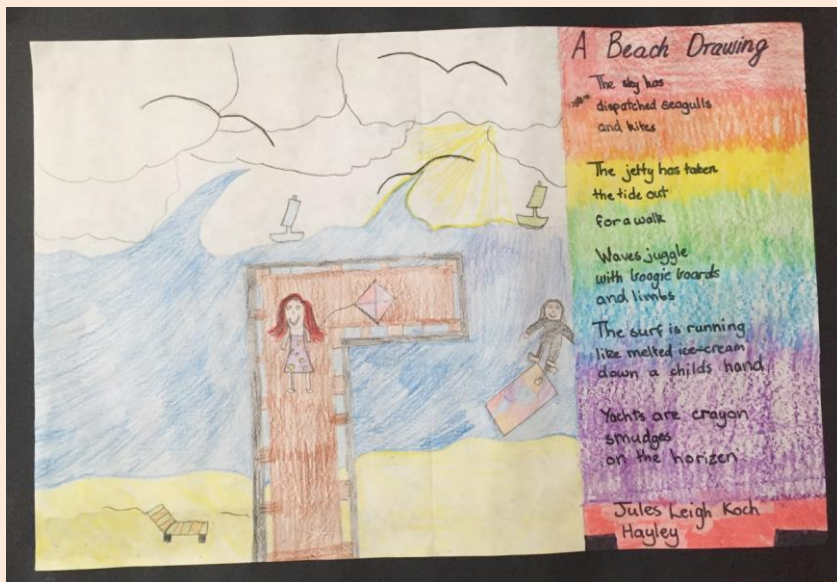


A Response to Poetry

Room 12



A beach drawing

The sky has
dispatched seagulls
and kites

The jetty has taken
the tide out
for a walk

Waves juggle
with boogie boards
and limbs

The surf is running
like melted ice-cream
down a child's hand

Yachts are crayon
smudges
on the horizon

Jules Leigh Koch

