

Naples, Florida April 2020 – Jen Brock

Under the Mango Tree

Sweet little girl under the mango tree
Won't you come and play with me?

She places a cranberry hibiscus leaf in her mouth with a wistful smile
As if to say, "we could play for a good little while."

The swing is her favorite thing to do.
That's the way it is when you're only two.

I chase her through the garden, as she runs like the wind.
Bunnies, raccoons and lizards are her friends.

The palm fronds dip down to gently comb her curly hair.
As if to touch her and tell her that they care.

She laughs, dances and sings a sweet song.
The world must truly want to come along.

Tap, tap, tap, we follow the sound
A bright red woodpecker is eventually found

Pockets of rain-water in the bromeliads
Cardinals and blue jays make us feel glad

Poinciana, alamanda, ixora and desert rose
have secrets that only a child can know.

Colors of the rainbow, the flowers bloom.
Lemons for lemonade in the afternoon.

We stop to pick tart Surinam cherries.
It puckers our lips and makes us merry.

Butterflies gather on the jatropa tree.
The red blossoms open for the honey bees.

The Narrow Way is busy and wild
with bikes and ramps that are ideal for a child.

The breeze is nice and the palm trees sway.
This is an enchanted place to play.

The sweet smell of jasmine fills the air with bliss

Is this the key to happiness?

The pine trees seem to “whisper” as they blow about.
“You are loved beyond measure!” is what they shout!

You must carefully listen to hear it true.
With your stillness all things become new.

As the sky turns pink and the shadows fall,
A small voice from the house begins to call,

“The stars will be bright, tonight!”

“Let’s build a big bonfire and tell a story or two,
of a sweet little girl who was most definitely you.”