

## **Bahamas**

By Colin Bevan

Fisherman rip tonight's dinner from the ocean  
Bloody hands filet the dead fish  
Smells of fresh fish turns my head  
Salt fills the air rusting old boats  
Charcoal beach fires cook today's catch  
Warm water surrounds my feet  
Small birds run from the waves  
Boats dot the horizon for miles  
Paradise, I hope I never leave