

## **The Valley of Iao**

The white water descended frantically through a frame of gentle yellow flowers,  
Crashing violently against the mammoth rocks.  
A light drizzle prevailed beneath the towering needle of Iao  
As I discovered paradise.

One dare not speak for fear  
Of interrupting the gentle conversations of nature around us.  
The misty gray clouds hover mysteriously  
Above the majestic green mountains  
In their attempt to be a part of this pastoral paradise.

Looping palms form natural archways beside the frantic stream  
While trees of all races intertwine in their journey to the heavens.  
Wild flowers glisten with crystal raindrops  
That gently freckle their colorful faces.

Beauty born through time continues its journey  
As young ferns and blossoming trees  
Reach upward at unusual angles  
Toward the sun and rain who have nurtured  
All here from their innocence  
To this tropical tour through time.

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**The Valley of Iao**  
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