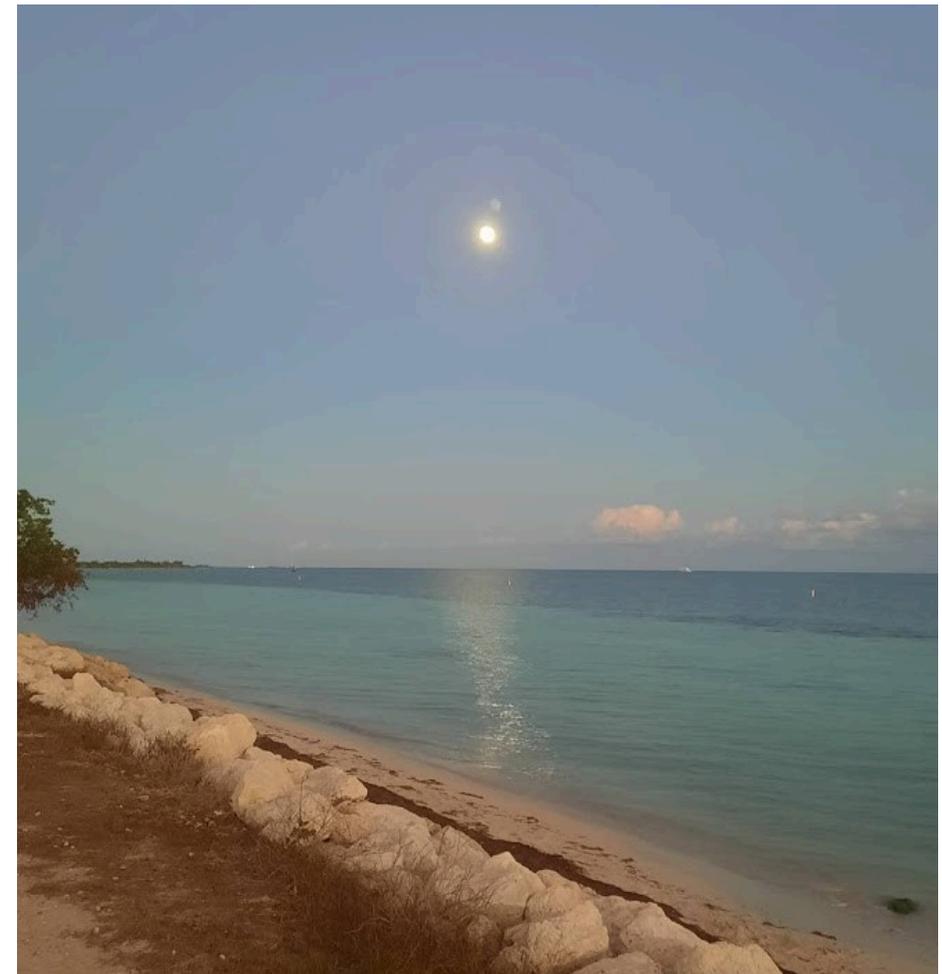
*Free to fly like my soul over Jordan's pure stream*

*There someday I will find you not so far away*

*While my life with its chapters does hasten the play*

*"Ma chandelle est morte," time to bid thee farewell*

*As I look for your face in the tide's wishing well*



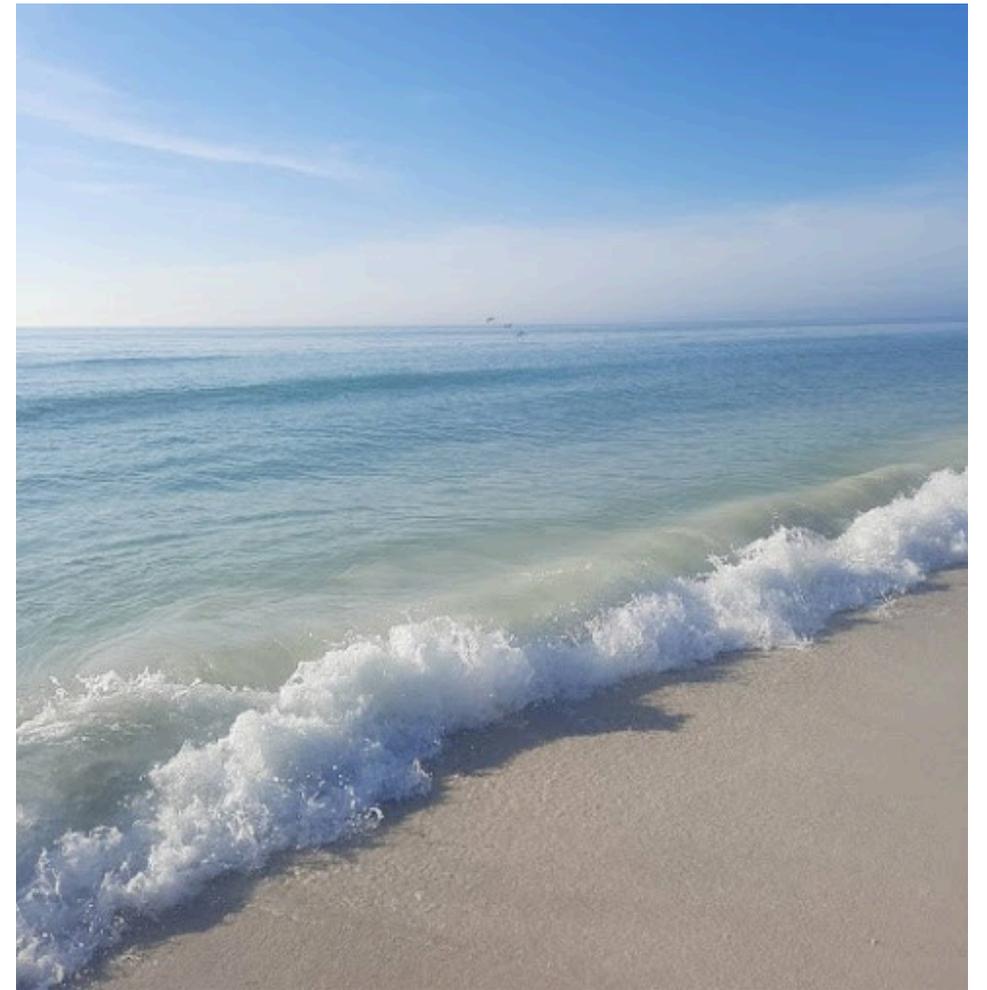
## What Is in a Wave

*What is in a wave as it washes ashore*

*Brilliant end of a cycle or perhaps something more,  
Goodbyes are new beginnings and the sound of the foam  
Rocks us gently, serenely with a soothing fresh tone*

*In each wave hides potential, opportunity's gift  
You can ride it like Caesar, may it carry you swift  
You can float on the current that is part of a plan  
That Creator holds deftly in the palm of his hand*

*Footprints found on the shore of my life's longitude  
Washing feet she unfolds with divine latitude  
Yes, my love for the wave is as wide as the sea  
And I honor her lace, dentelle de Chantilly*

