

Treasures on the beach

by Brenda Williams

The beach is a treasure chest
Of pearl and silver shells,
Some smaller than my fingernail
Like tiny orange bells.

Large flat fan shapes
In white and yellow tones.
Pretty, swirly, curly shells.
Shaped like ice-cream cones.

Pink and cream crab shells,
Some still with their claws,
Cast off by their owners
And swept up on the shores.

Blue and green jelly fish,
Stranded on the beach.
Only look, but never touch!
Stand well out of reach.

Small, rough, rugged rocks,
Glistening in the light.
Smooth silky pebbles
In black, grey or white.

Sunbleached, drift-wood
Scattered on the sands.
Carried far across the seas
From near and distant lands.

The beach is a treasure chest
With many kinds of jewels
Like diamonds shining in the sands
Or hiding in rock pools.