

As we wait to see the dolphins come in,
Looking out to sea to sight a dolphin fin;
The sea a greeny grey in colour,
The sky is grey through the sea is duller.

The seagulls squeak in a dolphin like sound,
Yet still not a peep of the dolphins around;
The sky changes to blue with white clouds,
A gentle hint that now the dolphins are allowed.

I still waited for the dolphins on that day,
But patience is good for dolphins in a way;
For time is on other side in an infinite way,
That really perfection is left to them when they.

A piece to the puzzle or pieces of pie,
As if it s coming they were going to die;
But comes a day I will return,
Now I leave this place till they will yearn.

So when I look back and wait for time,
When all falls into place within this rhyme;
I come unto destination of soul,
When the determination of brain is goal.

The dolphin have their special way,
Of what goes on all through the day;
Time is not the mats of wish,
But peace and meaning of a new born fish.

Signed,

See them later