

Louisiana, My Seductress

By Bradley LeBlanc



Oh, Lady Louisiana, how your spell reigns over me
Seducing people beginning so long ago; have you no shame?
A lifetime bound by your charisma, the destiny I foresee

Exiled Acadians landing on your shores were finally free
Welcomed in this strange land, a new home they did proclaim
Oh, Lady Louisiana, how your spell reigns over me

Majestic oaks overflowing with moss, an exquisite sight to see
Vibrant azalea bushes, mimosa trees, magnolia trees, yours to claim
A lifetime bound by your charisma, the destiny I foresee

Family gatherings, Mardi Gras, festivals, cook-offs, great times we agree
Dancing, singing, celebrating joie de vivre, the name of the game
Oh, Lady Louisiana, how your spell reigns over me

Yearlong fishing and hunting, for all sportsmen's paradise devotees
Jambalaya, gumbo, beignets, pralines, your recipes to fame
A lifetime bound by your charisma, the destiny I foresee

Acadians set a foundation for future generations in their decree

Writing Raw

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Beautiful people, nature, food, celebrations and you as Grande Dame
Oh, Lady Louisiana, how your spell reigns over me
A lifetime bound by your charisma, the destiny I foresee

Rewards of a Farmer's Life

By Bradley LeBlanc

The sun's rising high over the fields
It's so bright today; the air is crisp and clean.
For me, another magnificent workday has long begun
And, Lord, if I may, I'd like to offer you my morning prayers

What may I ask of you today, my Lord?
What more might this humble farmer wish?
I have coffee and a breakfast fit for a King.
Vast fields, good weather, good soil, and hopefully a good harvest

I've planted acres of wheat, corn, beans, and milo.
The wheat and corn already taller than I imagined
These harvests are offered up to you my Lord.
Many of the vast rewards of a farmer's rich life

Several generations ago my ancestors
Pursued a safe haven in this promising new home
Lord, you guided them with hope and assurance to this unseen land.
Giving them the courage and strength to meet each obstacle along the way

So dear Lord, what more may this humble farmer ask of you?
I've got good soil, good crops, and good weather
My family, my friends, and my good health
And, you my Lord, who hears my prayers and gives me strength

Working these rich fields day after day is an honor my Lord
And so it is my sincere wish, if I may ask it of You,
Lord, when you need another worker to tend to Heaven's fertile lands
You call me Home to continue the rewards of a farmer's rich life

Writing Raw

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Bradley LeBlanc bio: Bradley LeBlanc is a freelance writer, teacher, and former businessman. Lockport, Louisiana, the small town where he grew up and offers much inspiration for his writing, is now a bedroom community to New Orleans. Today he calls Brookings, SD and Lafayette, LA home. His first book, *Web Footed Snowman: How a Middle Aged Man from the Gulf Coast Survived His First South Dakota Winter*, is expected to be published in the spring of 2016. He can be reached at bjleblanc@gmx.us or on Facebook, Twitter, and LinkedIn.