

# The Isle of Kauai

Through gaping holes in the jutting mountains  
A stream of light spotlighted the  
Dappled mares staring hypnotically  
Toward the motionless bay.

Nestled in their home amidst  
Acres of sugar cane,  
One slept, ignoring the glamour  
While the other ambled delicately

Toward the son of a steam roller who rested  
Deeply amidst the swaying stalks  
Dreaming of the day when his  
Engine roared throughout the hillside.

A lost and frightened rooster  
Sped across the highway  
With his head bobbing as frantically  
As his feet scampered on his safe passage.

Cows nibbled contentedly and a lone gull  
Soared to the sea.  
All at peace  
On the Garden Isle of Kauai.

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