http://brendawilliamspoet.co.uk/images/countonme.jpg 

One for the sea  
Two for the tide  
Three for a donkey  
Four for a ride.  
  
Five for a sea-gull  
Flying up high  
Six for summer  
And a bright blue sky  
  
Seven for a castle  
Built of sand  
Eight for an ice-cream  
In my hand.  
  
Nine for holidays  
In the sun  
Here at the seaside  
Ten for FUN!  
  
*© to Brenda Williams*



http://brendawilliamspoet.co.uk/images/dandelionlanetitle.jpg

Dandelion yellow  
Dandelion bright  
How did you turn so   
Fluffy and white?  
  
Here in the hedgerow  
Once dressed in gold  
Your head has turned silver  
Your petals grown old.  
  
Now as I blow   
To make dandelion time  
Your parachutes fly  
And I hear your clock chime.  
  
One o'clock, two o'clock  
Count out the sound  
Watch the white angels   
Float to the ground.  
  
Here near the meadow  
You'll grow once again  
And then I will find you  
In Dandelion Lane  
  
*© to Brenda Williams*



http://brendawilliamspoet.co.uk/images/footprintsinthesandtitle.jpg 

Footprints trailing in the sand.  
Leaving little clues  
Of people walking barefoot  
And others wearing shoes.  
  
Flip-flops or trainers  
All with different soles.  
Making pretty patterns  
Of little dents and holes  
  
Barefoot prints of tickled toes.  
Heels, firm and strong.  
Some are short and narrow.  
Others wide and long.  
  
Tiny baby footprints  
Where toddlers tried to stand.  
Perfect padded paw prints  
Of dogs that raced the sand.  
  
Kite-shaped, zig-zag tracks  
Of waddling gulls webbed feet  
Leave tell-tale signs along the beach  
Of where they like to eat.  
  
Big prints. Small prints.   
Following in a line.  
Looking back across the beach,  
Some of them are mine!  
  
*© to Brenda Williams*

http://brendawilliamspoet.co.uk/images/hurrayhurraytitle.jpg 

One warm sea  
Where I can splash.  
  
Two huge rocks   
Where waves can crash.  
  
Three sand castles  
I have made.  
  
Four blue buckets   
Near my spade.   
  
Five pretty pebbles  
I have found.  
  
Six shiny shells  
Lying around.  
  
Seven happy children  
Playing with a ball.  
  
Eight big sea-gulls  
Screech and call.  
  
Nine little sailing boats  
Bobbing in the bay  
  
Ten loud cheers  
For our holiday!  
  
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!   
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!  
  
*© to Brenda Williams*

http://brendawilliamspoet.co.uk/images/listen.jpg   
  
Listen  
Said the waves  
Swishing on the sea.  
Listen to me splashing on the sand.  
Listen said the waves.  
Listen  
Just to me.  
  
Listen  
Said the boats  
Bobbing on the sea.  
Listen to the flapping of my sails.  
Listen said the boats  
Listen  
Just to me.  
  
Listen  
Said the sand  
Squelching near the sea.  
Listen to your footsteps as you walk.  
Listen said the sand  
Listen  
Just to me.  
  
Listen  
Said the wind  
Whooshing near the sea.  
Listen to my whistling and wails  
Listen said the wind  
Listen  
Just to me.  
  
Listen  
Said the gulls  
Screaming near the sea  
Listen to me calling as I fly.  
Listen said the gulls  
Listen  
Just to me.  
  
Listen  
Said the beach  
Lying near the sea  
Listen to them all as they speak  
Listen said the beach  
Listen  
To the sounds near the sea.  
  
*© to Brenda Williams*

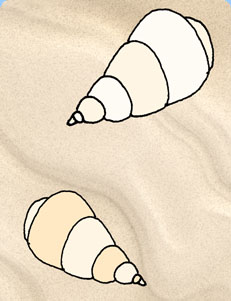
http://brendawilliamspoet.co.uk/images/theseasidetitle.jpg

Waves from the sea  
  
Splash on my toes,  
  
Swirl round my knees  
  
And tickle my nose.  
  
Sand from the beach   
  
Slips through my toes,  
  
Sticks to my knees   
  
And hides in my clothes.   
  
*© to Brenda Williams*

*Published by*[*Scholastic*](http://education.scholastic.co.uk/)



http://brendawilliamspoet.co.uk/images/treasuresonthebeachtitle.jpg 

The beach is a treasure chest  
Of pearl and silver shells,  
Some smaller than my finger nail  
Like tiny orange bells.  
  
Large flat fan shapes  
In white and yellow tones.  
Pretty, swirly, curly shells.  
Shaped like ice-cream cones.  
  
Pink and cream crab shells,  
Some still with their claws,  
Cast off by their owners  
And swept up on the shores.  
  
Blue and green jelly fish,  
Stranded on the beach.  
Only look, but never touch!  
Stand well out of reach.  
  
Small, rough, rugged rocks,  
Glistening in the light.  
Smooth silky pebbles  
In black, grey or white.  
  
Sunbleached, drift-wood  
Scattered on the sands.  
Carried far across the seas  
From near and distant lands.  
  
The beach is a treasure chest  
With many kinds of jewels,  
Like diamonds shining in the sands  
Or hiding in rock pools.  
  
*© to Brenda Williams*