

## Treasured Isle

Mast head lights like fire flies  
dance above the ships that lie—  
at night's anchor in Norman Harbor.

A mere speck on the Caribbean Sea  
but a place whose bold history—  
has been immortalized by R.L. Stevenson.

A mysterious isle where legends say  
old Blackbeard hid his gold away—  
in sea caves along the rocky coast.

Now I think of days before  
of bedspread sails and wooden swords—  
and the pirate games we'd play.

Skull and bones on handmade flags  
a buried treasure in a marble bag—  
we boldly sailed our backyard fleet.

And as a child I'd been amazed  
to know that there'd come a day—  
I'd walk along—the very shore.

Now in the morning I'll sail away  
but this 'Treasured Isle' will always stay—  
anchored deep within my heart.