

















SEASIDE DREAMING

Words Alena Walker

We tiptoe on stone-filled beaches Hunt for sun-warmed farmer's peaches We dip our toes in fresh salt water Slowing our pace as we wander

Market stalls crammed with old books Paint-chipped furniture in hidden nooks Sun-skimmed cheeks, walking bare feet Pebbles and cobbles, blushed by the heat

Two centuries old, an architectural dream Nestled in a tapestry of garden green The Royal Pavilion's oriental allure Its romantic charm, cream-glazed and obscure

Flowers and shrubs, planted and potted
Neat garden beds colorfully dotted
Tiny paths that twist and wind
Chaos and routine are left behind

Enveloped in a blissful state
This seaside, sunshine sweet escape
A stiff salt breeze and turquoise seas
Lapping the coastline with gentle ease

The sun beats down from a crisp blue sky Soothed by the lull of the rolling tide.

