

Clark Lake, MI

How peaceful is the late-night sky,
With stars and many fireflies;
Who gently seem to say goodbye,
As morning twilight comes to shine.

How calming is the placid lake,
Whose friends that dwell along the bank;
How slowly do they come to wake,
As sunrise ends their nightly break.

Purples, reds, and violets too,
Dance amongst the morning dew;
In time, they turn their sky so blue,
To bear a mirrored lake to view.

Rippled waves begin to form,
As skis and fishers leave the shore,
Waking fish and those who snore
Along the mucky seaweed floor.



Morning turns to say goodbye,
With the chilly wind that passes by,
To welcome in the midday sky,
Who gladly beams in bright reply.

Magically, the cove attracts,
A joyous crowd of rowdy rafts,
Accompanied by hearty laughs,
Of which they proudly seem to cast.

Bouts of briskly bouncing breeze,
Breathe life to opportunities;
For in the sail lie ocean dreams
Of those who live a life they please.

Speed boats skim the wavy rafter,
Chased by tubes in playful banter;
Spirit seems to pull them faster—
Hoping for a dunk disaster.

Evening comes, and with it brings,
A savored scent for all to sing,
As dinner bells so loudly ring
That ushers all the hungry in.

As the fire starts to bellow,
Clouds afar turn to yellow;
Boats and birds gently mellow,
Just in time for a warm marshmallow.

And like the morning amber glow,
Sunset sends a scarlet show;
A seamless stream of warming flow,
The rocking chair has come to fro.



Precious is this gift we're given,
A masterpiece in which we live in,
Leaving us with a clear decision,
The lake's our little slice of heaven!