

Halaila Luontoa

Upon an isle where nature's hand  
Did weave a tapestry of sand,  
A wondrous place of quaint design,  
Where culture and the wild align.

With tourist gems of tiny size,  
Each structure, a sweet surprise,  
Where nature's gifts, a guiding force,  
Create a realm of true discourse.

Amidst the foliage, tall and grand,  
A tree stands tall, a beacon's hand,  
Its branches cradle dwellings small,  
A symphony of life in thrall.

A bridge of stone, with moss adorned,  
Where rushing streams have once meandered,  
A testament to nature's touch,  
As structures blend, they never clutch.

A tiny hut, with shells entwined,  
A testament to crafts refined,  
Woven tales of ages past,  
In harmony, they're meant to last.

Beneath the stars, a gazebo lies,  
With twinkling lights that grace the skies,  
The constellations, brightly glowing,  
Above this isle, their beauty showing.

Around, the fauna freely roams,  
As part of nature's vibrant tomes,  
Where humans walk with gentle tread,  
In harmony, this place they've bred.

So come, explore this magic isle,  
Where culture and the earth compile,  
A testament to unity,  
In nature's grasp, we all agree.

Let's cuddle in nature,  
let's cuddle with nature.