

Publicerad 2018-05-27 11:40 av the apache kid

V

the roar of the ocean cries alive

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

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren the apache kid med Poeter.se id #22755 innehar upphovsrätten