



Bill Wingate 1999

"SUMMERS OF THE SOUL"

Those Magic Isles, on which in summers
we did dwell,
Though they were small,
A safe anchorage for those of us,
who found,
Young "jitterbugs" that heeded to
your call,
Ocean Havens, where summer pleasures
did abound,
Creating soulful memories for us all,
Magic Isles,
Our summer stomping grounds!

And it was good in youth there to bide,
and taste the sweet refreshment
of your strands,
To feel the coolness of your ever
changing tides,
And embrace the healing warmth
of your sun swept sands.

We danced, we loved, we played,
But mostly, we were understood,
By those who accepted us as "friend,"
Summer days that were so serene,
and always good,
Soulful days we secretly hoped,
would never end.

And to try and explain to those
who know not which I speak,
It's impossible to attempt
to purvey,
Those magic summer homes,
Ocean Drive, Myrtle Beach,
In the cockles of our souls,
Will always stay.

- Bill Wingate