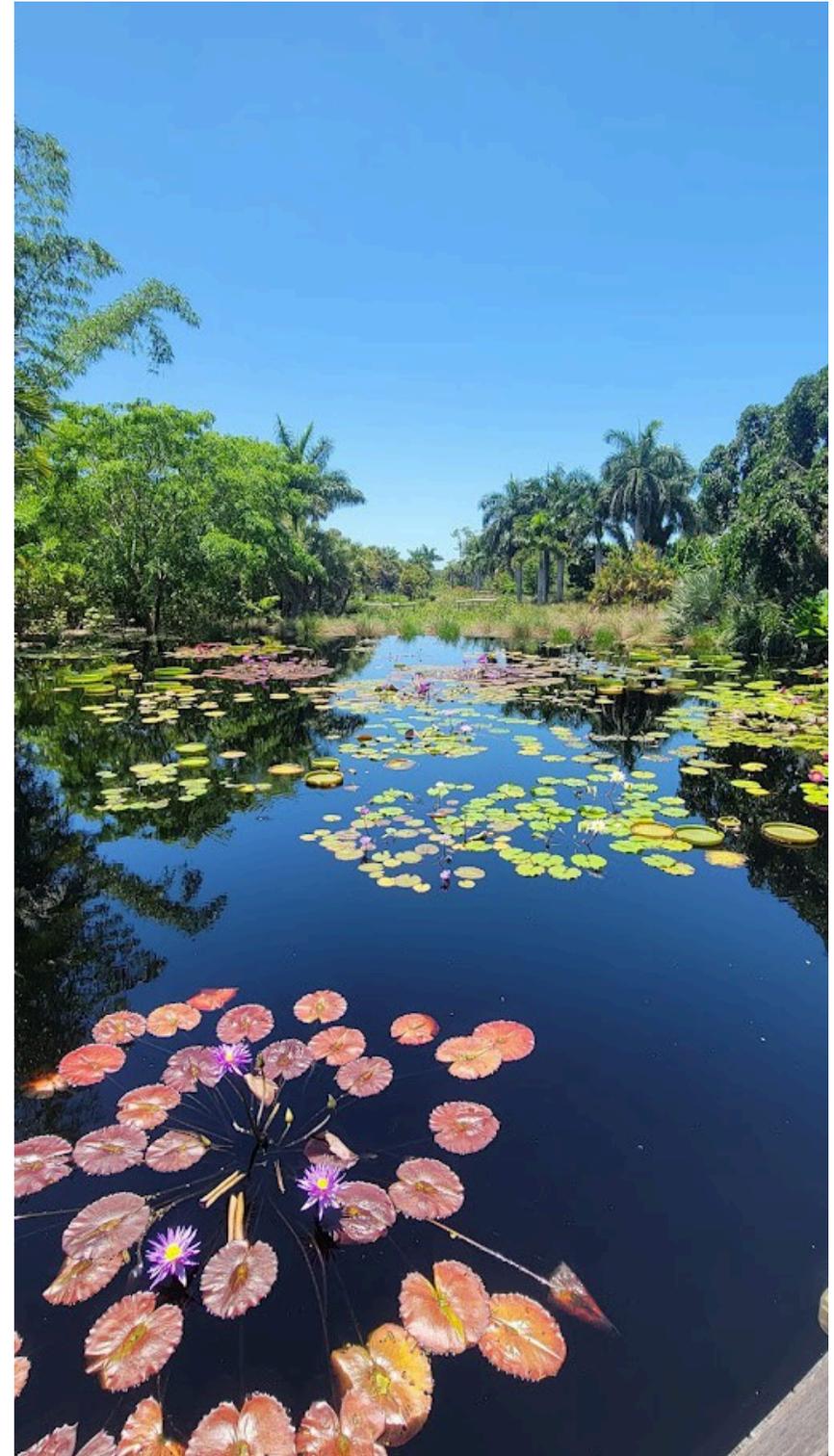


## Perspective

I remember in art school I learned of perspective  
How all things will converge for the artist detective,  
Beyond the point of the nexus lies a vast other world  
Just before blue horizon brightest colors unfurl!

On an Everglade boat ride far way in the park,  
In botanical gardens on an afternoon walk,  
Prismatic colors adorn mysteries of the deep  
Where a gator sneaks up while the snook like to sleep!

In a leaf, in a flower find Fibonacci's famed sequence,  
Golden ratio lines that dissolve all unnecessary pretense,  
And Vivaldi's Four Seasons now converge into one  
Serendipity found in the warm winter sun!



## Evanescence

*With water the color of soft polished bronze*

*And a lily arising in the light of the dawn*

*Drops of bliss melt away like a sweet lemondrop*

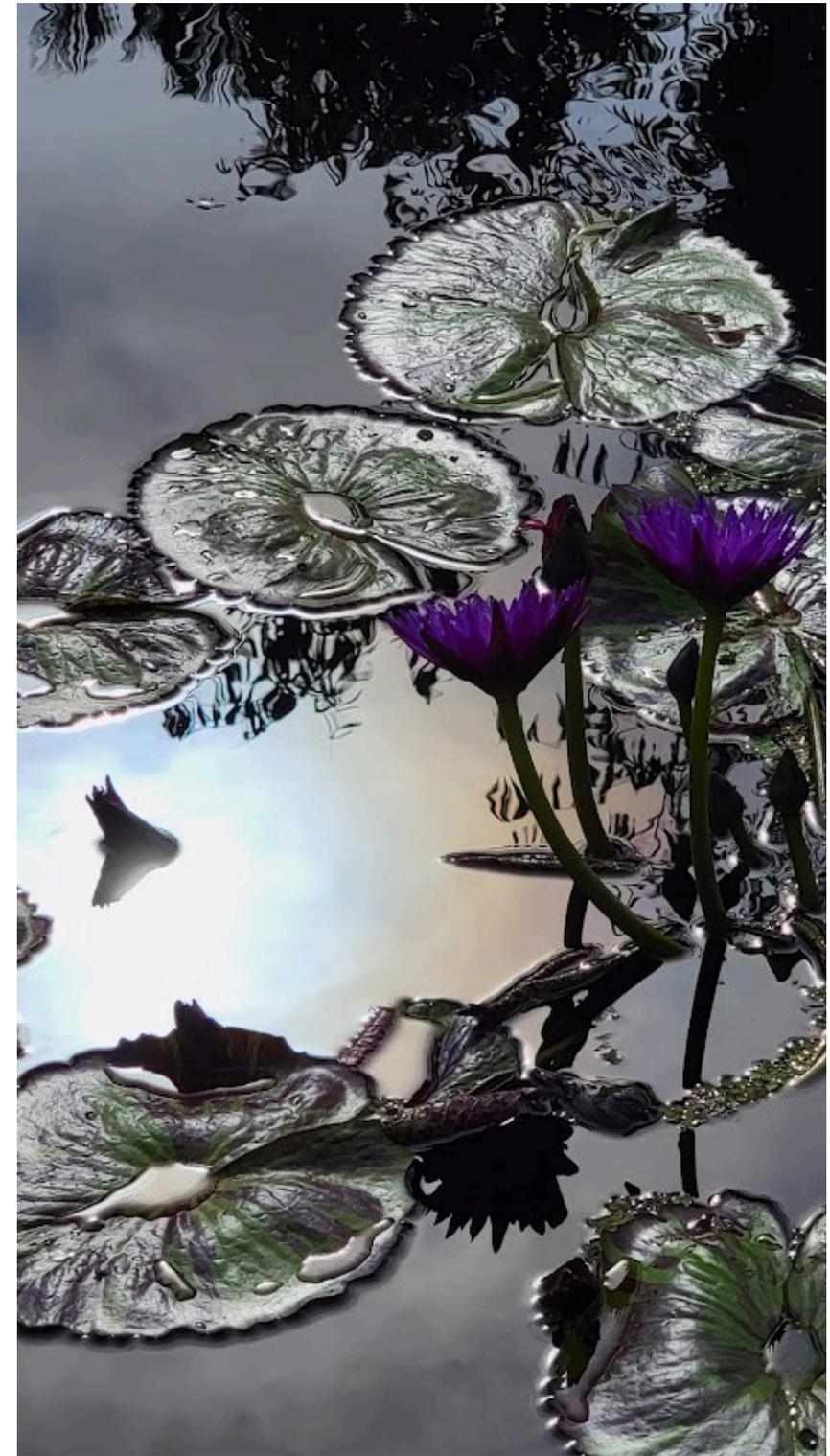
*And my breath I hold still on this ethereal spot*

