


The Sea's a Stage

by Laura Gree

Upon the grandest stage of all,
Where azure curtains rise and fall,
The sea performs its timeless play,
In acts of waves, both fierce and gay.

The prologue whispers with a breeze,
That dances over the seas,
Setting the scene on this marine stage,
Where every tide turns a new page.

Act One unfolds with morning light,
The sun ascends, a splendid sight,
Glistening on the ocean's face,
In this vast, fluid, open space.





The dolphins leap in joyful arcs,
The seabirds sing like morning larks,
Each wave a bow, each splash a dance,
In this watery expanse.

Act Two arrives with midday's heat,
The sea, a bustling, lively street.
Boats and ships cross paths, they glide,
On the sea's ever-changing tide.

Beneath the surface, colors swirl,
Coral reefs in sunlight twirl.
Fish of every hue and size,
In this underwater paradise.

As evening falls, Act Three begins,
The horizon glows as day dims.
The sea now wears a cloak of gold,
A sight majestic to behold.





The moon casts silver beams so bright,
Illuminating the sea at night,
The stars above, like eyes, they gaze,
Upon the sea's endless plays.

The final act, serene, profound,
In the depths where peace is found.
The sea's a stage, both vast and wide,
In its depths, countless stories hide.

So let us watch with awe and wonder,
As the sea roars like rolling thunder.
For in its waves, its ebbs and flows,
The sea's grand stage eternally glows.

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