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,
to 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.