



Owynn Skott

Lopez Middle School | 6th Grade

Twin Rivers

The sun is reflecting on the kelp bed
And the swell rolls in like a rhythmic beating of a drum
And a seagull lands on the lone pilling
I wait for a wave as the seals swim beneath me

The smell of salt looms in the air
I look out on the horizon and see a set wave coming
It seems like an eon but the wave comes at last

I start paddling, I hear the water lapping against my surfboard
The wave catches me and I feel the glide then I stand up
And I feel stability of the wave under my feet
I crouch down and start to go faster and faster until the wave is about to hit the beach

I turn up the face of the wave and jump I get sent soaring
Through the air and land in the crisp icy water
Then I grab my board and paddle out for another wave



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