

Tipping, dipping, nipping, sipping, surf, To reach up and touch the turf; Twisting, twirling
swirling waves, To run
and slide up golden paves;

That move and prove their not a slave.

Rolling, folding, cresting, testing water,
Of sea an enemy to fight you're daughter;
And sea horse to and shark and whale,
Will all reward this fragile scale,
With shores of schist and coal and shale.

And why just me do I run along,
With an occasional mind to come along;
And moonlit tide controlled by lunar moon,
The notes will coin to a simple tune;
As time dashes by and is passed so soon.

Or dog and log as if passerby,
Would see the sea as peoples sky;
With waves and craves continual crashing;
Cars would tint and dint from hint of serial bashing;
Like rocks unturned in an upward slashing.

As waves trickle by and pickle up,
To wash the sand from in my cup;
That runneth over to rhythm flow,

From centuries did oceans grow,
To stop and sit and say the waves I know.

Signed,

Washing over