

Treasures

The Waves Tumble Then Cease and
Withdraw and Release the Treasures
From Down in the Deep.
They Scatter so Grand on the
Smooth Wet Sand
The Display Truly Makes my Heart Leap.
Like a Magician, Who With His
Wand Transforms the Painting we See,
It's Everchanging, it's Jewels Rearranging
Never the Same Will it Be.
Sometimes I Reach For a Beautiful Shell
But Elusive, it Slips From My Reach
I Wait Patiently, With Each Surging Wave
But it Seldom Returns to the Beach
It's Peaceful Here, By the Shore that I Love
And It's Vision I Carry With Me
I Just Close My Eyes Wherever I am
And I'm Here By This Wonderous Sea.

Written by Doris Still

*Winner of the
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