

## **A Poole Harbour Poem    by Lucas Lane**

Have you ever imagined a warm, wacky day,  
at the beautiful bay?

Have you ever felt the green, growing grass,  
waving in the wind?

Have you ever seen the slimy, gooey weed,  
glisten in the shallows?

Have you ever wondered about the tide gliding back to you,  
whilst you play happily with your family?

Have you ever heard your dad laugh as you windsurf towards him,  
then fall in the warm perfect water?

Have you ever thought of the razor clams,  
tensely sitting in their cubby holes?

Have you ever stepped on the soft, squishy sand,  
feeling your feet, sink?

Have you ever noticed the sky's face,  
beaming down on yours?

I hope you get you get to discover all the wonderful things about my  
special place.