

## **Day Dreams**

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Can you hear it?  
The rhythm of the surf  
as it calls to you.

Beaches of glistening white sand,  
sea oats standing like sentinels on  
the rolling dunes, and small brown  
sandpipers drinking from shallow  
blue lagoons.

High flying sea birds gliding silently  
near the small, puffy white clouds.  
Flocks of black tip wing gulls,  
squawking often and loud.

Palm trees swaying in the warm  
summer breeze. The gentle splashing  
of the white foaming surf, lapping at  
fresh footprints in the soft white sand.

The feel of salt water in the air,  
which straightens the curls from  
your raven black hair.

Come with me, hold my hand and we'll  
run in the warm surf once again.

"Close that door!...snow is blowing in."

Day Dreams.