**THE SEAHORSE**

 **by Arthur Gordon**

 In the shallows of the blue sea,

 In the coastal waters off Torquay,

 Lives the seahorse, a tiny creature,

 Its’ resemblance to a horse is its’ main feature.

 Beneath the tide,

 The seahorse resides,

 In the beds of sea grass, a vivid green,

 It quietly lives, by man unseen.

 It lives on the passing flotsam and jetsum,

 Eating the passing morsels, if it can get some,

 With the tide the seagrass sways,

 In here the seahorse lives its’ days.

 The seahorse lays its’ eggs in June,

 Under the light of a full moon,

 When the eggs hatch they will soon grow,

 In time their own eggs to sow.

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