

# Sunrise Reflections

By Bridgette Becker

5:15 a.m.

The harbor lights dim, a red and green glow fading into the shadowed cadence of the water. I sit at the edge of the pier, awaiting the sunrise. At this moment, it feels as if the world has gone collectively still. It is not night or day, but the blue hour between. A serenity beyond comparison and truly worth experiencing.

5:30 a.m.

Morning fog fills the air, softening sounds and lights. Waves lap against the shoreline, echoing the call of tumultuous storms long past. A dozen halyards clang a weathered song as the passing waves rock the hull of the boat. Being here, right now, is surreal. I have this sense of peace as if it is just me and water.

5:45 a.m.

Birds awake first, singing the song of a new day. The docks groan. I hear fishermen set out before the sun, eager for the morning's catch. Swallows dart between the pylons and nestle together on abandoned boat lines. I begin to see the breakwater lighthouse in the distance, its visibility proclaiming the hope and possibility of the day's beginning. The world comes alive as the sun breaks across the horizon, mirrored in the enchanting waters of Lake Michigan.