

Late Spring Camp, Peninsula State Park

Written by Thom Singleton

A garden of sapling cedar, beech, and birch.

A sprinkling of forget-me-nots and trilliums

Bursting with life resplendent in the spring rain.

Camped in this verdant wood, I imagine my reflection

In the glimmer-glass foliage, so gleaming the green.

At the water's edge, the eternal lap of waves smoothing the seemingly solid
stone,

While flight-weary vagabonds - egrets, pelicans, and mergansers -

Alight for a time, take respite from their long migration North.