*Evanescence for soon the bright sun rays will fill*

*World of foggy dewdrops so serene and so still,*

*Deepest purple and silver, effaced emerald hues*

*Will soon give their deference with most peaceful adieus*



## Grand Palais

*I remember the vast halls of the Grand Palais*

*Where my grandmother, great-grandfather,*

*piano, cello would play*

*An exhibition of Turner's sunshine, fog, ocean mist*

*A cliff hanging, page-turner that large canvas assists!*

*On my child soul was left an indelible impression,*

*Precursor of impressionism, was that your intention?*

*I knew from experience oil and water don't mix*

*But in your famed atelier, somehow they were fixed!*

*You did for the paintbrush what Camille did for sculpting,*

*Waves broke through stale barriers and anchored a something*

*That combines Father Time and Mother of the Sea,*

*As sun rays pierce clouds to reveal destiny!*

*And each line of the clock opens a new vision portal*

*Aquarelle metaphors for the journey of mortals*

*That someday will ascend on a sunlight's bright beam*

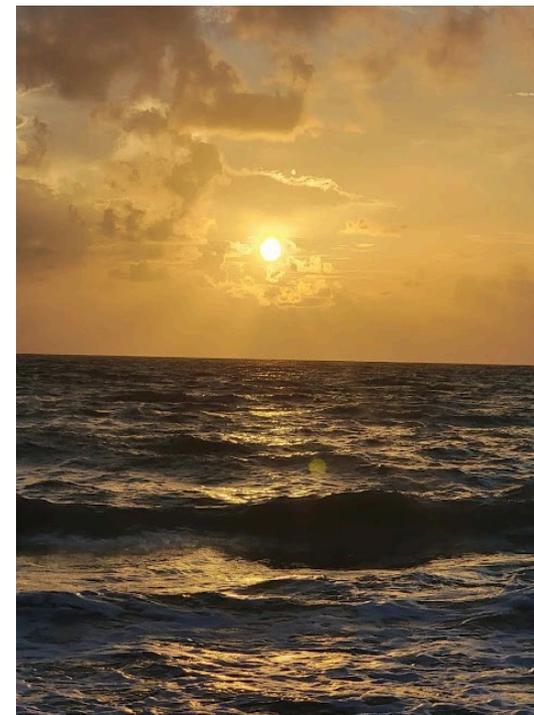
*Like a Thomas Cole angel in an earth-heaven scene!*

*With introspection I gaze on the Gulf Shore tonight*

*Somber colors remind me of your vast solo flight*

*Where you left in the sand prints of water and grace*

*Like cathedrals, divine genius our feet can now trace!*



## Nuit de Rameau

*As the moon gathers skeins of soft fairy light*

*Like a medieval damsel in robes of sheer white*

*Deferred quietude settles with most bated breath*

*While pink lilies pristine heave a sigh before rest*

*Yes, tomorrow the sun will enflame their soft core*

*But for now they close shop like a tailor on Fourth—*

*Watch as clouds part like curtains so bright stars can appear*

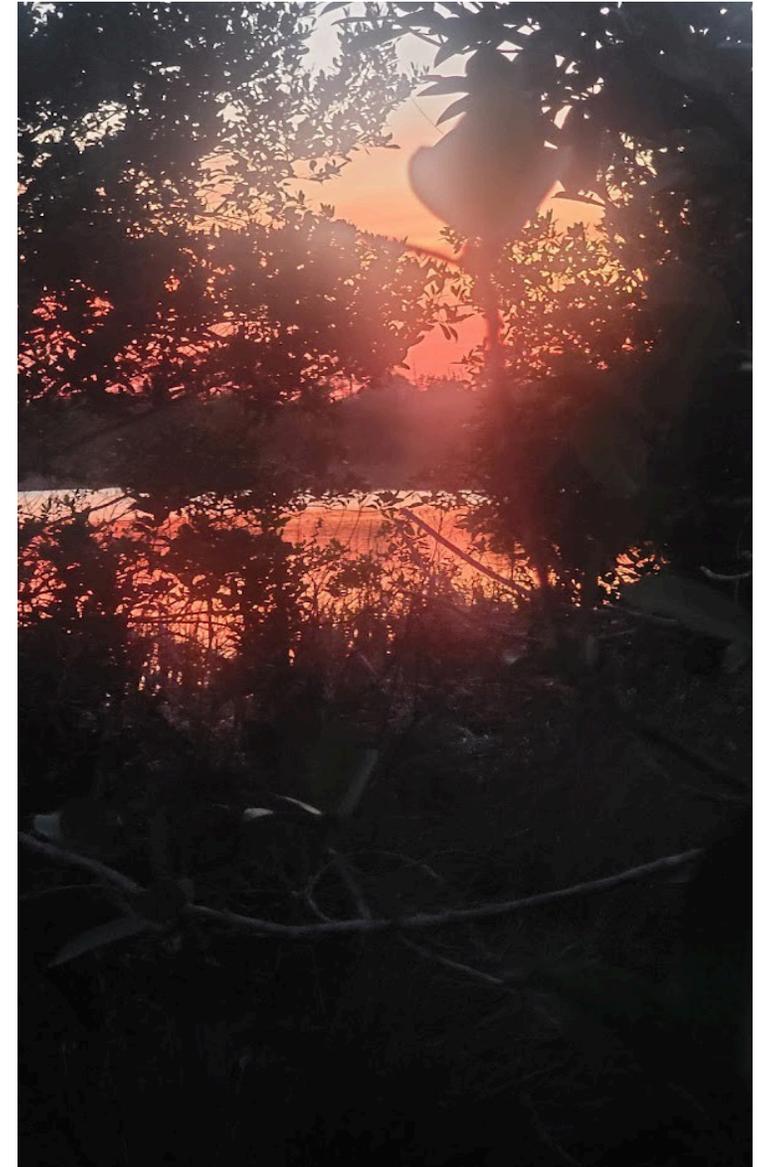
*Venus Jupiter dancing, celestial music, orb spheres*

