

The Beach Party

By Frances Armington

Sand in my shoes!
What a dandy excuse!

We've come far enough.
This walk has been tough.

A blister is coming
My heel is a-thrumming.

I don't want to fuss.
But my hair is a muss.

The chance that I'll swim
Grows increasingly dim.

I don't like the ocean.
My stomach's in motion.

In so many words,
This idea's for the birds.

Let's just take our towels, our lunches and lotion
Head back to the van and get it in motion.