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Listening to waves

Not waves at the ocean
But patterns
In the way people talk
The patter of feet when in the city when we walk
Or waves of rain on the roof
During a storm
Early at the break of dawn
Begging us to stay in bed
Dreamy days

Not waves at the ocean
But sounds
In that perfect musical riff
That I listen to over and again like a parent's gift
Or waves of cheers from the crowd
Quiet at first, then loud
Begging me to raise my head
Dreamy days

Listening to waves
Listening to waves
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That covers it for me