

What is life without meaning or purpose?

If heaven and hell were never to surface?

Paradise is the answer and quest here on earth,

Where love is a tropical island with all of its worth.

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A coconut cream punch with fruit salad desert,

Aqua blue crystal clear water that sunshine can flirt;

Waves on the beach under the gentle blue sky,

Running, walking or swimming and getting on high.

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Paradise is paramount in the world left to come,

A vision of splendor that is like sex in the sun;

Then when the stars shine with the moon in the night,

The heavens light beams reflect on the ocean so right.

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Lobster, crab, prawns or oysters, all a perfect delight,

That makes up a seafood platter to satisfy the appetite;

A fresh garden salad and tropical fruit cocktail,

On a yacht in the sunset's horizon with total full sail.

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Peach, plums and nectarines a stone fruit resort,

Grapes, pineapple and passion fruit a topical sport;

The delicacies of summer are the first treats resource,

Paradise is paramount as life's pairs find their course.

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And when it gets cold and snow falls on the peaks,

Cuddle up around the fireside as love's beauty speaks;

Romantic music in a restaurant with hot food for all,

Then curl up at night with the life's beckoning call.

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Signed,

The best it could be.