

Blame it on Costa Rica

Showing off a newly done pedi, a beach version, that may

strike a colorful splash

against the fine sand

while waves pound

the volcanic land.

Such is the runway of the shoreline my feet beneath lay.

I'll blame this rambling on the heat. It's made my brain a little murky and my muse is interrupting me with a few sizzling thoughts. Nothing steamy here, dear reader, so not to worry.

It's all what you are used to in life, and if you go along with that philosophy, then everything becomes relative.

Take the differences in climate from one place to another.

If you are acclimated to cold temperatures, your body has plenty of time to adjust, and a simple feat such as walking outside in below freezing temperatures is not as daunting as you might think. Hardy souls cherish runny noses and red cheeks as their birthright pretty much as their North Face parkas and LLBean thermal underwear. It makes them stoic survivalists (they claim) if you have occasion to ask them, "Why do you subject yourself to bitterly cold conditions?"

On the other hand, send that very same person into a tropical climate and he will literally melt faster than a frozen yogurt on a stick before getting off the airplane. Perhaps, wilting like a lily at high noon is a better visual that's not nearly as messy. It takes a few days of gradually building up to the intense ultraviolet rays and hydrating faithfully like the locals, to accept the heat as a natural way of life. Surely, numerous benefits go along with a warmer climate in

March - snow shoveling and slipping on the ice are nonexistent nuisances - and in its place, lowers blooming in abundance and the palms swaying in the sea breezes as if a melodic dance of nymphs circling somewhere near the shoreline is the tag line of the scene.