*Reminiscence tonight of famed Nuit de Rameau*

*That young chorists unveiled in an orphanage home*

*With a message of hope that transcends all despair*

*And shines forth through the night as a privilege shared*



## Paradise Coast

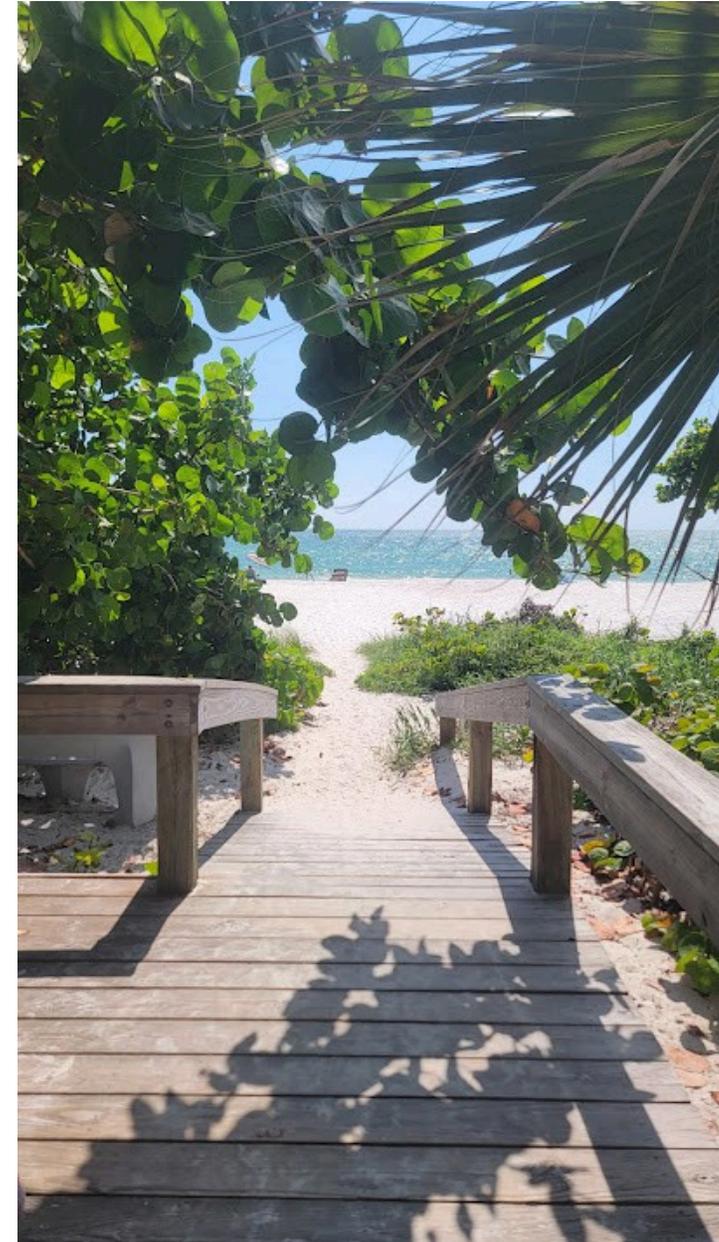
Sometimes I wish I were queen in a faraway land  
Like Atlantis or Greece where the goddesses stand...

I could enter and exit each stage of my life  
Debonair like a king with palm fanfare and fife...

Dressed in white tunic flow, olive branch in my curls  
Standing stoically still while my sails are unfurled,  
Making room for new growth like a green sea grape tree  
With deep roots and fresh shoots swaying free in the breeze...

But for now let me run to the white sandy beach  
Enter frolicking waves, friendly dolphins to seek—

As the sun sparkles high in the sweltering sky  
Giving thanks for this coast that is called Paradise!



## Old Naples Pier

We miss you dear, beloved pier  
You'll live on in our memories here—  
Hurricane took you out to sea  
Exhorting impermanency!

All things will change, this too shall pass  
And nothing does forever last  
On this side of the mystic veil  
That goads us higher without fail!

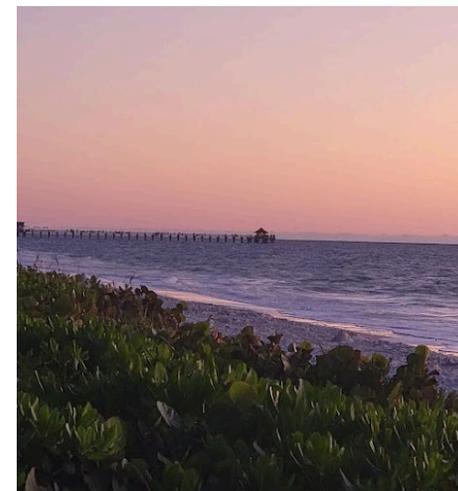
We're told that you will come again  
In a new form, like next of kin  
Improved, renewed and redesigned  
With strength to stand the test of time

Atlantis too was loved and lost,  
Lemuria vanished at great cost;

And thousands of reincarnations  
Have not secured the fate of nations...

May we improve since we are here,  
Balancing karma with good cheer  
So that we too may redirect  
Our souls towards God, not derelict!

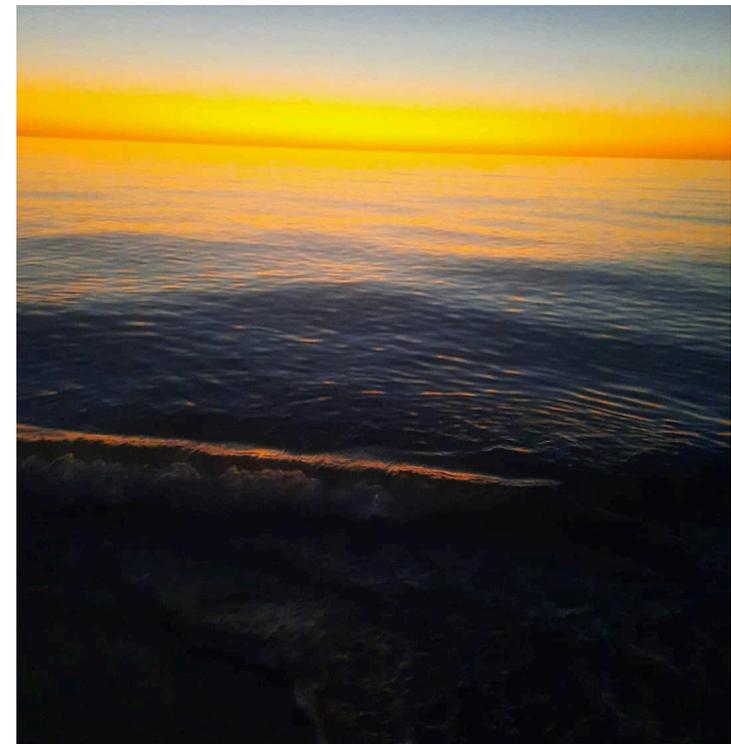
Yes, when we go beyond the veil  
Let us be victors without fail—  
And pass the tests of hurricanes  
With courage and resilience gained!



