

MY VALLEJO

Vallejo, all American city by the bay,
Has natural wonders in array,
Replete with historical past,
Her unique beauty other cities can't surpass,
Ennobled by her diverse mass,

In Verdant parks children play,
By the water front many folks stay,
To watch aircraft carriers on deck,
And varied boats leave the dock,
From Mare Island where they earned their buck.

Adorned with bright lights at night,
This promenade becomes an enchanting sight,
Its circular restaurant with a clock tower atop,
Offers tourists a respite from their trip,
And Brazilian coffee to sip.

Across the street the avenue of flags run:
From fifty states fluttering in the wind and sun;
Colorful pennants bearing our nation's soul,
Their ropes beating against the steel poles,
Remind us of church bells' tolls.

Victorian houses line Georgia Street,
Their gables projecting out are neat,
Their classic designs are always a hit,
Resonant of an opulent past,
Whose wealth and splendor didn't last.

Discovery Kingdom is quite an attraction,
Thousands from all over find her their satisfaction
Watching dolphins, whales, animals big and small,
Acrobats and exotic dancers are all
Performing and competing for their attention.

Here cultural activities are bountiful,
And a chain of fast foods is plentiful.
Renown for its unique diversities,
Vallejo stands at the crossroads to important cities
Her exhilarating breath makes her – My Vallejo!

Adolph Berenguer