

Kate Coombs grew up near the Pacific Ocean in Southern California, and she started collecting shells and writing poems as a child. Now she likes going to the ocean aquarium to watch the moon jellyfish. *Water Sings Blue* is Kate's first poetry collection. She is also the author of a picture book called *The Secret-Keeper* and two middle grade books, *The Runaway Princess* and *The Runaway Dragon*. Visit Kate at www.katecoombs.com.

Meilo So
Made in Hong Kong.
Packaged in England.
Domiciled in the Shetland Islands.
Ingredients: multiple cultures, tangled histories, freedom. May include pen and ink, brush drawing, gouache, magic, history, animals, humor, children. Methods may change without notice.
Delicate: contains one life.

Jacket illustrations © 2012 by Meilo So.
Manufactured in China.

Push away from the stillness of the nut-brown land,
from the road that leads to the shore.

Push away from the town with its tight tree roots,
from its closed brown shutters and doors.

Push away—heave-ho—from the heavy brown pier,
from its pilings huddled and dull.

For the water sings blue and the sky does, too,
and the sea lets you fly like a gull.

Coombs · So

Water Sings Blue

chronicle books

So

Water Sings Blue

Ocean Poems

by Kate Coombs illustrated by Meilo So

\$16.99 U.S./£10.99 U.K.

