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The roar of the ocean cries alive

Walk among the fields
dreaming of the harvest
that they will yield
some men's fates are invested
some are sealed
Destiny plays a poker hand
You can bluff or you can stand
Swimming with the pelicans flying high
the waves carress and the foam replies
the question once again poses a reply
the roar of the ocean cries alive
My senses are seized with the day so mighty
The shore beckons and the warmth of the sun
arrives in gentle time with a breeze that
approaches and hugs so lightly
I take a breath and feel at ease
as the afternoon is done
lying on the beach
and kissed by the sun

the apache kid

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