

Beach Reverie at Kohler-Andrae State Park

By Thom Singleton

Sheer cloud curtains bleach the blue sky white,
While surf crashing the beach makes for a splashy sight.
Feather clouds fly and seem to tickle the sky,
Usually harbingers of rain, weather men on the fly.
But "Rain much later," say the beach goers with a smile,
For cloudy feathers predict rainy weather, but not for a good long while.
A stampede of white horses gallop ashore in a wind-driven wave.
They reach the beach before vanishing in a sandy grave.
The horses, though, are born again in the wind's creative gust.
Waves, so tireless, they sculpt solid rock, and leave sandy dust.
Sun shines through the swirling sky's vapors,
Makes white-marbled patterns in heavenly blue art paper.
A thousand tiny suns flicker on wave crests all across the water,
Rise and fall, seemingly quenched until the next wave gathers.
A vast winged bird forms in the clouds overhead.
It's a sky eagle with spreading wings and a hoary head.

Morning Light at Kohler-Andrae State Park

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A glow, not yet formed, grows over the Great Lake horizon.

Slowly, slowly, the light takes shape, as a bright orange ball rises over distant waves.

And lake water catches fire with the sun's heightening gyre.

The flame pours o'er the forested shore.

Gradually it climbs to the crowns of the pines, while, below, grasses shine like gems in the dew.

And, on the lake, the water reflects sky-blue, a perfect morning for a walk in the dunes.

The white pines sigh a fond adieu.