

PLAYMATES

The waves are such good friends of mine
We play together lots o' times;
They knock me down; then just for fun
Along the beach they run and run.
And next they hide themselves from me
Among the big waves in the sea;
But soon – once more, they tumble back
And from the sand, brush 'way my track.
And I just laugh and shout with glee,
Because they play so well with me,
And so we race and romp all day
Till mother calls me in from play.
And when I'm tucked away in bed,
My face washed clean, my prayers all said,
I hear those friendly voices plain
Calling me to play again.
And then I scootch way down in bed,
And snugly cover up my head.
For I can't do what the wild waves do –
Play all day and all night, too.

By Alice Whitson

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