## Titian Blue

Fairy tales, King Midas' touch  
That linger with soft waves at dusk  
Horizon filled with golden hue  
To satiate this Titian blue  
  
A painter's dream, a world serene  
That offers up her mellow sheen  
For canvas stretched between wood frames  
Where sapphire silk meets solar flames  
  
Though blue and yellow turn to green  
On palette mixed with paintbrush clean,  
Here in the wild is purple found  
And pink surreal with tidal sound  
  
Impressionism at its best  
And pointillism are not in jest

To capture light like fishing pole  
Catch and release brave artist's goal  
  
An evening spent on melting sea  
Most picturesque as you can see  
Lullaby waves white beaches sweep  
Where magic waits and kings don't sleep



## Monet's Dream

Monet's dream pale aqua scene

Giverny reminiscing

Ovoid pads that make no splash

Where a dragonfly may deftly dash

Light blue, green, white paintbrush strokes

Love of beauty now to stoke

Lilies bend comme ci, comme ca

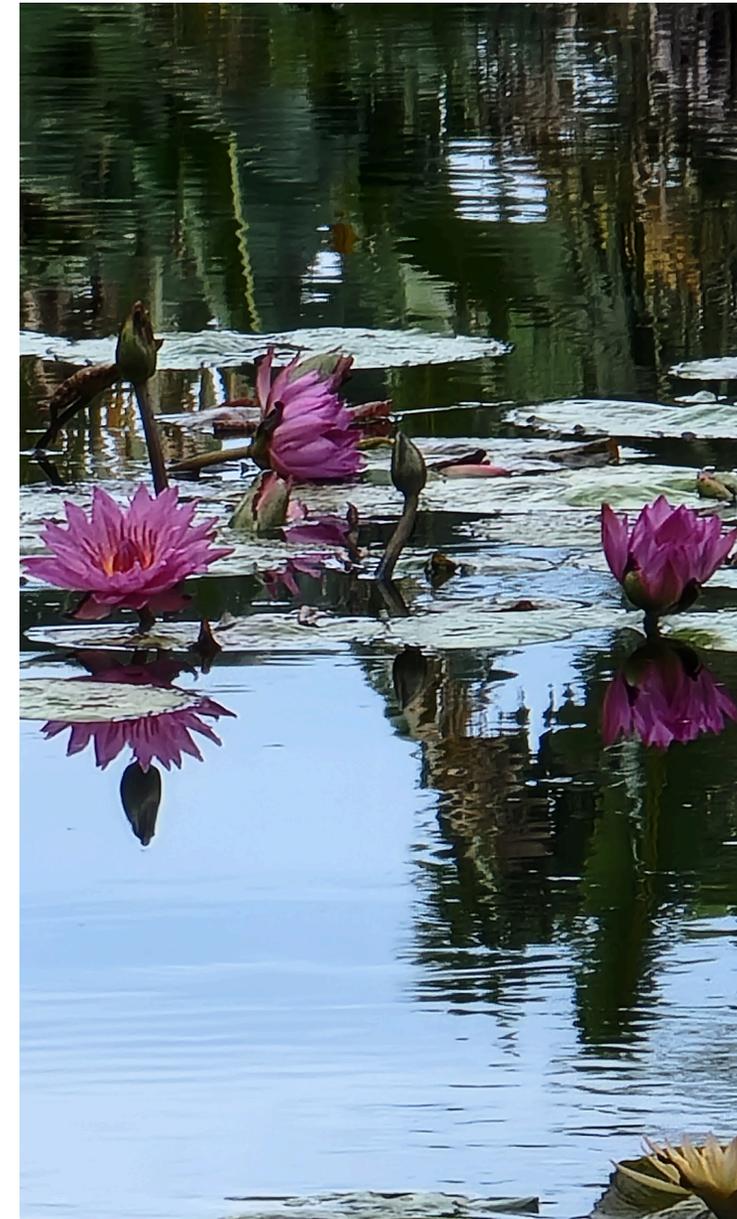
Sighing que sera sera

Nénuphars upon the lake

Violet flames make no mistakes

Golden center, Louis d'Or,

Across the pond your new decor!



## *Bûche de Noël*

*Bûche de Noël, crème de marrons  
Chocolate ganache and champignons  
À la meringue, French buttercream  
I close my eyes and start to dream...  
  
Parisian taste, time for quatre heures  
Quel chef d'oeuvre for my craving, sir!  
  
Papa Noël will come to me  
Place Yuletide gifts beneath the tree...  
  
Then harsh reality comes flooding back  
Granola bars in my backpack  
And Santa's sleigh, tiny reindeer  
In Corkscrew Swamp have disappeared!  
  
Crossing the Rubicon like Julius Caesar  
I smell the moss of fallen cedar*

*That crested woodpecker claims to own  
Beak hammering relentless tone  
  
With feathered steps I move away  
Six months till Christmas, New Year's Day  
And this yule log I must confess  
Deep in the bog is laid to rest...*



## Looe Reef

There is a most special place on this earth called Looe Reef

It is teeming with fish, coral feathers and leafs

Sapphire blue parrot fish nuzzle sand gingerly

And wild dolphins swim fast overhead with much glee!

A big turtle floats up just to see what we see

As we venture a little bit further out to sea

Past green islands, bird sanctuaries and colorful homes

Where nurse sharks, hammerheads

and conch shells like to roam!

Yes, shark alley they told us is buoy ninety-two

Though no sharks I could find in the depths of that blue—

Fish like angels that sparkle in schools of all size

While moon jellyfish, mostly harmless, elegantly float by!

But the most precious gift of nature's God intent

Was a school of blue tang that flashed forth purple fins!

I will never forget this angelic grand prize

Like sunbeams that reflect feathered-wing butterflies!

In the depths of the sea near Lord Zadkiel's retreat

Violet tangs, purple corals, yellow reefs now complete!

A full measure of peace on this beautiful day

Crystal clear visibility under aqua blue haze

Where a prayer scattered storm clouds

that white-capped the foam

Jesus, master of Looe Reef, brought me safely back home!



## *Airboat Safari*

*The water glides fast as we fly through the air*

*The surface surreal as we hover and stare*

*At the millions of lilipads rising so fair*

*And the gators that wait 'round a bend with tooth flair!*

*The wind in the marshes lifts troubles away*

*And we stop for a snack at a hutched getaway*

*Miccosukee women await with wood-fired fried bread,*

*Before we delve deeper where angels have tread!*

*Like a gigantic mirror ties the earth to the sky*

*While large cumulonimbi float happily by*

*Blue, white, yellow, green paint for most of the day*

*Till evening sunset arrives with its violet bouquet!*

*It is both hot and cool in this part of the world*

*Where horizon fades into gold patterns unfurled,*

*And where fish frolic happily in waters pristine  
Leaving standing room only for pink spoonbills to preen!*

*An airboat safari is one of a kind*

*A once-in-a-lifetime Old World left behind,*

*Where you can even pet gators who edge up to the boat*

*To hear native guide chants and to down a warmouth!*



## Christmas Dreams

I dream of a land where it's warmer than snow  
And where lights scintillate with the softest white glow,  
Where the moon perches high on the top of a tree  
Like a banyan repose or a mahogany

Why I'll nap and I'll dream of the children whose smile  
Makes my labor of love every Christmas worthwhile;  
When I take off and return to Third Street with my sash  
I'll run down my list twice then wake up in a flash!

