

Bring Me Home to the Great Lakes

By Peggy McAloon

From childhood, the waters of the Great Lakes
Have beckoned me home.
The solitude in the sparkling wake of the kayak,
Brings me closer to the edge of quiet reason.



Photo by Tim Feathers

Shimmering lights direct my eyes to the splendor
Of the mottled colors of waters and trees.
Is it an act of chance or careful planning,
That brings the magic born of every season?



Photo by Wayne Rundell

The path to the water's edge is covered with stones,
Polished by decades of quiet and violent wave action.
Your steps to the water can be gentle or treacherous,
But the journey down is never dull.



Photo by Joann Will

As you walk along the pristine beaches,

Go slowly and notice every pebble and stick.

Stop frequently and look up at the changing sky;

You may just be lucky enough to see a soaring gull.



Whether you are a visitor or a child of the great waters,
The magic of the moment will leave you breathless.
The lighthouses that dot the rocky shores,
Will safely guide you back to the waters of your childhood.

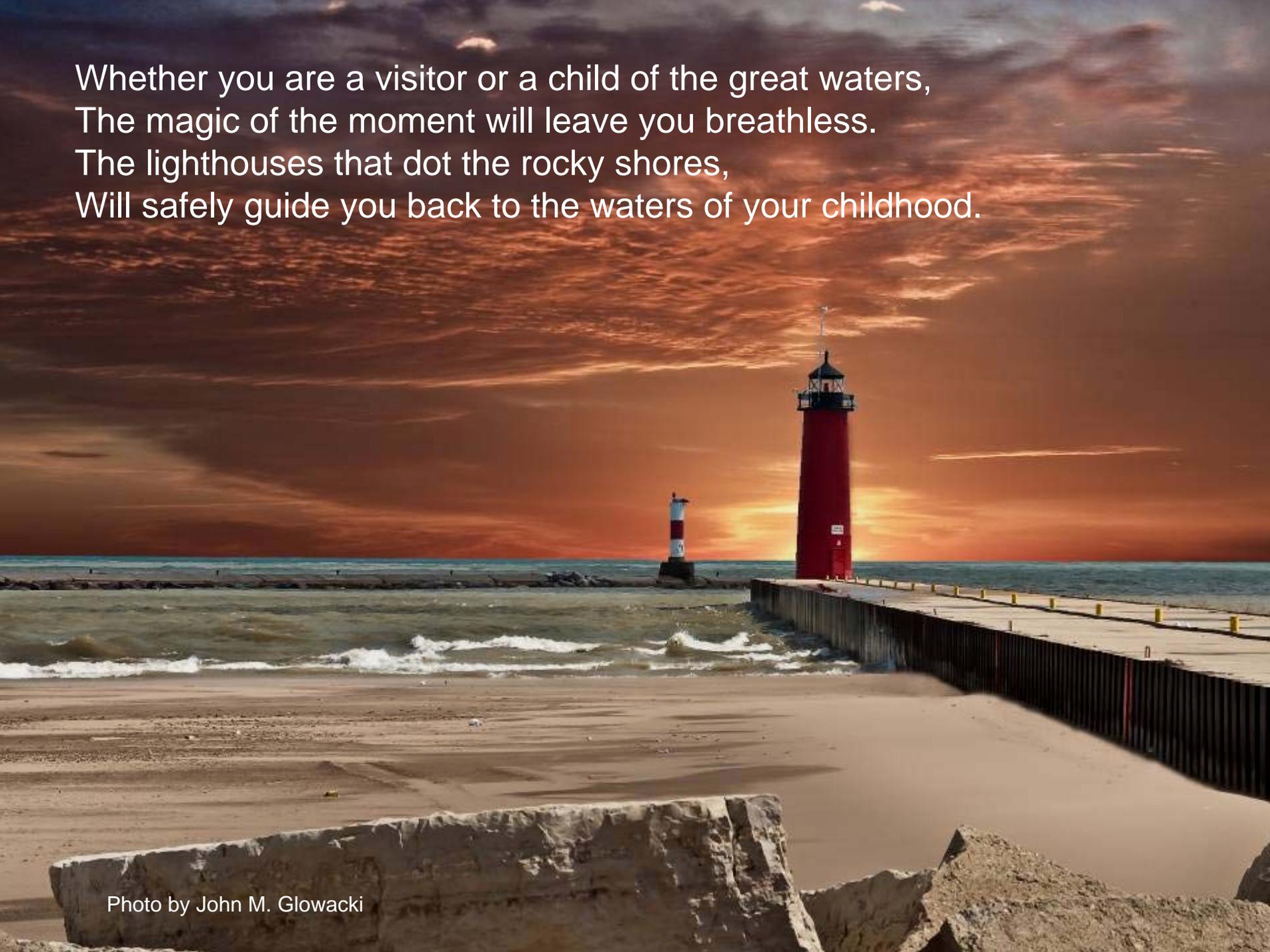


Photo by John M. Glowacki



Nowhere on earth, will you find the magical moments
That will fill your memories and dreams with such joy.
Let the harbormaster steer your path,
To the destinations where our grandfathers stood.

Photo by Kraig Krueger