ISBN 978-0-8118-7284-3



5 1699

9 780811 872843

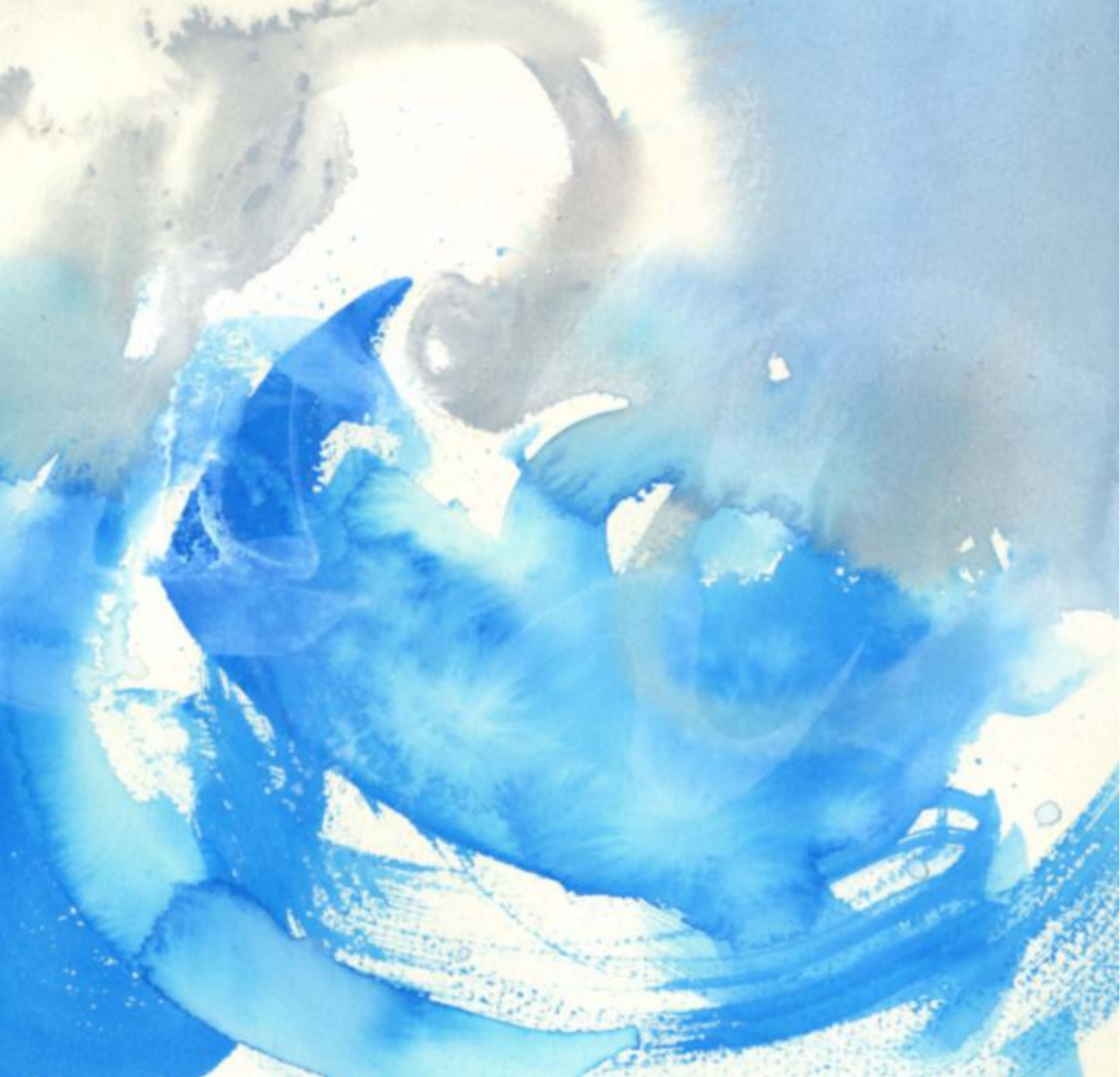
www.chroniclekids.com

COPYRIGHTED.
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Come down to the shore with this rich and vivid celebration of the ocean! With watercolors gorgeous enough to wade in by award-winning artist Meilo So and playful, moving poems by Kate Coombs, *Water Sings Blue* evokes the beauty and power, the depth and mystery, and the endless resonance of the sea.

COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION





COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION

Water Sings Blue

Ocean Poems

by Kate Coombs illustrated by Meilo So


chronicle books · san francisco

COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION

Song of the Boat

Push away from the stillness of the nut-brown land,
from the road that leads to the shore.

Push away from the town with its tight tree roots,
from its closed brown shutters and doors.

Push away—heave-ho—from the heavy brown pier,
from its pilings huddled and dull.

For the water sings blue and the sky does, too,
and the sea lets you fly like a gull.



Seagulls

Seagulls remind me of beagles—
all that they think of is food.
Yet seagulls can soar through the sky
the minute they get in the mood.
And when seagulls take wing,
they become a new thing,
attaining some dignity.
But beagles are round
and remain on the ground,
pretty much dignity-free.

Sand's Story

We used to be rocks,
we used to be stones.
We stood proud as castles,
altars, and thrones.

Once we were massive,
looming in rings,
holding up temples
and posing as kings.

Now we grind and we grumble,
humbled and grave,
at the touch of our breaker
and maker, the wave.

COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION



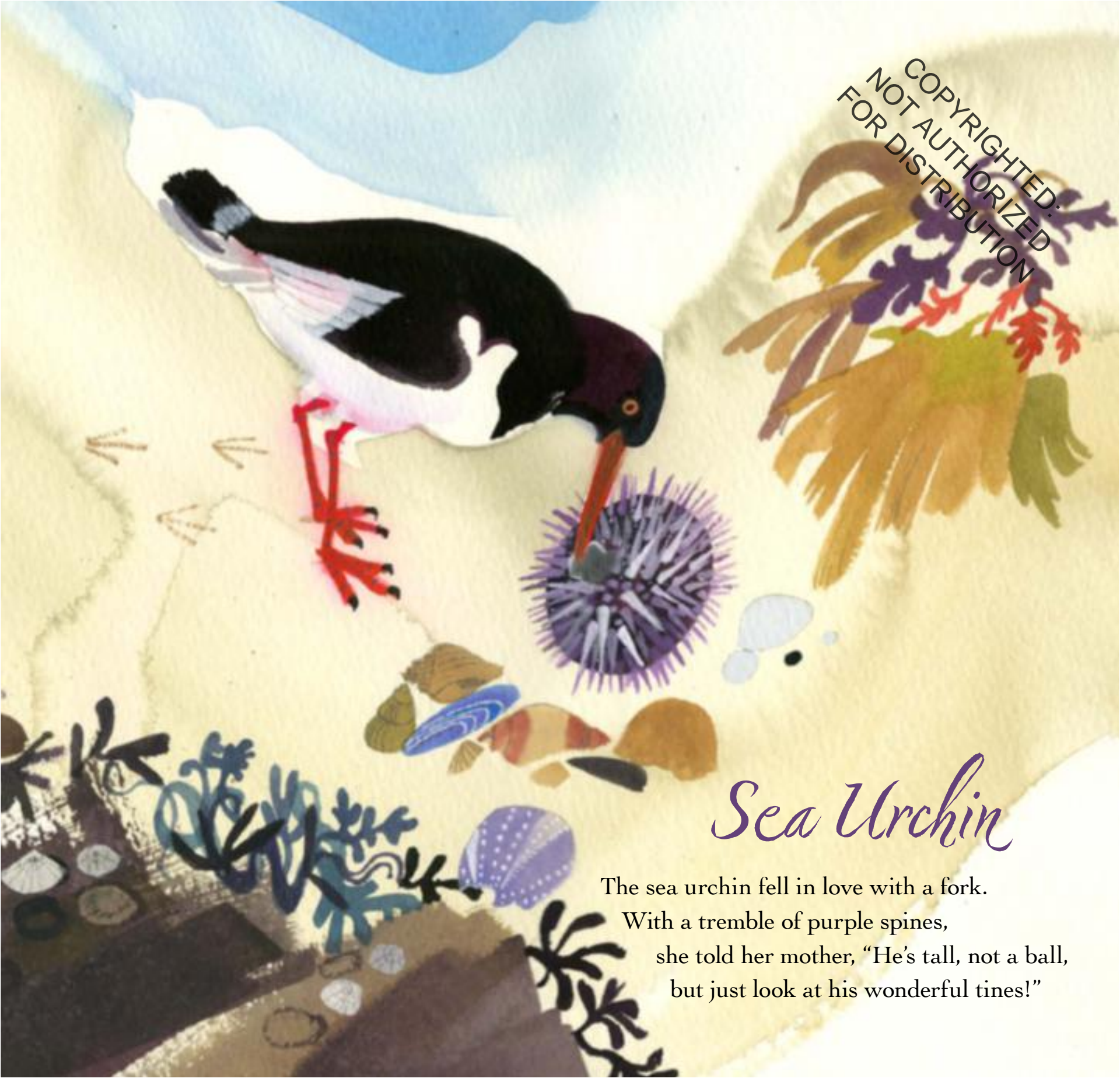
I'm going shopping at the tide pool.
They carry everything there—
mussels by the bushel
and three kinds of barnacle,
starfish and gobies to spare.

My mama gave me a shopping list.
I know I can find what she likes—
blennies for pennies,
beadlet anemones,
and urchins with lavender spikes.

I'll bring it all home in a basket.
Then mama can fix us a feast—
prawns by the dozens
and octopus cousins,
plus some kind of lobstery beast.

Today I'm shopping at the tide pool.
Maybe I'll see you there, too,
with your kittiwake pals
and the oystercatcher gals—
I'll save some limpets for you!

