

The Great Michigami

by Ron Stevens

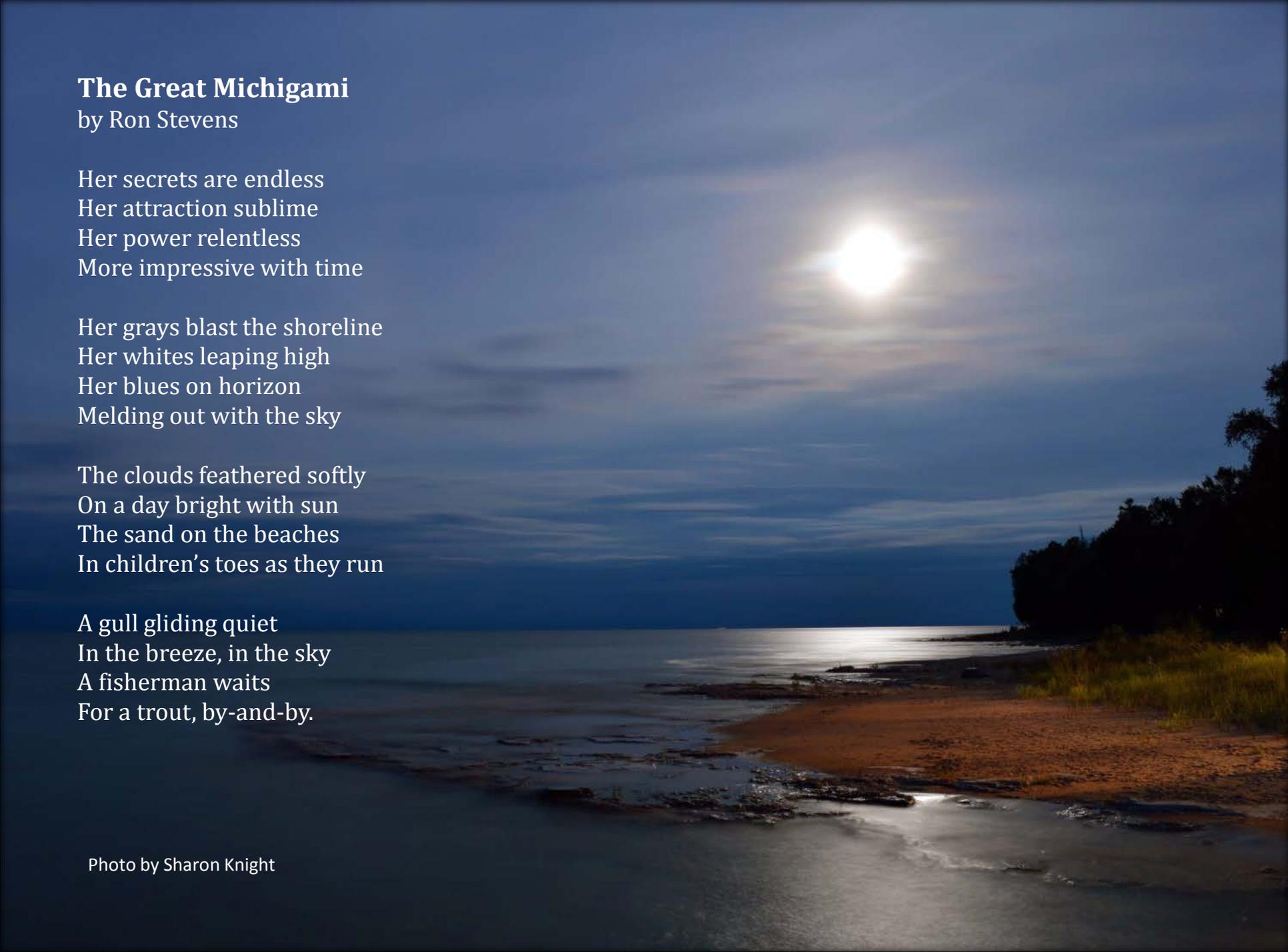
Her secrets are endless
Her attraction sublime
Her power relentless
More impressive with time

