

Safe at Green Lake

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

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

The loon wails and dives,
a swift sweeps the surface,
the morning chills my face,
I taste alone on my lips.

by Arlin Buyert