

A Curled Up Shell



Spikey as a shark's fin.

I saw you once, on the bottom of the deep, deep
ocean.

Brown like fresh brewing coffee.

Sounds like the waves smoothly flowing in the
ocean.

Other shells are not as beautiful as you, you are
the perfect one for me.

Waves wash you up on the soft, soft sand.

I can hold you and take you home, so everyone
can see your beauty.

I can tell, if you were a person, we could be best
friends.

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