

Treasure Hunt

The crystalline waves sprawl upon shore,
As the silky white sand dances once more.
Stooping old palms bow to the dawn,
Carved with the names of lovers long gone.
A peeling wooden boat floats tied to a post,
Leisurely swaying in time with the coast.
Its sun—bleached hull gleams like the eye of a sailor,
Glimmering with grand stories of old,
A wealth lacking in silver or gold,
but brimming with riches of memories untold.