

## WE SOLD OUT THE SEA—ANDREW A. EDWARDS

THOUSANDS OF EBBS,  
    THOUSANDS OF TIDES,  
THOUSANDS OF YEARS,  
    IN THE SANDS OF TIME.

THE OCEAN WAS THERE,  
    BEFORE TIME HAD A NAME,  
WHETHER WE WERE OR NOT,  
    SHE WAS THERE ALL THE SAME.

SHE FUELS ALL OUR PONDS,  
    RIVERS AND STREAMS,  
WETTENS OUR TEARS,  
    AND COLORS OUR DREAMS.

SHE FED THOSE IN PAST,  
    AND THOSE THAT ARE NEW,  
IT WILL FEED ALL OUR CHILDREN,  
    AND THEIR CHILDREN TOO.

MEASURED OUT IN THE HOLLOW,  
    OF GOD'S OWN HAND,  
POURED UPON EARTH,  
    TO DIVIDE UP THE LAND.

HER DEPTHS ARE UNCHARTED,  
    HER CREATURES UNTAMED,  
DESPITE OUR BEST EFFORTS,  
    SHE WILD REMAINS.

SHE LIVES IN OUR SOULS,  
    DEEP DOWN WITHIN,

EVERY DROP OF OUR BLOOD,  
    EVERY INCH OF OUR SKIN.

SHE GIVES US OUR BIRDS,  
    OUR PETS AND OUR TREES,  
WITHOUT HER LIFE POWER,  
    WHAT BEAUTY COULD BE?

SHE FALLS FROM ABOVE,  
    COOLS FROM BENEATH,  
THE RAIN ON OUR FACES,  
    THE DEW ON OUR FEET

THE SOUND OF THE WAVES,  
    DROWNS OUT OUR PAIN,  
LULLS US TO SLEEP,  
    WITH THE SOUND OF THE RAIN.

SHE SOOTHES DURING AUTUMN,  
    GIVES LIFE TO SPRING,  
SHE WARMS US IN WINTER,  
    AND COOLS SUMMER'S STING.

SHE GAVE US PROTECTION,  
    SHE GAVE US HER TRUST,  
BUT WHO WILL PROTECT HER,  
    PROTECT HER FROM US?

LOOKING OUT ON THE OCEAN,  
    A BREATHTAKING VIEW,  
BUT WHAT DOES SHE SEE,  
    AS SHE LOOKS BACK AT YOU?

## **Waves ..... by Miranda Hudson (8<sup>th</sup> Grade)**

Bobbing, floating on rolling currents  
Swaying with each swell  
Sitting on a stiff long board, vibrating with each crash  
The waves passing below me  
So powerful, so strong  
They pound into my body as I paddle out  
The beating in my skull  
The ringing in my ears  
I'm trapped in all directions, water's all I see  
The white heavily sloshes around me  
The salt stings my eyes  
I see it, the perfect one  
I slice my arms through the water  
To quickly turn around  
I can't miss it  
Or its over  
The glory won't last long  
As I feel I'm being lifted  
I gulp in grits of sand  
I'm losing balance..  
I don't care  
I rise, wavering in the thick clogged air  
Determined, I inch my foot out  
Beginning my goofy stance  
I'm sliding, gathering tremendous speed  
I'm riding, this is all I need  
Nothing but a nose dive to plunge me  
And birth a million fears  
It won't happen  
I'm in such an overpowering state of being...  
Nothing will stop me now  
I become invincible,  
Or at least my body tells me so  
I'm cutting through a known path  
It's all releasing now  
I feel amazing...thrilled...excited...moved...  
It's flying so fast  
I slow, this is my last  
I shudder inside, this empowerment  
I lose the connection I felt  
The wave has run out  
But no worries, I'll do it again  
I recline steadily and let myself fall  
I'm no longer controlled now  
By the waves out there  
By the whipping wind in my hair  
A part of me is left  
With the mighty ocean  
I cling to the waxy board  
And let the breaking waves  
Carry me in

## Otter Speak

I saw an otter, one day, by the sea  
He was watching us, as we were watching him  
Here we sat, toes in the sand, just out  
    of the waves  
There he sat, flippers in the foam, being  
    tossed by the breakers  
And we watched one another  
He would duck down, and then pop  
    up like he was shot from a cannon  
    just a little bit closer  
Just a little bit closer  
A nameless tune came thrumming to my  
    lips, and burst out  
I hummed, and whistled, and buzzed from  
    within  
And I believed he heard me.

Anna Kelly

Age 14, Grade 8

The Ocean Lives  
Audrey McPherson  
7th Grade

The is ocean is alive

She breathes with the rhythmic motion of every set of waves

She speaks with every crash of surf against the sand

She dances in currents with tidal steps

She watches through the eyes of gulls as they soar over her vast expanse

She listens with conch ears, idly wrapping her green seaweed hair around her  
long, and reaching fingers

She smiles her pearly whites when each receding wave reveals another open  
clam face

She births the sun come dawn and swallows him at night