

## *A week at the beach*

I spent the day at the beach on Monday,  
I tasted the salty water as I went for a swim.  
I tasted the warm hot dog I had for lunch.  
I tasted the cool, salty air at the back of my throat.  
I tasted the fresh, revitalizing water from my water bottle  
I wonder whether I can get a fresh salad for dinner later on.

I spent the day at the beach yesterday,  
I felt the soft, white sand engulfing my feet.  
I felt the cool ocean breeze sweeping across the beach.  
I felt the cold, salty spray from the waves.  
I felt the hot, yellow sun smiling down at me.  
I smiled back, and let the happiness swallow me.

I'm spending the day at the beach today,  
I can see salty, frothy waves in the distance, CRASH! CRASH.  
I can see the bright blue sky meeting the deep blue sea  
I can see surfers, riding the frothy, white stallions.  
I can see children building palaces for the kings and queens of their imagination.  
I imagine what it would be like in their fairytale world.

I'm spending the day at the beach tomorrow,  
I'll hear the waves crashing on the shore.  
I'll hear the shrieking of the sea gulls above.  
I'll hear the life guards whistle SQUEAK! as he warns a swimmer wading to far.  
I'll hear the crackle and pop as the hot dogs cook on the barbeque,  
And I'll wonder whether the sizzling hot dogs are ready yet.

I'll spend the day at the beach on Friday,  
I'll smell the hot dogs sizzling on the barbeque.  
I'll smell the salt in the cool ocean breeze  
I'll smell a slight fishy stench coming from the ocean.  
I'll smell the wet - dog stank as my dog emerged with his apple like ball.  
Then, I'll call back my dog and be smothered by stinky, dog breath kisses.