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, eeee, aaaah!
Davenport Daze
My mind gone crazy, break away
from what society has to say.
Run down the window, a rush through
my hair.
As Davenport seas caress the
air.
The sets roll a high
My worries taken back out
The crying Babies all fly away
With my doubt.
The sand in my toes,
I sink into the ground
Standing there like a crane,
my sanity is found.
At the crest of the wave, comes to
the top
I break my concentration—breathe, stop.
As the morning fog lifts
So does my haze
My sanity intact—
until another beach-less day.