

The Harbor

By Annette Clark

at the touch of the breakwater, flaming sun-kissed waves are tamed
slower among the bay, waters flow into slips and to cradle sailboats
docks filled in bays and at the shores for fishing, festivals and more-
seagulls and good friends flock and to take in grand Lake Michigan

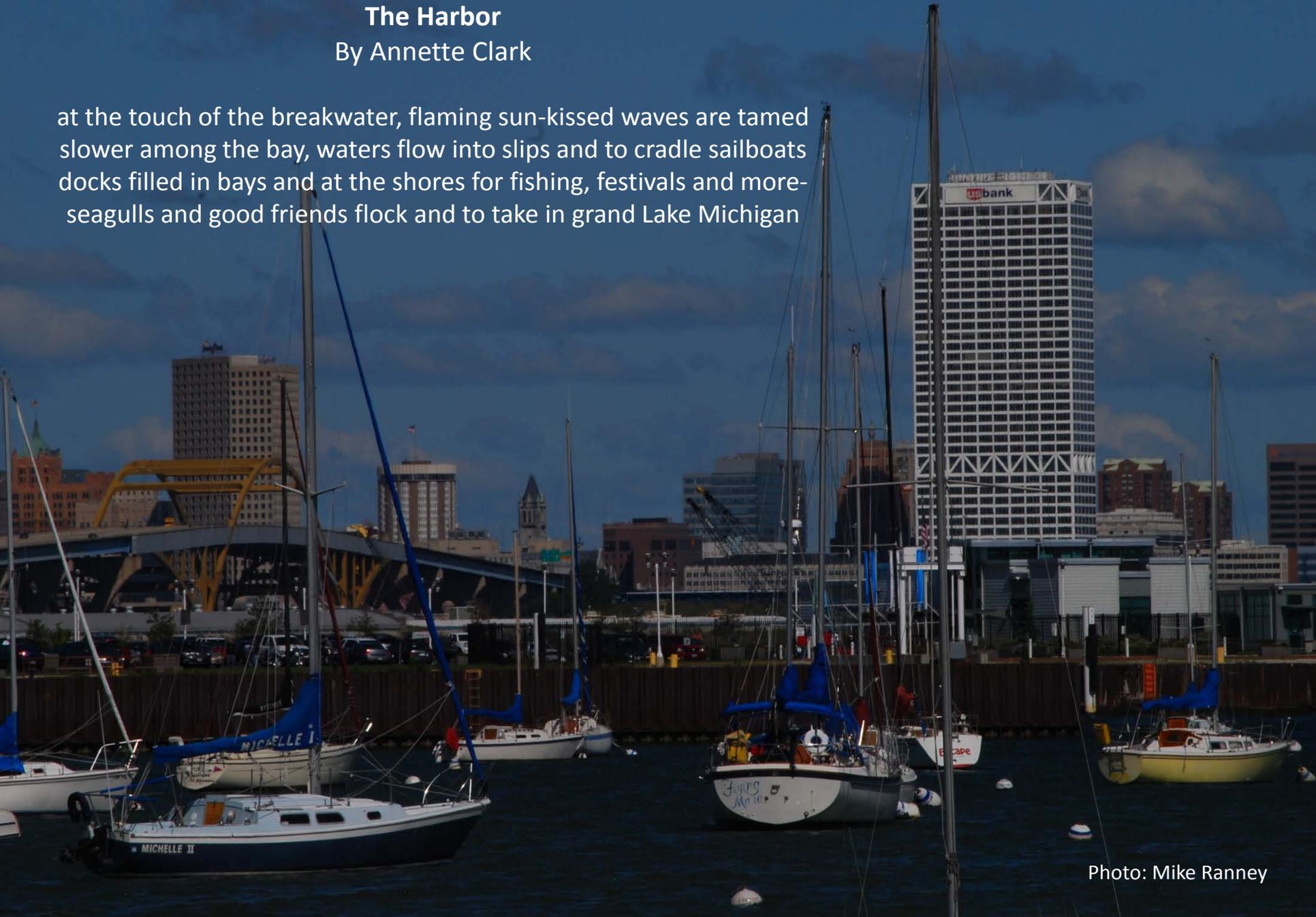


Photo: Mike Ranney