I'm a realtor in Naples and most lucky to be,  
Or a Ferrari dealer on a holiday spree—  
Perhaps simply a tourist that got out of the ice  
Or a snowbird that sojourns more often than twice

I could be a policeman, high school teacher or nurse,  
A storefront boutique with a bright Hermes purse

You will find me 'round town in so many disguises,  
Santa comes in all colors, and all budgets and sizes  
To bring hope winter season and spread holiday joy  
As we give to less fortunate who have nowhere to go,  
May we expand our hearts like a wave touching sand—  
Saint Nicholas, you call me, and I'll lend helping hand!



## Flying High

Flying over the sea is a journey for me

And the waves are a thrill down below

As we ascend so high, peaceful sun in my eye

I give thanks to the wind where I go

When a shark caught my eye, but a speck on the sly

I fret not for I am heaven-bound,

And the peace that I feel is a prayer most surreal

As I trust to come back to the ground

Feet hang behind the boat, I dip down and I float

Then rise up once again like a bird

What a wonderful feeling how this angel wing flow

Strengthens faith in my corded vest gird

From the air, Naples sound is the joy that I found

With my children on warm Christmas day,

Parasailing around, joyous memories abound

Where I traded my fears for child play!

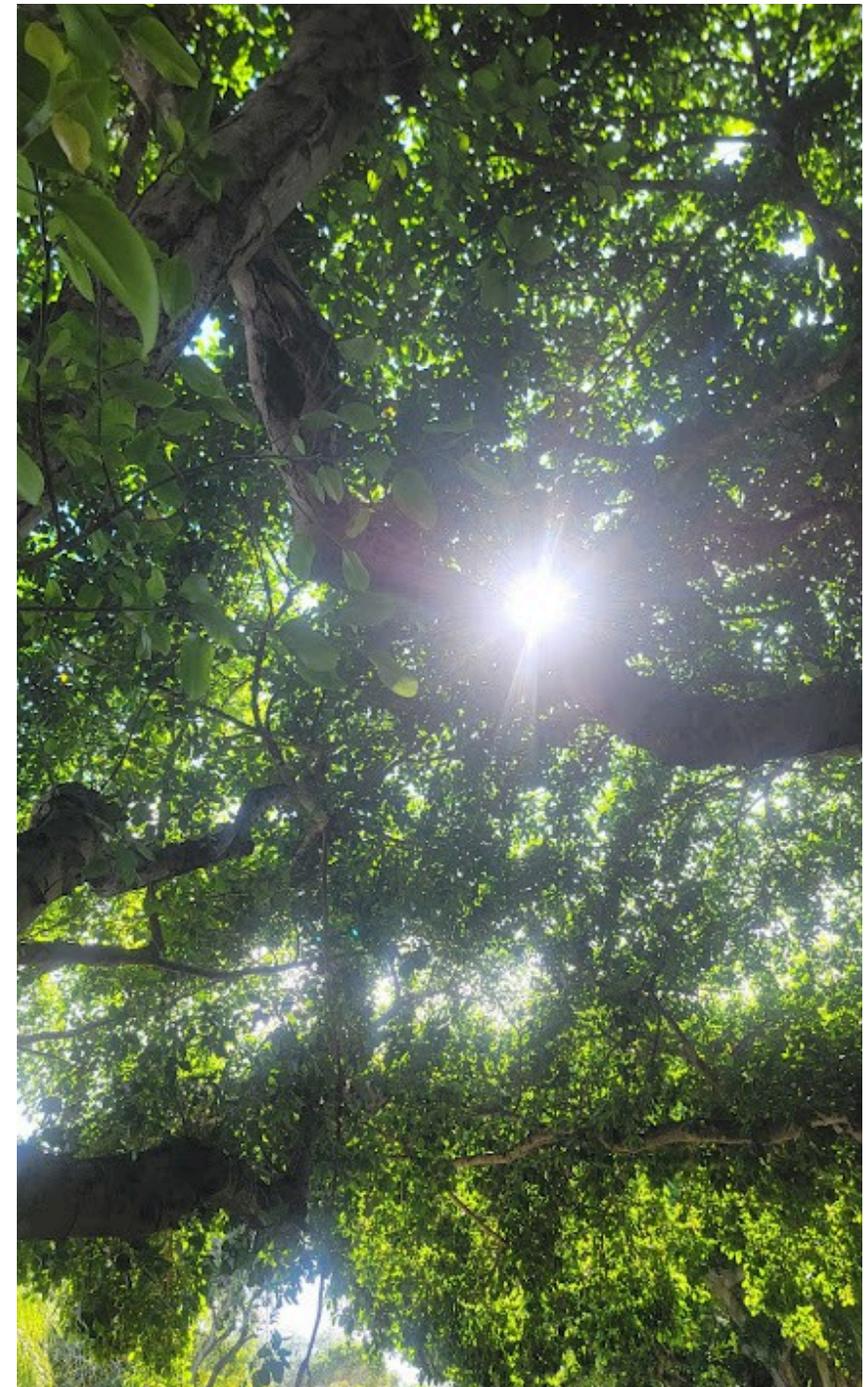


## Trees of Coral Gables

*Like lovers entwined midst bold roots, swinging vines  
Trees of bright Coral Gables line the sky where blue shines;  
Majestic, bold and triumphant they rise to be free  
And with solid good measure still grow happily!*

*Verdant banyan their canopy calls out poets and nymphs  
Who play hide and seek twixt their braided, wood lymph,  
Twelve hundred in number they stand guard and defend  
From the hustle and bustle of Miami's north end*

*In due time taking refuge under vast leafy grace  
Delayed gratification yields to passion's sweet embrace,  
And where squirrels and iguanas still run a fixed race  
While feathered cranes launch without leaving a trace!*



## Fountain of Youth

*Like brave Ponce de Leon back in 1513*

*I went to La Florida to find youthful sheen—*

*An hourglass sinkhole thirty thousand years old*

*Where warm mineral waters will heal and enfold*

*To ponder, I float in this mineral soup*

*Where a fish or a tadpole dash up, dare you look!*

*At the fathomless bottom more than 200-feet deep*

*That has been since Atlantis and that legends will keep*

*Giving thanks to the vast trees that cover the park*

*Leaning back to look up at the colossal bark,*

*And white purity rays flashing forth, piercing through*

*Gift of Shekinah Glory, divine fountain of youth!*



## Friendship Arch

When La Marseillaise plays back-to-back with Gershwin

An American in Paris you see, is what I have been—

But I'm also Parisian in Star Spangled lieu,

And like Disney's Fantasia, love my Rhapsody in Blue!

When La Tricolore is displayed next to stars and stripes true,

My soul thrills, it's genetic for the red, white and blue!

Mon père est français, my mom American

So it's clear these three colors flow deep in my veins!

And for freedom they stand like the flame in my heart,

Mighty Liberty's stand from La Seine to New York—

She's a goddess so fair, gratitude is her fare

And her torch is a beacon that lights the night air!