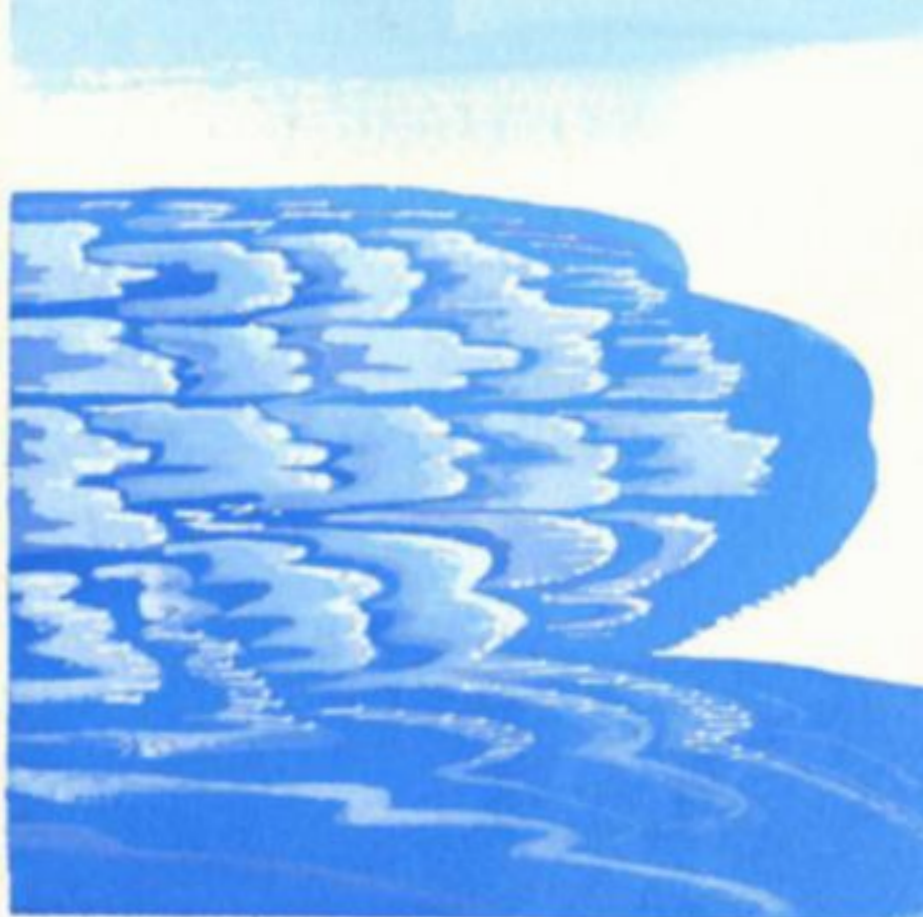
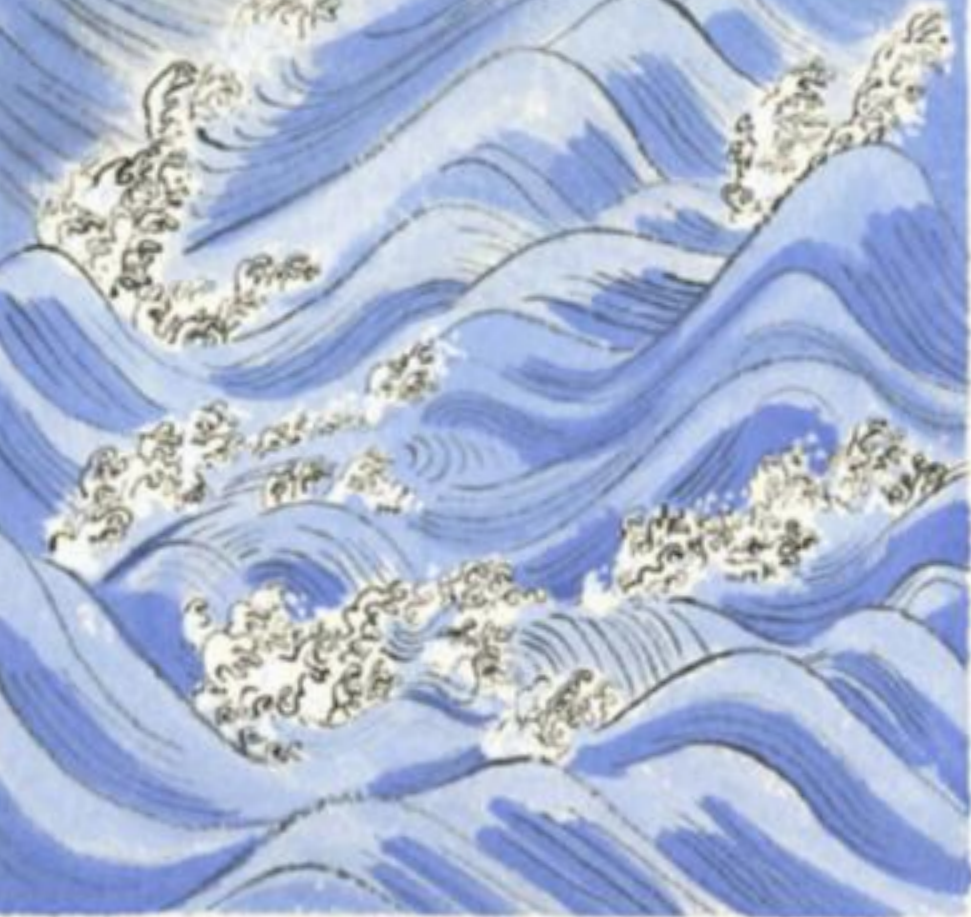
Tide Pool Shopping



COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION

Sea Urchin

The sea urchin fell in love with a fork.
With a tremble of purple spines,
she told her mother, "He's tall, not a ball,
but just look at his wonderful tines!"



COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION



Shimmer and run, catch the sun.
Ripple thin, catch the wind.

Shift and splash, drift and dash.
Slow and gray, foggy day.

Whisper hush, murmur shush.
Swell and sigh, otter lullaby.

Journey on with a yawn.
Swirl and swish, play with fish.

Roll green, rise and lean—
wake and roar and strike the shore!

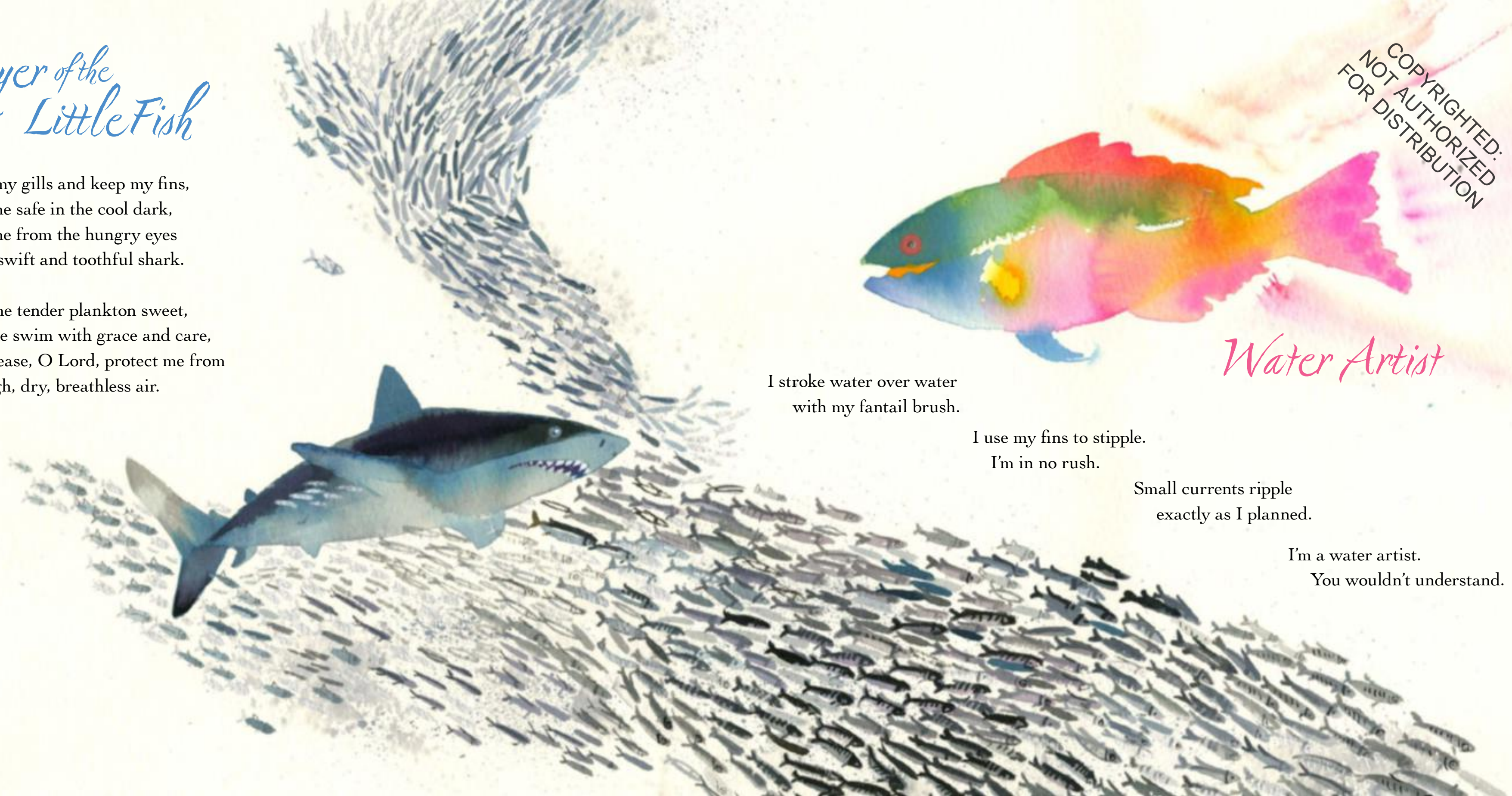
*What
the
Waves
Say*



Prayer of the Little Fish

Keep my gills and keep my fins,
keep me safe in the cool dark,
keep me from the hungry eyes
of the swift and toothful shark.

Find me tender plankton sweet,
help me swim with grace and care,
and please, O Lord, protect me from
the high, dry, breathless air.



COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION

I stroke water over water
with my fantail brush.

I use my fins to stipple.
I'm in no rush.

Small currents ripple
exactly as I planned.

I'm a water artist.
You wouldn't understand.

Water Artist

The prim bell jar
with ruffled rim
my grandma used
to cover cake
has learned to swim.

Where bundts once lay
in sturdy rings,
this dome conceals
a frosted sting.

