



The wind brushes my hair
The sand tickles my feet
I smell the blue air
The sun blazing heat

As I watch the waves roar
With kids shouting WEEH
The water splashes on shore
And I feel like I'm free

The sand spins around
And circles my face
The air it surrounds
And falls down like lace

The beach is my home
And I never want to leave
But when you got to go
Don't grieve
Believe

Believe that you
Will be here again
Standing in this
Soft, Soft Sand

~STEPHANIE B20