

## *Stone Harbor Nights*

In winter night falls early  
But in summer night falls late  
I smell the fresh sea breeze in summer  
I feel the cold harsh air in winter

I see the waves crashing  
And hear people talk  
But in winter no one walks  
In summer I play with chalk  
Last summer I saw a hawk

I have ice cream on summer nights  
It's a sweet treat  
I feel alone in the zone with my cone  
That creamy taste reminds me of a stream in my dream

Stone Harbor has amazing ice cream  
The ocean is warm and nice  
I'm so happy it's not ice  
I'm so happy I've been here more than twice

**By: Mila Khorram; 9 years old**

