

Safe at Green Lake

Early morning
sitting near the dock
under the arms of an old oak,
I hear waves
waft a psalm of peace
in a holy way.

She is a window
looking deep into the earth,
a passage to my depths
blanketed with water
that runs free yet bounded
by rocky shores and unseen winds.

I hear the loon's lilt,
see a swift sweep the surface,
feel the bite of morning's chill,
smell the cabin's cedar story,
taste alone on my lips.