Our Lake
by Alex Breslav

My southern kin can't understand why this wild land has grown on me.
I tell them – come! Come hear, come see, the waters of our inland sea.

Vast inland sea, fresh-water queen, her voice both ancient and undying.
It's true - she talks. She talks to me. I hear her laugh, I hear her crying.

She's clothed in wilderness – a land where rock and clay and sand collide.
Here tracks of otter and of man run down the shoreline, side-by-side.

Her moods are fickle. Waves can rise and pound the shores, white fists of passion.
Or she may beckon - mother's love, a warm embrace, a calm distraction.

And when the world falls into slumber her skin transforms to ice and snow,
And humans walk above her, sleeping, and maybe, question all they know

As they stand humbled in the grottos where sun enchants the ice that flows
From stalactites to stalagmites, whilst howling, wild north wind blows.

This is our lake. Her love, her life. The one I honor and protect.
Her shores I chose to make my own, the very day we met.

Photo by Patrick Ball