

## 'Ten Pence for the Sea'

Amanda Bonnicks

Dragged, moaning, from my morning bed,  
I pull on clothes laid out last night; neat  
and ironed for our holiday, Mum said.

She lifts me onto the large leather seat  
in the back. The dog steals my place  
and my brother teases half-heartedly.

Headlights from cars going the other way  
sweep through the dark. Herr cigarette glows red  
showing the frown of worry on her face.  
Shivering, in a grey grit dawn-soaked dead-end,  
I bite cold sausage hungrily,  
first stop of the day, the dog an instant friend.

Then, ten pence for the first to see the sea!  
We smell it first, wide and free and there.  
I saw it, my brother cries, but it was me

I saw it, green and blue, shifting over the bare  
rock, and white spray lifting into air,  
the summer air.