

A week at the sea

Picking up shells and digging in the sand,
Letting grains of sand run from my hand.

Sitting on a deckchair, munching fish and chips,
Looking at fishing boats and sailing ships.

Skipping along the front, the wind in my hair,
Smelling the seaweed and the fresh sea air.

Floating in rubber rings, swimming to keep cool,
Looking for a starfish in the rock pool.

Getting sticks of rock from the sweet shop in town,
Feeding crusts to the gulls as they swoop down.

Jumping in the surf, splashing Mum and Dad,
It was the best fun I have ever had.

