**The story of the sea**

The ships float on the waves

Easily lost due to the raves

They hurry to get to the docks

To avoid the everywhere rocks.

In the morning the sea is calm,  
The sun shines with charm,  
Drying slowly the decks  
And coloring the sailors’face.

The sea blacks out at night

The moon hides around

And the waves of lace

Invite the stars to dance.

**(Sedan Mustafa - 12 years - 6th grade)**

**The eternal sea call**

The sea calls me when she’s foamy

In each season every year,

Because she's always so sparkly

With her water so nice and clear.

She calls me when winter comes

And she’s so frozen and white

But also when spring arrives

And she becomes green and bright.

She doesn’t forget me in summer

When she warms up from the sun

And finally she calls me in autumn

To enjoy her beach and run.

**(Denisa Danciu - 13 years – 7th grade)**

**My everlasting love**

With her every passing wave

I love her more and I can say

With her every dying wave

How much I miss her every day!

And all I feel and perceive

When the sun decides to leave

Is my sorrow for the sea

That she’s so lonely in eternity.

And in midnight hour, silently

When I rest on her shore

I have no doubt anymore

That I’ll love the sea endlessly.

**(Alexandru Neagu- 13 years - 7th grade)**

**Wonderful sea**

Today, a paper is my witness

Like a poem, the sea is clearness

Her lyrics are full of comfort

So her crying doesn’t hurt

You, that water wonder

For the world a real spendour

Your charm has put a spell on us

And on poets you didn’t trust

With your frozen waves

You wrote a lot of mellow tales

And the overwhelming silence

We find near you, at once

**(Robert Negruț – 12 years – 6th grade)**

**The secrets of the Black Sea**

Water, breeze, high waves

I dreamed her days and days

I didn’t want to fall

I wanted her to hear my call.

Oh sea! How do you handle us all?

Your patience seems to be a wall.

You, SEA, are heartfelt!

Teach me how to be MYSELF...

Everybody says you are BLACK

But that’s not what you lack.

**(Ioana Motoc – 14 years – 8th grade)**