

Mornings

Mornings by the coast,
the air is fresh and pure,
the ocean is calm.

The tide is low,
the waves come rolling in gently,
kissing the shore good morning.

The sun rises at the horizon,
casting a golden glow
over the world,
as it wakes up.

I stand by the shore,
and close my eyes.

As I listen to the cries
of the seagulls,
the morning sun illuminates
my face.

I hold my breath,
and let it go,
like the waves recoil
to meet the ocean.

April 9, 2021