

# The Spring Sea

The Spring Sea is a horse trotting,  
The waves gently bob up, down,  
In the blowing spring breeze,  
Trickling like a waterfall, down, down.

Dirty white spring sea is a frothing, snorting  
bull,  
Like a racing car, zooming 'round the track,  
Foamy white bits of froth spark me like  
fireworks,  
The seas still busy.... With gentle bobbing  
waves.

The sea in spring bobbing-gently bowls,  
It then calms down for summer,  
Then roars and howls in winter and autumn,  
And then it's back to spring!!

By Georgia Green