Acadia

Look out at the glistening sea
That early morning light will shine upon
the waves that sing on pebbles like the leaves of aspen trees

The gulls that live and play with glee
in path of lobster boats awakened by the dawn
look out at the glistening sea

the strands of seaweed almost seem to be alive and then with waves are gone the waves that sing on pebbles like the leaves of aspen trees

the fish that with their home must pay the fee to fight the tide and storms so wrong look out at the glistening sea

the tide leaves pools that grow with algae whispers its sweet salty song the waves that sing on pebbles like the leaves of aspen trees

the sand that undertow must force to flee such victims weak opposing foe so strong look out at the glistening sea the waves that sing on pebbles like the leaves of aspen trees

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