



Cocoanut Grove

By
Frank Sweet

Below the reach of winter cold,
Above the hew of torrid clime.
Where orange trees and palm fronds
hold Sure promises of summer time;
With tropic sea and sapphire sky,
And trade winds' ever soothing breeze,
Swift to the Inu's veranda hie,
And take thy fill of sport and ease.
A rare climatic treasure trove,
Is this quaint town upon the bay,
This hermit like Cocoanut Grove,
To which the traveler steals away,
Weary of toil, of pleasure, all,
And longing just for rest and ease,
In perfect clime, with no world call,
Where he may do—just as he please.
Before him there on Biscayne Bay.
Are fleeting sails on pleasure bent,
Out racing, or, perchance, away
In some far fishing trip intent,
With lines and reels, and lunch below.
To sail and troll where fish are found
Out to the reefs for pompano,
Or to Kingfish or mack'rel ground.
No business here, 'tis left behind
Where bells and whistles clang the call,
No care to gall and chafe the mind,
No hint of office, mart, or mall;
'Tis sapphire sky and gliding boat,
The rare climatic treasure trove,
Veranda chair, or days afloat,
Or as you please life at the Grove.