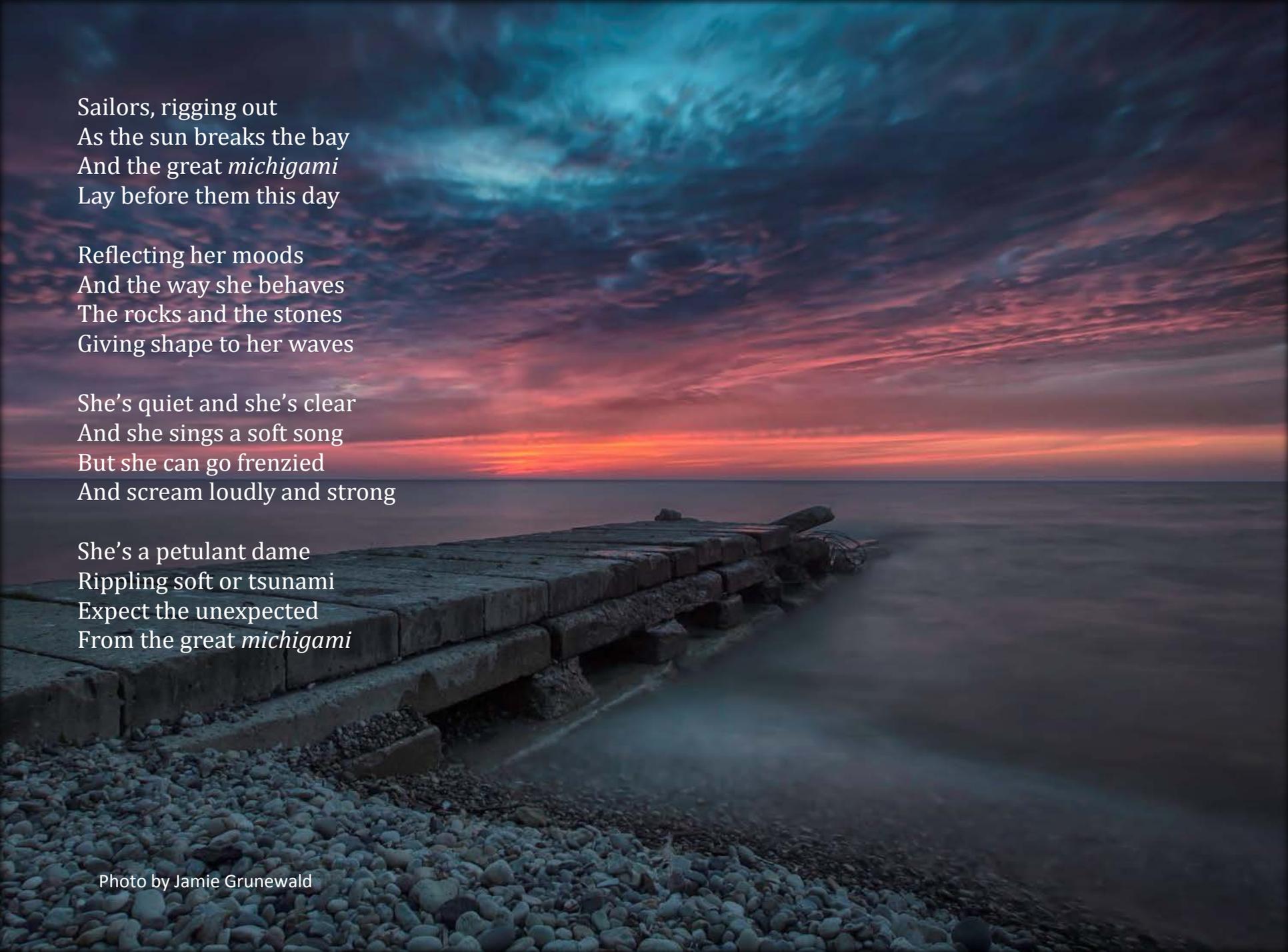
Her grays blast the shoreline
Her whites leaping high
Her blues on horizon
Melding out with the sky

The clouds feathered softly
On a day bright with sun
The sand on the beaches
In children's toes as they run

A gull gliding quiet
In the breeze, in the sky
A fisherman waits
For a trout, by-and-by.

Photo by Sharon Knight





Sailors, rigging out
As the sun breaks the bay
And the great *michigami*
Lay before them this day

Reflecting her moods
And the way she behaves
The rocks and the stones
Giving shape to her waves

She's quiet and she's clear
And she sings a soft song
But she can go frenzied
And scream loudly and strong

She's a petulant dame
Rippling soft or tsunami
Expect the unexpected
From the great *michigami*