

Surfing At Dawn

The stars are fighting to be seen
as the sun begins to ascend
dawn is here, I have yet to sleep.
The ocean is calling a mile away
I hear the crashing & am there.
Misty salt spray hits my face
looking over the surf
breaking right? breaking left?
Is it clean, is it clear?
My board hits the water
the chill wakes every inch of me.
Out past the breakers
I float and bob like a cork
in the vastness of the sea.
The dolphins check me out
making me smile.
Colorful beach houses reflect
the sun back to me.
I feel the power coming
catch the surge of the barrel forming
this is it, I'm on top of the surf
I'm on top of the world
with this ten second Atlantic ride.

— *Judith Hahs* —