

Palm Beach, a love letter... of sorts

from the book *No Remedy for Love*

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I walk the boardwalk streets alone
Towards my palm-treed Palm Beach home
The breezes tousle up my hair
With balmy, ocean-scented air
What secrets do these gates conceal
The topiary, these streets surreal
Where do I fit, what role to play
Do I remain or run away

Philanthropists whom we admire
Come here to play or to retire
And well-heeled widows by the score
Hand down donations to the poor
How many con artists and crooks
Have hedged their funds, and cooked their books
How much is real, how much pretend
The Donald greets me like a friend
At Mar-A-Lago's grand events
And fundraisers in floodlit tents

An heiress and a British Lord
Run mansions they can ill afford
The polo players, Counts and Earls
The ancient dowagers in pearls
The trophy wives who wanted more
Ferraris, Rolls and yachts galore
The sunglasses, the jewels, the Porsche
The white designer dogs, of course

A baroness, dear friend of mine
Air kisses as we sip the wine
And gossips about who's in town
In her Versace evening gown
Like Prufrock's women off we go
To talk of Michelangelo
I'll pose like Paris, drop some names
I'll play our superficial games
Not quite my world, not quite my dream
This fantasy, this movie scene
Yet somehow I feel happy here
And I'll return year after year

To find my peace, define my space
My island home, my special place
But what is false and what is true
Just walk along Worth Avenue
Past Lauren, Saks and Gucci too
And ladies lunching at Taboo
Where tiny courtyards can be found
And sunlit fountains splash the ground
Where jasmine scents the evening breeze
And orchids drip from Banyan trees
It's here I chose to build my nest
Amongst the worst, amongst the best
Contented to be warm and free
From northern snowstorm misery

Give me my Bougainvillea
And mismatched memorabilia
My paintings, bright and fanciful
My carpet bought in Istanbul
The Christmas tree that still survives
The photos from my different lives
My sculpted bronze from Mexico
My etchings and my prize Miro
The music stand that's seen so much
And three guitars that crave my touch
For them I turn down invitations
No man meets my expectations
Alfie, what's it all about
Life's too damn hard to figure out
Is this my book, or my next song
Is this the place where I belong
Or will my restless heart rebel
Is it too new, too soon to tell
And so I live life day by day
Not knowing if I'll go or stay
Arrive December, leave in May
And love Palm Beach..... in my own way.