

Hearing Paradise, by Tracey Ludvik

Listening

I hear the lake swell beyond

my bedroom window,

I want to be surrounded by the sound
of Lake Michigan spray,

constant hum of lapping waves

soothing me, rocking me,

into each day and through each night.

half asleep, half awake

dreaming both worlds

squeals of seagulls pique my ears awake

the sun's rays hum through the sand -

lull me back to space

until the vigorous evening breeze

rustles the trees and flutters the curtains

breathing through my place

on the beach.

