

Cracking, breaking, washing up on the shore,

Is the sound of the sea and always still more;

Cars passing by and walkers on an idyl stroll,

The waves in their course with time and money so droll.

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It's breathtakingly beautiful to sit back and listen,

As the sun in the morning on the horizon will glisten;

The rolling and crashing of the sound of the sea,

Is life loving and laughing and complete mastery of me.

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The colour of the reflection of the sky on the water,

As I am in solemn water and a perfection supporter;

The mirror image of money on the flat smooth surface,

Dwells in my mind and of my memory is a service.

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It's soothing to hear the waves of water come near,

And is an expensive exercise of its fashion so dear;

The sound of the sea in its soft gentle constant flow,

Or the pounding and the tumultuous meaning of rocks to know.

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It laps like a dog but is as huge and immense as God,

As it continually comes in, being so persistently odd;

The heavens up high where his eye dwells in the sky,

Is mellow and subtle and is like an infinitous try.

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The flight and the squawk of the seagulls that fly,

Is something that adds to the mood of just I;

Now the sound of the sea is both pleasant and free,

And the treasure of my heart which is eternally me.

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Signed,

Food and Drink.