

The Lake

On a calm day

The lake

Imagines it is a mirror

And smiles back

At people who pass by

Smiling.

On a breezy day

The lake

Hunches its shoulders

And sends ripples

Scudding across the surface.

On a winter's day

The lake

Hides itself

Under a frozen blanket

And refuses to budge

Until it is warm enough

To come out again.

John Foster

