

Ambling in the Kettle Moraine

By Thom Singleton

The shining eye of the morning sky rises to find...

In a forest fresh from last night's rains,

the wind whispers its secrets in the trembling treetops.

Currents swirl in the spring-fed brook,

babbling and bubbling in the verdant valley.

The hills above seem to sing,

with a chorus of birds in the bowers.

And flowers burst with color in this dream of green,

flirting with me in the meadow.

Lake Sunset

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Quicksilver breezes, veering then backing, blow spindrift across the lake waters.

Red streaks the blue in the shining sky, while clouds gleam like whipped cream on the far horizon.

As the sun nears its nadir in the west, somebody up there spills merlot in the sky, then tries to mop it up with clouds now colored crimson.

The frisky winds subside with the lowering sun, as the colors blaze ruddy red, and burnt orange, reflected in water seemingly afire.

In the end the bright sky deepens to cobalt, as the curtain of night falls, but this sunset will be one to remember.