

Night wind whips through Las Islas.
Limbs rustle on tin roofs.
Fire's embers glow in darkness.
Crickets serenade as stars listen.
Tenetis rings at higher pitch,
fighting crickets for my attention.
Alex turned thirteen-yesterday morning.
Critters fed at first light.

Started Embers

Well-directed spit hits embers.
Startled sparks jump toward sky.
Campfire taken by complete surprise.
Momentary sizzle is barely audible.
Steam rises from licking flames.
Campfire resumes its dutiful consumption,
releasing smoke into night sky.
Simple evening pleasures at Las Islas.

Blue Clear Skies At Las Islas

Blue, clear Las Islas skies
offer up scorching summer sun.
Work party approaches deer blind
with flaking paint losing grip.
Work party readies for assault.
Paint scrapping twelve feet up.
Proceeds team painting, rollers whirling.
Sweat streams into squinting eyes.

GOBLIS

Good ol boys of Las Islas,
teamwork key to GOBLIS success
stock tank converted to pool
it's time for annual cleaning
crusty residue scraped from inside
raising clouds of tank dust.
Not much of a sacrifice,
considering joy of summer swim.