

*The Coast*

I am the moist, chilling air in a damp coastal cave.

The wet jewel-like rocks hang over the restless foaming water.

I am the soft golden sand that the deep salty water laps up lazily,

I am the crushing waves that gallop

like powerful stallions racing in the green, grassy fields.

I am the relentless salty water dashing against the sturdy rocks,

I am the soft golden sand, the emerald green water,

the ruby red seaweed and the moist, chilling air in a coastal cave.

*Luke Dreyer*  
*Dec. 12, 2003*  
*[5<sup>th</sup> Grade]*

## **A Sea Turtles's Tale**

The ocean notices a pale young turtle, newly hatched  
her waves offer a hand  
the turtle flicker's his near death eyes

so the sea sings her ancient song  
hums of the mermaids  
who float in the deepest waters  
comb their hair on her bottom rocks  
of sea nymphs draped in night mist

The turtle opens an eye  
death a little farther away  
his vision tiniest bit alive  
so the ocean continues her sweet syrup song  
tells of how one water drop  
created her story  
made her into a current of life

The turtle's shell brightens  
grateful to the grain of sand  
that became the land

The ocean smiles, her job accomplished  
"I've seen the waters of time"  
she says in an exhale of frothy whitewater  
"and the graceful dolphins  
whispering their soft, cooing lullabies  
these are the healing tides of hope."

Xochil Goretsky  
3rd Grade

## **Moon Mirror**

The ocean looks far away  
in my heartbeat  
I can see the waves  
dancing with each other  
crashing against the shore

I hear the rocks  
“come play with us” they call  
I jump out of the car  
run to them  
above me seagulls soar  
in the moonlight

I must stop  
look up, into the moon’s eyes  
hear her soft song  
asking me to imagine  
myself floating with her  
in the sky  
see my reflection with her’s  
in the water  
The water of infinite possibilities

Renée Lemmel, 3rd grade

## **Standing**

Standing  
Standing on a tall bluff  
Wind whipping around me  
Taking my heart with it  
As it swirls back out to sea  
As I watch the ocean  
Sweeping below  
Listening  
Listening to its story  
It talks of Humpback whales  
Singing their song  
And thundering, dancing waves  
Breaking on crumbling cliffs  
It talks of silver, blue dolphins  
Leaping over swirling foam  
And salmon swimming  
In endless depths  
I listen to all this  
As I watch the moon  
Glittering on the ocean  
I take a breath  
That last spirit of wind  
Whips by me  
With it comes my heart  
With me  
Standing  
Standing on a tall bluff

--Julia Wiemeyer, 6th Grade