

Salish Sea
By Holly Arntzen

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A shoreline rock is like one big town; please don't leave it laying upside down.

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Barnacles and periwinkles live on top, limpets glide until the waters drop.

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All these critters say to me...keep singing songs about the Salish Sea.

Underneath the rock, a shore crabs hides, just awaiting for the next high tide.

Gumboot chiton as big as your shoe, sticks to the rocks strong as glue.

All these critters say to me...keep singing songs about the Salish Sea.

In between the tide pools, hermit crabs graze, sculpins lurking in a coral maze.

Anemones' tentacles look like flowers. They stay open at high tide hours.

All these critters say to me...keep singing songs about the Salish Sea.

Seaweed hold fast to the seabed, green on top, then brown, then red.

Bull kelp bobbing just off shore, nursery for fish, crab and more.

All these critters say to me...keep singing songs about the Salish Sea.

Eelgrass blooms, estuaries flow, that's where all the herring go.

Ducks come to feed on their eggs, great blue heron on two straight legs.

All these critters say to me...keep singing songs about the Salish Sea.

Down in the mud the horse clam goes, little neck, geoduck, bent nose.

Sea worms squiggle, sandpipers poke—these are some intertidal folk.

All these critters say to me...keep singing songs about the Salish Sea.