

Waves

Crashing, crashing, crashing, spring in the air
A craft and an art
They sit and wait for the right wave to come along
Wetsuits stuck to their body clinging like saran wrap
Men - you and old with a passion for the ocean
Little porpoises bopping up and down
Each potential wave like a piece of fish
Will the boogie boarders of today be the surfer of tomorrow?
