

The Lake

By Flora Prosser

Splashing, Stirring,
Waving, Washing,
Like any other lake
It is, but holding
A secret deep inside.
A church, a row of houses,
A village or two.
The only villagers fish or frogs,
The sun reflecting on the waves like a dark blue mirror.
The boats bobbing along as if they are light as a feather.
Sloshing, Stirring,
Waving, Washing,
The lake is
Beautiful, Wonderful,
That lake has a mind of its own.