Many times I have walked down the Champs Elysées

Entered Arc de Triomphe for a flowered bouquet

That we lay by the side of soldat anonyme  
Who gave up his life young for a change of regime...

Come to Naples to find a New World festive arch  
Boasting holiday bough tied with velvet red sash,  
Like bow tie pour monsieur and belle robe pour madame,  
Welcome outre-Atlantique that did not need champagne!

In all earnestness though we remember the past,  
And the wars that we fought so that freedom will last,

War of Independence, Jour de la Libération  
Under arche d'amitié, freedom fighters conjoined!



## Birds of Paradise

Strangers in paradise now abandon disguise

For a gardener's most sought-after prize,

And the caliph who enters in humble surmise

Is rewarded with feast for the eyes:

Like a bluebell grows clear, she's the belle he holds dear

Like a muse for his wandering lyre,

When she sings all of nature 's steadfastness appears

And love thrills, bowers quiver to sire!

Now his tenor voice lofts with a sweet melody

Sir, the angel he longed for was she,

Midst the birds of the air and the buzz of the bees

Like a prince he falls down to his knees

Lo! the rose on the trellis and the rose in his heart

Are now merging with sweetest accord,

And the wings that have flown and the wings in the nest

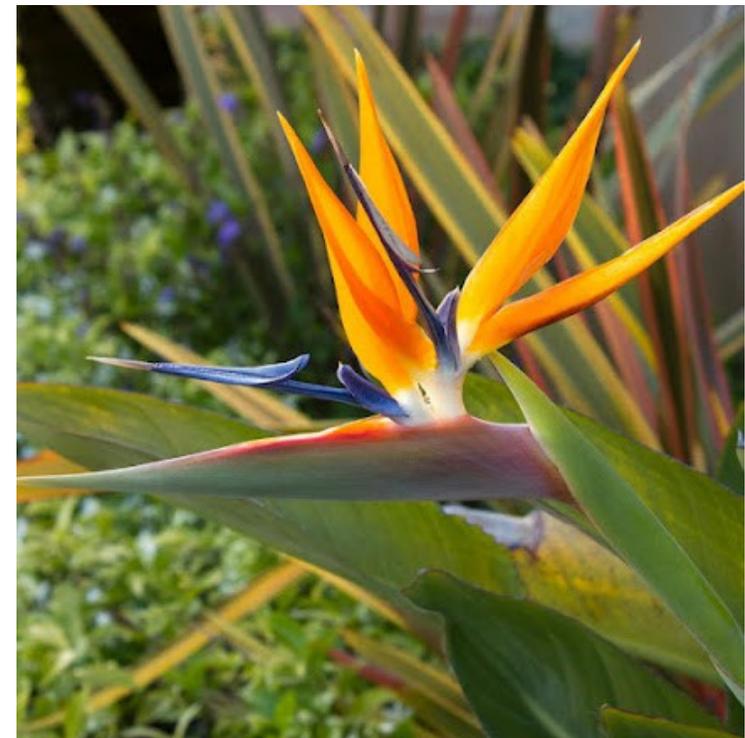
Offer hymns to their Edenic Lord!

Secret garden where flowers transform as they grow

And where wing'd creatures immortalize,

Rise with flourishing joy where life's river will flow

Birds of paradise are love crystallized!



## Passion Flower

When I was a child, my grandmother and I  
Went to Paris to visit all the beautiful sights;  
One day she took me up to Galleries Lafayette  
Next to Champs Elysées, a magnificent fête  
  
In the salon de thé, we sat down for a treat,  
Looking up at the ceiling my bliss almost complete!  
Under the cupola, we could see all the floors,  
Lined with gold and glass frescoes, who could ask for more?  
  
The waiter came by and gave us the menu;  
So many fun choices, dessert veteran déjà-vu!  
Profiteroles, Saint Honoré, religieuse ou éclair,  
And a great many more made with fanfare and flair!  
  
Then Mémère and I decided to go for sorbets,  
Vast array of new flavors, what a cornucopia bouquet!

Peach or poire pour madame, framboise pour mademoiselle,  
To settle for one was not just bagatelle!  
  
When my eye caught a flavor I had never yet tried,  
Passion fruit was the name, with a beautiful sigh!  
What could this flavor of love sublime possibly be?  
I just had to try it, it sounded exquis!  
  
I remember how much I savored this delight  
Passion fruit is a taste like no others in life—  
A favored experience that seemed out of this world  
For a grandmother in Paris with her sweet, wide-eyed girl!  
  
Fast-forward half a century and a red flower climbs  
On a vine in a garden, a botanical find!  
I pick up my camera, a stranger comes up to me,  
“That's a passion fruit flower,” and I remember Paris!

He went on to explain to me diligently  
How the passion flower symbolizes true love on a tree;  
The love that Christ suffered to raise us from sin,  
Marking petals and pistils, and even stamens!  
  
Almost fifty years expired for a mystery solved,  
That the passion fruit glorifies God up above;  
Wherefore greater love hath no man in the end,  
That a man will lay down treasured life for his friends



## Emerald Hue

Love this blue-emerald hue with a dolphin or two  
While white birds like the clouds will fly fast into view,  
And where pelicans sit to dine on fickle fish  
Who will shine like gold shimmer and then make their last wish!

It's a sparkling kingdom, a true magical sight  
That celebrates nature just teeming with life,  
Where the fun in the sun abounds far beyond measure  
So long as good weather will grant us the pleasure...

For the moment this view has been all but erased  
With a pier that a hurricane moved out of place—  
Some day soon, we were told, it will reincarnate  
In the meanwhile we take out our paddle boards and wait!

Yes, the Naples Pier was rebuilt already five times  
Each version new and improved to secure bottom line,

But this line like a fishing pole cannot resist  
The strong pull of the ocean or the tug of big fish!  
We move on with good attitude, cultivate fortitude  
Blending wiser surrender with immense gratitude,  
A prayer for good fortune with more planks and more nails  
May this view be restored umpteenth times if God wills!