Jellyfish Kitchen

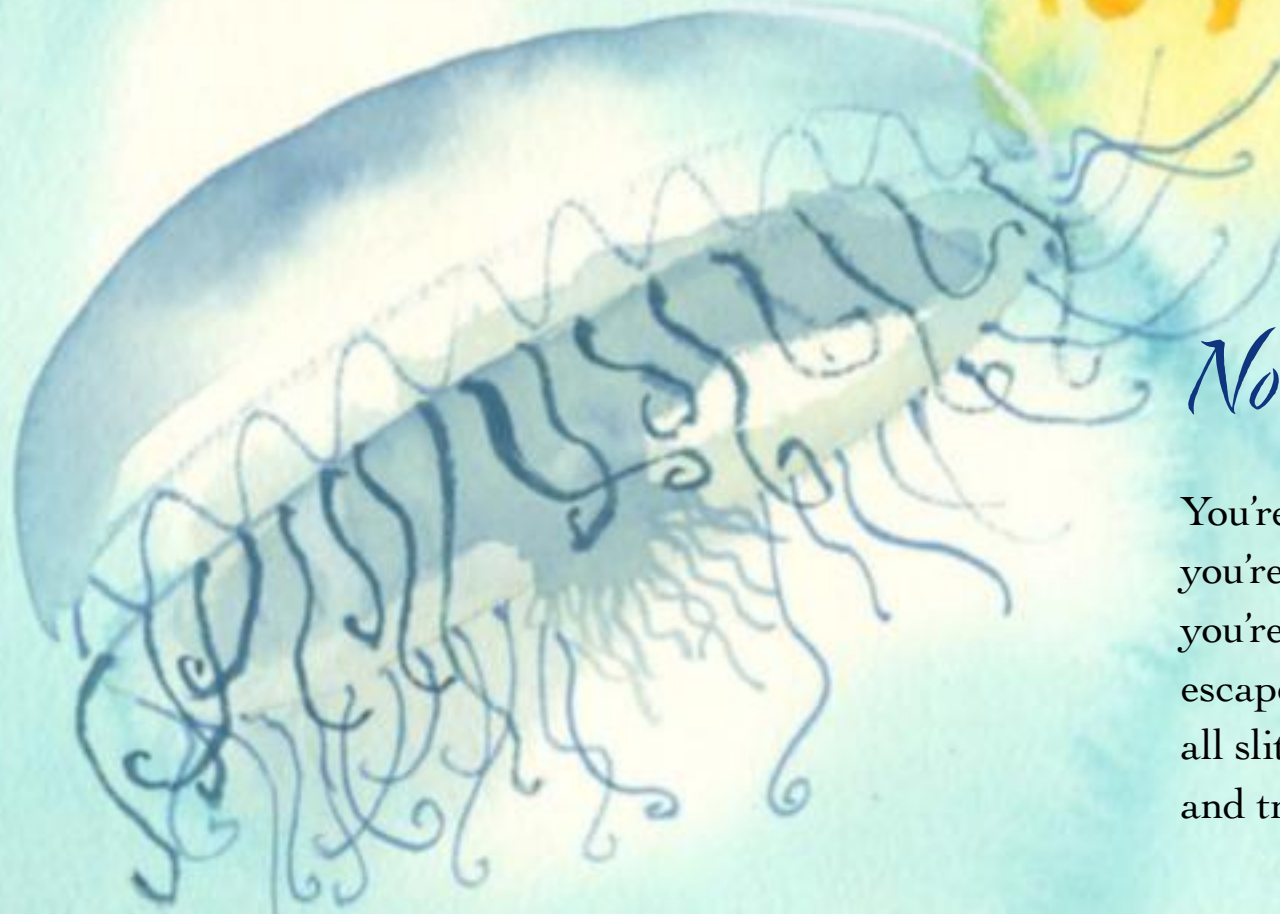
Jellyfish

Deep water shimmers.
A wind-shape passes,
kimono trailing.

Not Really Jelly

You're not really jelly,
you're not really fish—
you're free-floating noodles
escaped from a dish,
all slither and jiggle
and tremble and squish.

COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION



Blue Whale

Rolling your belly like a tide,
sweeping the little fish aside,
billow and swell of midnight blue,
you're as grand as a planet
passing through.

Shipwreck

Here lie the bones
of twenty trees,
lost far from home
under gallons of seas.

COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION

Oarfish

Dragon doesn't hide her magic
in a crooked mountain cave.
She dwells down deep and deeper
where the sea feels like a grave.

If a lantern fish is near her
and can shed a little light,
you'll glimpse the mythic creature
flowing by you in the night,

with her silver undulation,
fifty feet from tail to head,
with her glorious and rippling
crest of incantation red.



Gulper Eel

Black holes usually spin through space,
lurking by planets and stars,
but there's one in the gulper's gullet,
stuck like a dollop of tar.
He opens and opens and opens
and opens and opens his jaw—
till the proudest fish has vanished
in that astronomical maw.

COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION



Sea Turtle

There's a wide green map
