



A Poetry Chapbook About Southlands, Vancouver, BC, Canada.

By

Lucio Muñoz*



*** Lucio Muñoz is an independent QLC researcher living in Vancouver, BC, Canada who enjoys writing short poems, short stories, and Haikus during his breaks. Email: caringlucio@hotmail.com**



Southlands, a paradise



Southlands

**Southlands, Southlands, Southlands,
Thank you for opening your hands,
For quickly making me feel part,
Of your beautiful heart.**

**Southlands, Southlands, Southlands,
Anchor to Celtic and Deering Islands,
Home to beautiful horses,
And playground for wild plants and roses.**

**Southlands, Southlands, Southlands,
Here for you hugs by the thousands,
You smell wonderful,
You are beautiful.**

**Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada**



Southlands, a especial place



The Beauty of Southlands

**The beauty of Southlands,
The same day,
If you are lucky,
You can admire the eagles,
See the playful seagles,
Ride majestic horses,
Enjoy wild roses,
And shake some friendly hands.**

**Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada**



Southlands, the treasure



Vancouver's hidden treasure

**Close to downtown,
Between golf-courses,
Home of many horses,
A sort of country town.**

**Very friendly people,
Waving when driving by,
Talkative when walking by,
Kindness by example.**

**You can enjoy riding horses,
Or go walking your dogs,
Or go and see tugboats on the river pooling logs,
Or go bird watching in the bushes.**

**Southlands is full of nature,
The best kept secret,
A country side environment,
It is Vancouver's hidden treasure.**

**Poem by Lucio Muñoz
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Southlands, a home to wild life



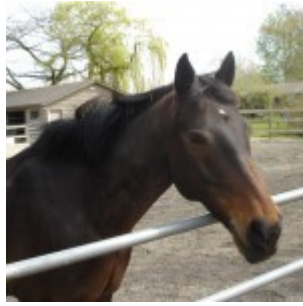
Sassy the Cat

**Sassy became a wild cat,
To me he was very kind,
His owners left him behind
When they moved out.**

**To survive he had to be friendly,
Street smart,
Sweet like candy,
And when escaping predators, sharp as a dart.**

**One day his luck run out,
He stopped coming in the mornings to hug me,
I heard a coyote finally took him out,
Sassy I still feel your presence around me!**

**Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada**



Southlands, an evolving especial place



The Vanishing Cowboy

**The landscape is changing,
Ways of life are evolving,
Old cultural barriers are falling,
Man-woman roles are shifting,
You can see it in Southlands,
Where ridding activities have changed hands.**

**I see horses,
I see saddles,
I see girls riding
I see no cowboys playing.**

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Southlands, relaxing in Deering Island



Deering Island is Picture Perfect

**Whenever you have the chance,
To go to Deering Island view point,
You will agree with me,
The scenery any time is picture perfect.**

**And if you decide to rest on any of the benches,
Look up the sky and close your eyes,
You may be able to hear a symphony played by branches,
Black hacks, crawls, seagles, and eagles.**

**Poem by Lucio Muñoz
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Southlands, a visit to Deering Island



Deering Island View Point

**Early mornings usually when it is still dark,
I visit the view point at Deering Island Park,
The river's scenery is colourful,
The experience of being there is wonderful.**

**Looking at the sky,
I sometimes see planes flying by,
Or seagulls skillfully looking down,
Or eagles hunting upside down.**

**Looking towards the water,
Sometimes I see a playful otter,
Or a hard working beaver,
Or tugboats going up and down the river.**

**Looking towards the public trails,
Sometimes I see dogs with happy tails,
Or people enjoying horse riding
Or simply hiking or biking.**

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Southlands, the view by the water



The Sky Shaped As Giant Lips

**What a beautiful morning,
The sky was shaped like two open giant lips,
Slowly expanding,
In a chain of what appeared to be celestial smiles.**

**The calm waters of the Fraser River,
Projected the expanding sky figures towards my face,
I felt as if I was in the presence of an serial kisser,
Coming from outer space.**

**Oh! What a wonderful feeling,
Like I was about to fly away,
That morning,
Into eternity.**

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Southlands, an autumn gem



Autumn in Southlands

**Walking down on Blenheim towards Southlands,
Early one morning on a cold autumn day,
I noticed the changing colours of the different parcels of lands,
Like a huge rainbow was at play.**

**I first stopped next to a very tall pine tree,
Bending happily in symphony with a gentle breeze,
Looking up I saw the clouds moving by,
And group of wild ducks flying by.**

**Then, I walked on Carrington Street towards the river,
Stopping just before the white bridge,
To observe the unique architecture left by a busy beaver,
And the imposing pose of a huge resident eagle.**

**A lot to see,
Colours,
Nature and wildlife,
That is autumn in Southlands.**

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