## Down the Aisle

*Would you pause for a moment and walk down the aisle*

*Where coconuts palms sway and travelers smile?*

*Gone is the hustle of Miami's wide streets,*

*Narrow is the way that leads to this retreat,*

*Blue waters flow gently, waves caress the surf*

*Green lizards, iguanas run to protect their turf!*

*From sun up to sundown, then they stop for a rest*

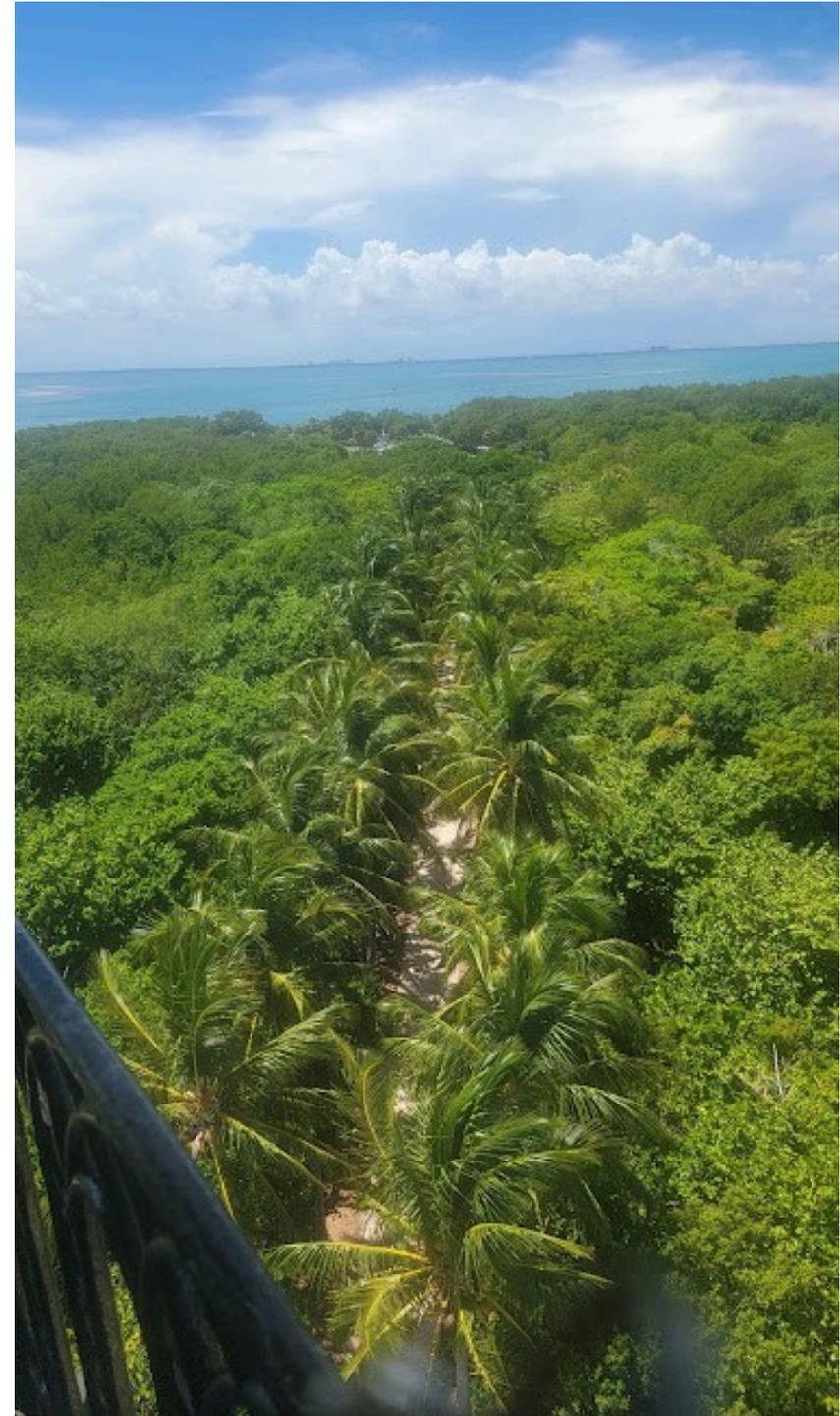
*With their eyes still wide open so we can't second guess!*

*From this lighthouse rail tower, I survey the land,*

*Called America beautiful, lush forests, white sand,*

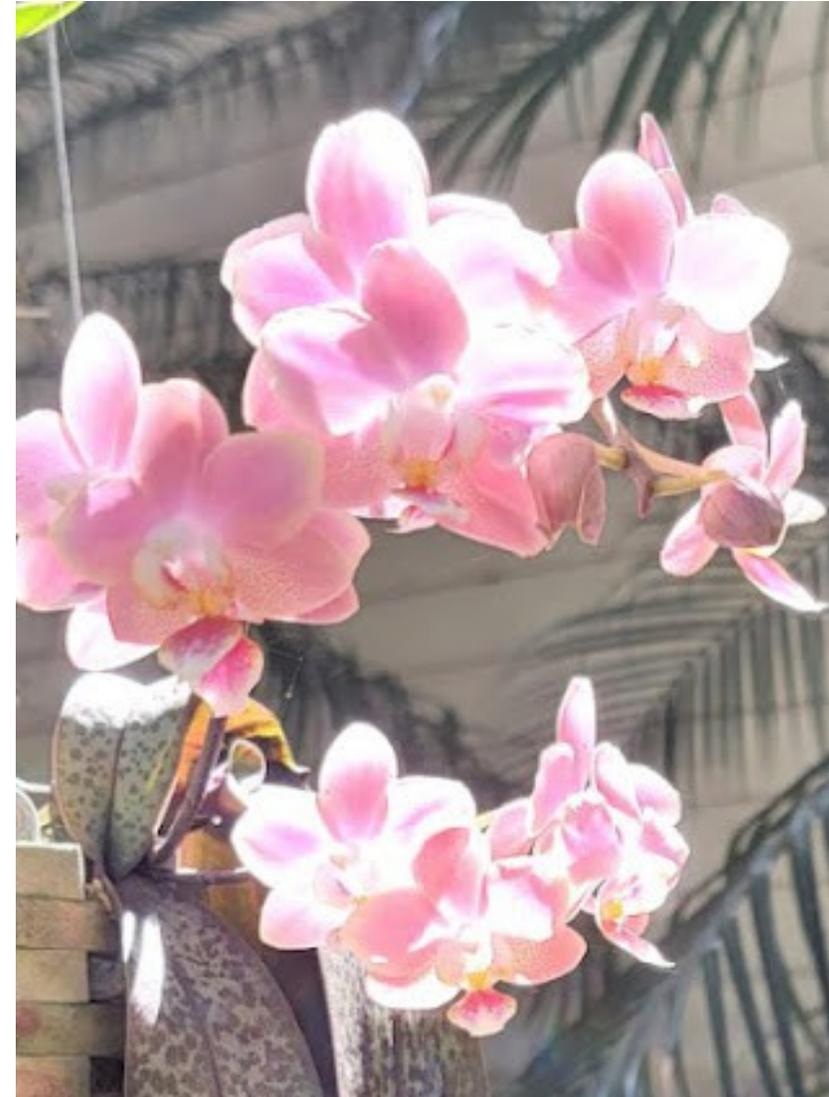
*And I wonder if angels pause to hear the birds sing*

*Wagner's sweet bridal chorus that a Tannhäuser brings!*



## Sunlit Grace

Pure happiness and sheerest joy  
Like orchids pink balancing ploy  
That turn our heads with sunlit grace  
Till sullen troubles are effaced  
When petals throb and music thrills  
A symphony for window sills  
With Rondo Alla Turca flair,  
As pristine elegance fills the air  
Please nota bene my good cheer  
A secret smile from ear to ear,  
Molto allegro is fair price  
Where tenderness meets paradise!



*To Heal the Earth through*



*Divine Beauty and Mystical Light!*

## *About the Author*

*Thérèse Rose Emmanuel is a poet, artist, writer, photographer, songwriter-singer, web designer, teacher and mother.*

*She has authored many books and websites for personal and spiritual growth. She also created 52 Songs of Divine Love to celebrate the mystical fusion of the world's spiritual traditions and the teachings of the ascended masters.*

*Thérèse was born in Paris, France. She has traveled to many countries and speaks several languages. She highly appreciates the beauty inherent in classical art and music.*

*She shares her life between Florida and Montana.*

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