

## Morning Awake

Jiming Lindal

I get up five o'clock in the morning, eager to see the sunrise from the Pacific Coast. The sunrise is around six thirty according to the calendar.

I walk to the living room where the windows open to the ocean: it is still dark outside, pitch-dark blue. I sit down with my plate of toasts and jam, watching the sky, enjoying the peacefulness.

The sky gradually turns lighter, and I march outside the door. The air bears a hint of coolness in a summer morning; long pants and a windbreaker are all I need. My steps are light but I can clearly hear my breathing with occasional bird chirping in the silence of a dawn.

There are no other passengers, walking in solitude accompanies me. The mist is flowing, while flowers are tinted with dews and a glimpse of dim light. Statues of gardens are standing half asleep, and letters of house numbers glow in the dark. Up in the wide sky of dark grey blue, a full moon is bright, refusing to give away its place.

Gradually, I approach the open field of Point Dume State Park, where a trail lies before me.

I step on the sanded pathway, plants brushing against me, sparrows of kinds flying around the mountains in the nearby distance, dark grey blue water widely open reflecting the sky.

Ripples of the ocean only brings paddling sounds to the ear, while two egrets are cuddling on the rocks, sound asleep. The sun sneaks out of light clouds in dark orange; while the moon is still clear in bright white on the other side of the sky.

An ocean breeze is gently sweeping, a bell under the cliff delivers soft ringing. Little by little, the sun climbs up unveiling itself; its orange light spreads into the clouds, highlighting the waves. Sky turns brighter, dimming the moon.

With a ray of light breaking, egrets move around gently, stretching their necks, spreading their wings. Waves splashing the shore stronger, bell echoes with more rhythms: ding, ding... Upon one ringing, egrets lift their wings and take off.

A group of pelicans glides across the sky, and the moon disappears anonymously. A comb of golden light radiates the sky, casting on the ocean.

Finally, morning is awake.