

# Growing up by the Lake, by Tim Boyle

Growing up by the lake

Down from Water Street

Walking the tracks with my dad

And seeing who could walk one rail  
the longest

There is a particular sound a taconite  
pellet makes

When shot into an open gondola car

With a homemade slingshot

A distinctive shade of orange

The iron ore turns the soles of your  
new Converse All-Stars

As you walk out to the diamonds  
in the dock

Where the fishing was good

Sitting in what is left of the seat  
in the old grader

Overgrown with horsetail

I smell creosote

And picture the shore where the sawmills  
once stood

I hear the yells of, "Cannonball!"

Echoing off the dock

The seconds of silence

Before the huge splashes

And screams of how cold the water is

Then laughter