on Sea Turtle's back.
Currents? She knows
their flows, never slows,
needn't stop for directions
wherever she goes,
flapping her elegant
paddle-shaped toes.

Octopus Ink

The famous author hesitates
to pick his pen up.
He is shy. But wait!
He autographs the water
with a single word—
good-bye.

COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION

We are busy.
We are growing.
We don't care where
you are going.

We are cousins.
We're a throng.
We are wide
and we are strong.

We are reaching,
stretching high.
Pretty soon
we'll own the sky.

We are golden.
We are pretty.
We are coral.
We are city.

Coral

Shark

He circles and stares
with a broken-glass grin
his body's a dagger,
he has lion's-tongue skin.

He slides through the water
like a rumor, like a sneer.
He's a quick twist of hunger.
He's the color of fear.

Nudibranch

The nudibranch
has dropped his clothes
in a spot not even
his slug mother knows.

COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION



Ocean Realty

My name's Frank Hermit.
Here—take my card.
So you want a house
with a porch and yard?

I have listings for periwinkles,
whelks, and wentletraps;
turbans, tops, and moon shells;
a palatial conch, perhaps?

That one's not available—
I'm waiting for the snail
to vacate his townhouse
and put it up for sale.

But this place has a deck
and a nice view of the land—
beachfront property
is always in demand!



