

Waves

There's a hell of a swell in the dark blue well
Of the ocean's turbulent thrust,
As the surge and the urge of the waves that merge
Back into the sea's white crust.

And the bash and the crash as they rise and flash
In a torrent of spray as they fall,
As the light shines bright like the stars at night
They reach the harbour wall.

Where they curl and furl with a flurry and swirl
As they drag themselves to the deep.
And they climb and fall as they cunningly crawl
To a dark and restless sleep.

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