

The Ocean

Kiara Young

Dark blue
You don't have a clue
How much we need you
The great blue

You support sea life
But yet you don't have a wife
You live in strife
I wish I could give you my life

You are wise
Yet you rise
We hear your cries
With all your lives

You help us survive
When you thrive
With waves that rive
You survive

Its so sad
When your mad
It can turn out bad
When it turns out well we are glad

You could be a potion
You cause motion
We should give you a promotion
You are my ocean