

Beach Mountain

By Cammy Makeever

Tropical, tranquil breezes sway the palm trees
Burning sand warms my naked feet
The spiny crabs scurry over the sparkling sea shells
The waves crash against the shore, adding soothing backbeat
Toddlers squat to play in tepid tide pools
The snoozing sunburned senior reclines in his chair
Perfectly tanned surfers balance to catch the waves
Shafts of sunlight shimmer through honey colored hair.

Icy, gusty mountain winds strip snow from bending treetops
The bald eagle launches from his perch – carried aloft by the crisp, cold air
Rocky mountain high, gazing into blue skies
The scent of prickly pine, the squeak of fresh snow under foot are memories to share
The laughter of little kids as they make perfect snow angles
A moose in a wintry field and Christmas lights that brighten every night are such magnificent sights
Rosy cheeks and cheerful chat warm the end of a wonderful day
Brilliant days bend into the darkest nights with the heavenly glow of a billion lights.



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