

Lake Michigan, Lake Michigan

By Karen Gersonde

**Lake Michigan, Lake Michigan, I hear your waters calling.
Calling me back to days of old, calling me back to your waters so cold.**

**My childhood memories play on your shores, skipping stones by scores and scores.
Walking along beaches covered with stones, swimming in water that chilled to the bone.**

**My father, mother and brother, too, would drive down to the harbor to see what was new.
Huge freighters, ore carriers, fishermen and boats, we would see everything and anything that would float.**

**Your winter world was second to none, with spectacular ice flows glistening in the sun.
The docks and breakwaters were covered in white; your glorious splendor was quite a sight.**

**Oh Michigan, Lake Michigan, I yearn for the days of old, although my memories are in the past, your waters
hold more memories to be told.**

Photo by Joann Will

