

Beach Days Ahead

By Jessica Wilson

The hot, red sunrise spills out from behind the islands,
Dancing on the glassy, opal tide below,
Ribbons of grass above the shoreline sway gently in the breeze,
Basking in the dawn's radiant glow,

The beach awakens, and its sand is striped by coloured towels,
While playful white wakes start to marble the sea,
Flutters of billowing sails disappear behind craggy points,
And children laugh loudly, covered in sand and ice cream,

It's all just around the corner,
Sunglasses, wetsuits, and sandy toes all day,
A time when nothing else really matters,
Just the sun and the sea: time to play.