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Sestina of the Sea

Emma Wolf

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Sestina of the Sea

Emma Wolf

The supple falling of a wave,
 battering down upon the sand,
 immersing the shore with its salt,
 whilst deeper out the magnificent creatures swim.
 Elegant glimmers of sun strike through the water's surface
 and reflect off the soft, light foam.
 Flowing in between our toes, the gentle foam
 is the grand finale to the awe-inspiring crash of the wave
 that leaves behind bits of shells on the surface.
 Away from the sand,
 the gleeful shouts of children swimming,
 and spitting out the potent water filled with salt.
 Hair curled from the salt,
 skin soft from the foam.
 Spending the day at the beach, enjoying the swim,
 surfing the waves,
 lying on the sand,
 pondering what's beneath the surface.
 I amble along the surface,
 searching for the perfect shells, coated in salt,
 dusted with sand.
 My feet cleansed in the tender foam,
 that is then carried out by the wave,
 amongst which the children swim.
 For I do not go to simply swim,
 nor just for the shells on the surface.
 I go to watch the rolling of the repeating waves.
 I do not go for the hair curled by salt.
 I go for something bigger beneath the foam,
 beyond the sand.
 I go for the wonders, the newly hatched crabs crawling in the sand,
 and the fish that nip my toes when I go for a swim.
 Tiny blue jellies being carried by foam,
 to the surface.
 The life that thrives in the salt
 beneath the waves.
 I love the surface of the sand,
 and the waves for their elegance and foam.
 But most of all, I cherish the sea that teems with life in the salt.