

# Surf Song

*by sean m. poole*

Morning. A hot bright sun shines down on the cool dark depths of the deep blue sea.

A roar a rush a floosh a flush a sploosh a splish a splash a shoosh  
a shush a hush

Break! Break! Break on thy sugar fine sands O Sea as you  
sayspray the sounds of the waves and the foam! Sing the swift  
swashing song of Poseidon's home!

Noon. Thick grey fog wafts over the sea like clouds of steam from  
Neptune's soup bowl.

Roar rushing floosh flushing sploosh splishing splash shooshing  
shush hushing crash crushing rocks and shells and seaweed swirling  
roiling surf rolling up shifting turf the sand the land the sun the sky  
the rising tide drawing nigh.

Night. A chill wind kicks up sand and the dunes shift. Piled high  
here. Swept low there.

A roar a rush a floosh a flush a sploosh a splish a splash a shoosh  
a shush a hush

