

# San Clemente Summer

by

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I always liked summer best,  
the chill of the sand on bare feet.

The soft billowing winds making it great,  
the eyes see an expanse of darkest blue,  
nestled under the perfect light hue.

Thunderous crash felt on the shore  
Birds crying out as the wind makes them soar.  
Smell of clean Smokey air.  
Hot dogs and soda are always near.

The chill water shocks the bones,  
gliding on belly as you go.  
Finally there it is a horizon's best  
swell, paddling hard as you triumphantly gell.

drop swiftly down, faces  
watch from the shore

Again and again.  
all in this dream  
time stands still  
in this memory.