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Paradise

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Paradise

Alexis Hurewitz

Burning souls run into a sparkling turquoise body,
The warm, salty liquid soothes even the tensest
tourist.

Sunshine beats down upon slick skin,
Scorching the fair and tanning the native,
While nimble toddlers squeal in delight as they
create kingdoms.

Perfection seems to seep from the very limestone
itself.

Everlasting, right?

But dark clouds rolled across the blue sky,
absorbing the warmth,
Things changed.

Corporations supported politicians and stole natural
gems.

Like powerful hurricane winds, they destroyed all;
Only the balmy palms remained.

After torrential development, the suffocating
humidity increased.

Bloodthirsty mosquitoes in power suits moved in
for the kill.

Eroded, polluted, and overcrowded.

Still in the Sunshine State?

Take 95 to Flamingo and step out of a red '97 smog
machine.

At one time there were acres of mangroves and
sawgrass,
Strip malls and crummy warehouses rule the land
now.
Is this what we wanted?

While all may seem lost, things can change.
For at the end of every canal is a ray of sunlight.