

ST. AUGUSTINE

By Catherine Avery St. Jean

Don Pedro found us in 1565
He named the land La Florida
But where he first stood
He named the city for Day's Saint.
She still flourishes and blooms
Each winter holidays in lights
To celebrate the seasons tidings
As tourists flock to see it's beauty.
That is St. Augustine, my town.

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Gem of the First Coast
Like a tiara, it is the crown jewel.
In the Summer the enchanted nights
Are filled with music in
The Plaza de la Constitution
Under the pearl moon.
In the Fall she floats
On a sea of dazzling sapphires
As the topaz sun shines down
And waters sparkle at her shores.
Her beauty shines like diamonds
During the festive holidays
As many seek her lights.
In the Spring she blooms again
As her gardens flower
With magnificent rubies and emeralds.
She is the first, but never the last.

The Beach

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Hot summer days we are inclined,
To put on sunscreen as mothers teach,
Leaving the heat and our cares behind,
With best friend going to the sunny beach.
Refreshing our listless body and weary mind,
Our toes anxious for the rushing waves to reach,
As it lowers our temps as we blissfully unwind,
Water reaches our ankles with laughter we screech.