

Winner of the
Spring 1990 Earth Day Poetry Contest

Childhood Lake Country Remembrance

I remember the wildness
and the silent sunrises.
The lake or the mist
swallowed the forest sounds.
Or maybe the earth
was holding her breath,
waiting for that fiery beginning.

I held my breath,
standing on the dock,
amazed at the silence,
amazed
that the forest and the sky
and the lake and I were all watercolor blended.
No sharp edges,
we were all one.

Fishsplash,
and the world began to breathe.
Birdsound,
Woodpeckers rapping, Jays screeching,
the only Blue Heron I've ever seen.
And I began to breathe
the lake and the mist.
Trying to hold my moment
as the sun rose to drink in the lake's breath.

--Diana Martin