

Caitlin lives in Avon, CT and has a passion for writing. She also enjoys dance and lacrosse.

The Beach

by Caitlin Walsh

I feel the cool summer breeze
the salt in the air will make you sneeze

The cold blue water my head goes under

Crashing, thrashing, so much to see
I jump in here to hide from a bee

The seagulls are soaring up, up, and above
while I sit here mourning the hot, hot sun

The crabs scurry across the sand
while the fish watch longingly wanting to be on land

The beach is really a wonderful place
one that shows lots of grace