

Florida: A Poem

I know a land where the hand of God Himself has fashioned a shore of marvelous sweep, where gentle Trade Winds sighing through majestic palms croon a ceaseless obligato, and where beaches of dazzling white, stretched against a background of living green, slope down to the ever restless seas.

This is Florida, where by day the earth is kissed by sunbeams that caress and where by night the spirit of Romance walks abroad beneath a moon of tropic splendor.

This is Florida, where the gorgeous poinsettia flashes its crimson petals and where the wide-winged heron glides in sharp outline against a sky of purest azure.

This is Florida, where Nature's richest gifts have been showered with lavish hand and where myriad charms beckon the weary and the worn.

This is Florida, rich beyond count in hidden wealth, whose soil puts forth a golden harvest and to whose deep harbors speed the richest argosies of commerce.

This is Florida, to which the world has come and lingered and praised, to which the weary and broken have found their way to regain their vigor and to shout afar the virtues of this land upon which Nature has smiled.

Florida strides along with the vigorous, swinging pace of youth, in time with the spirit of progress, a song of joy on her lips and in her eyes the light of determination.

This is Florida, the playground of the world, yet not a playground entirely. For here industry and commerce rank important. Florida's broad ranges provide grazing ground for countless thousands of cattle, Florida's fertile acres produce annually harvests of unbelievable value. Florida's golden fruit speeds yearly to the markets of the world, and Florida's forests ring with the axe of the woodsman and the melody of the saw breaks the silence of their fastness. On the bosoms of her streams float valued cargoes and at her wharves ride vessels of all nations. Her sons are stalwart and her daughters fair and their eyes peer fearlessly into the future.

Florida's past is but a promise of her future. The achievements that have been hers are but the foreshadowing of those to come. Her feet are cased in Seven League boots of progress and the coming decade will see a new Florida, a better Florida, the blush of her youth replaced by the healthier, more substantial glow of her maturity.

This is Florida, the land of promise: Florida, the world's playground. Florida-the Glad Land.

