

The Sea Has Four Seasons



Summer Sea, a soft shelled turtle
Lazily floating on slow moving waves,
Sleepily sweeping the sandy shore.



Autumn seas canter across the rocks,
Groaning, grinding, gushing as a
Horse rushing to a gallop



Winter seas are rough and fierce
Like roaring lions, lunging, lurching
But never sleeping.



Spring seas arrive as a playful kitten
Bouncing, brand new, fresh and brave.
Prancing, pouncing and, on sunny days,
Sleepily sweeping the sandy shore.

By **Santo Maharaj-Riddell**