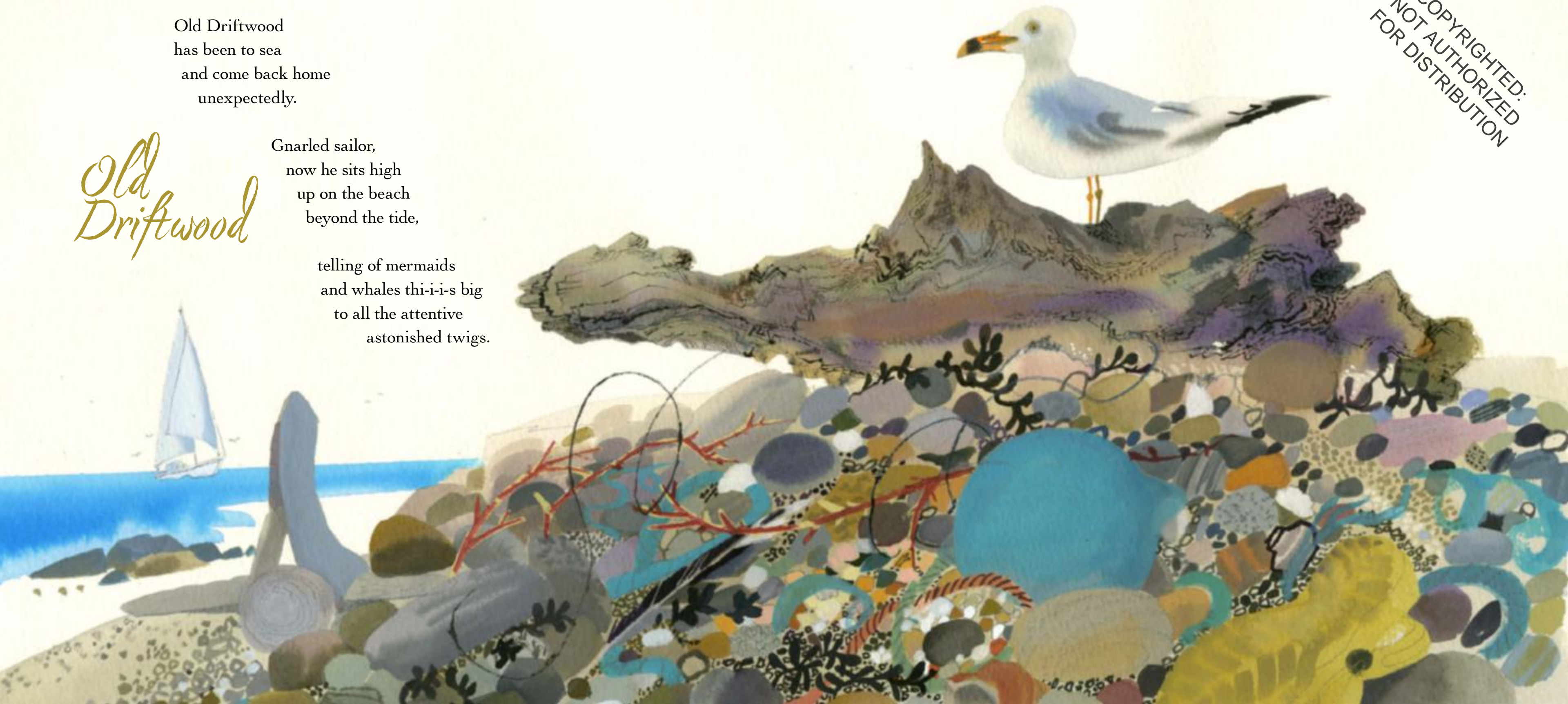
COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION

Old Driftwood
has been to sea
and come back home
unexpectedly.

Old Driftwood

Gnarled sailor,
now he sits high
up on the beach
beyond the tide,

telling of mermaids
and whales thi-i-i-s big
to all the attentive
astonished twigs.



COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION

Tideline

Ocean draws on the sand
with trinkets of shell and stone,
the way I write on the sidewalk
with a stick of chalk at home.

She signs her name in letters
long and wavy and clear,
saying “Don’t forget me—

I was here,
w a s s s h e r e
w a s s s s s h e r e . . .”

COPYRIGHTED:
NOT AUTHORIZED
FOR DISTRIBUTION

