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O Victoria

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O Victoria

SYLVIA S. MEDEL

(Personification)

Such a pretty name! So feminine when spoken.
There's an air of romance in your name.

Quaint, your unique charm appeals to one's senses.
Dainty, your delicate beauty likens to a goddess.
Fascinating is your story of existence.

You've welcomed me with open arms
And drawn me close to your heart.

Will I ever forget you?

Not, for a thousand reasons:

Not for the lovely flowers

Adorning your landscapes;

Not for abounding maple and cedar trees

Along the roads and mountain ridges;

Not with the fragrance of the pines

That floats in the air wildly;

Not with the rustle of leaves

When the night sleeps

And the drizzles in the wee hours,

All like symphony to my ears.

And when the sun awakens to a glorious morn
Victoria, you stand there small, yet dignified and victorious,
A picturesque city by the sea beckoning me to return.

How can I ever forget you? Not today. Not ever.

You have indeed, enchanted me.