

## To the Beach We Go

by Gloria and Joe Bird

Tide is high, tide is low.  
Off to the beach we go.  
Down the Turnpike and over the hills;  
a scenic route does certainly show.

Through tunnels long and tunnels dark,  
headlights glow an ambient spark.  
Echoing motors make an eerie noise  
No place to stop; no place to park.

Fancy Gap with its mountain mist,  
Sun rays beam down a morning kiss.  
Above the hills and dales of green.  
Oh, what beauty. Oh, what bliss!

A stop or two along the way  
to ease the sitting through the day.  
'Til we catch a distant glimpse of Oz.  
But no, it's Charlotte, the maps do say.

Ah, what emotions this sight does bare.  
It lets us know we're halfway there;  
To sandy beaches and frothing surf,  
And morning walks in the fresh, salt air.

It's red light, green light, stop and go  
Making travel extremely slow.  
Get some gas and a cup of tea.  
To keep our minds in constant flow.

Over the causeway and left we turn,  
Gawking at homes, the address to discern.  
This is it! We're here at last!  
To make good memories 'till the week adjourns.

We'll talk of dreams and much, much more  
This afternoon along the shore;  
As westward low the sun must go  
It finally rests beyond earth's floor.

