

A Sonnet to the Beach

Erika Schroeder

September 8, 2017

Every summer I travel to the beach.

I run into the water and the waves

I swim and ride as far as I can reach

Sometimes I even travel into caves.

When my toes and feet touch the sandy ground

My feet warm up as if I touched the sun

As I feel the warm sand I spin around.

I build sandcastles and have so much fun.

I ride the waves all the way to the shore,

People swim and even ride paddleboards.

And when the day is over I want more

The day is perfect there is no wrong chord.

At the beach I feel as if I have won

I do not want to go home and be done.