

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