

## The Island Farmer

Verse 1      Fragile as the patterns  
                Beaten in the sand -  
                Multi-layered dunes, attract the eye.  
                Strongest storms have crashed  
                To cause their symmetry,  
                And, hottest suns have baked  
                Their graceful imagery.

Verse 2           So, too, the Island farmer possessing  
                Elements that could be shaped,  
                Made strong, through Nature's trials,  
                Or, crushed to helplessness,  
                His patterns washed away.  
                When forcibly compelled  
                To change his Island ways.

Verse 3      His furrowed brow reflects  
                His steadfast, long-resolve  
                To shape his fortunes, true to Nature's way.  
                But, change is fast upon his land,  
                Reflected in his gaze -  
                A pensive stare - with heavy heart  
                He puts his plow away.

*Millie Walker Trainor*