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
[5th 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