

I Saw the Moon Upon the Lake

By Karen Gersonde

I saw the moon upon the lake,
On that cold December night.
The moonlight danced and glistened,
And was an amazing sight.

On the distant horizon I saw a ship,
Lit up in all its glory,
Silently gliding through the waves,
To another port, another city, another story.

And in the moonlight I did see,
Way up in the sky,
A flock of birds, all on wing,
In that brilliant diamond sky.

In the quiet beauty of that night,
That lake shone like no other can,
For that peaceful, beautiful, glistening lake,

Was none other than Lake Michigan.

Photo by Jerry Kiesow

