

# The View of Pacific Coast Highway

By Andy Hess

The graceful pelican's gentle soar  
Fly up above the ocean's floor.  
And all along the windy beaches lie  
Massive sand dunes living under the ever changing sky.  
I see this all as it passes  
Looking out at the ocean's vastness.

*Hidden skies o'er rolling seas,  
Surf pounding rocks below,  
Fog swirling 'round flowers and trees,  
Giving the world a subtle glow.*

*Cool morning air riding the breeze,  
Pulling the hair away from my eyes,  
Brushing the grass, touching the leaves,  
Swaying the boughs, clearin' the skies.*

*Wisps shifting ahead, revealing a trail,  
Winding through woods, the end out of sight,  
Past grey shapes, ghostly and pale,  
Leading me to a world of light.*

*Over silver water, above silver land,  
Up through the fog, up through the mist,  
Shining through haze, like grains of gold sand,  
Light pierces the murk; its warmth a slight kiss.*

*Burst into brightness, burst into day,  
The ascent to the top, the walk to the crest,  
The glow of the sun shows me the way,  
The ascent to the top, the end of my quest.*

*Here I stand, above the fog, above the land,  
Higher than the forest with whispering trees,  
Higher than the beaches with white mounds of sand,  
Watchin' the fog swept away by the breeze.*

### *The Ascent*

*Sam High, Grade 10*

**Aaaah, Eeeee, Aaaah!**

As I open my car door  
I hear screechy scratchy cries  
It's an "Aaa, eee, aaa"  
From a beak of red and orange

Flying high above my head  
In a current of cold air  
Comes the screechy scratchy call  
Saying "Come and play along"

So I dash, hop, skip  
'cross the sparkle of the 'morn  
To the white and frothy waves  
Crashing 'gainst the emerald sand

And I look out on the sea  
Full of specks of blue and green  
That shimmers in the light  
Of the rising morning sun

It's the breezy ocean wind  
Bringing me here this fine day  
For I love to swim and play  
In Nature's liquid hands

I lash onto my face  
Little google goggle eyes  
Hoping they will break the fact  
That I have no fish's eye

I take a sudden stroke  
And submerge my big 'ol head  
It's so cold in here today  
Cry I, "Aaaa, eeee, aaaa"

But for cool relief I came  
From an oven baked building  
For on land we live like mice  
in a cheesy paradise

Looking down in the crystal  
My future I foretell  
It's a world of silver fish  
Swimming fast between my feet

Glints of orange and gold and red  
Fall upon my waiting eye  
And I,

here waiting,

sigh.

Aaaah, eeeee, aaaah!

## Davenport Daze

My mind gone crazy, break away  
from what society has to say.

Roll down the window, a rush through  
my hair

As Davenport sea saets caress the  
air.

The sets roll in high

My worries taken back out

The crying billed-gulls fly away  
with my doubt.

The sand in my toes,

I sink into the ground

Standing tall like a crane,

my sanity is found.

At the crest of the wave, comes to  
the top

I breaks my concentration - breathe, stop.

As the morning fog lifts

so does my haze

My sanity intact -

until another beach-less day.