

A photograph of a sunset over a lake. The sun is a bright yellow-orange orb on the left side of the frame, partially obscured by the dark, intricate branches of a bare tree that hangs down from the top. The sky is a gradient of orange and yellow, with the sun's reflection shimmering on the water's surface. The foreground shows the dark silhouette of a rocky shoreline.

## Seasons of the Lakes

By Karen Gersonde

Seasons come and seasons go,  
A wondrous mystery we'll never know.

Winter starts the year out white,  
With turquoise ice and snow so bright.  
Ice fishing is seen along the shores,  
Boats in dry dock, floating no more.

Spring hops in with ice that's melting,  
Fishermen know that it's almost time for smelting.  
Flowers pop up in the moist brown sand,  
Springtime grandeur, with lovers in hand.

Then it's Summer, the best season of all.  
Warm water, weather and beach volleyball.  
People flock to the lakes by droves,  
To every beach, park and quiet cove.

But beware as Fall rears its ugly head,  
Cold rain and storms that everyone dread.  
Gale force winds make waves go mean,  
They take down ships, never to be seen.

Alas, as seasons come and go,  
The Great Lakes seasons are a spectacular show.