

Lake Superior Blues

Through the eyes of the Glass house
one witnesses the coming and going
of a timeless, powerful, ruthless muse
quick to change her tune without warning.

First broad strokes, then delicate, than harsh;
An endless horizon painted cornflower blue
contrasting the once dark grand marsh,
with sunlit clouds dripping a pink lavender hue.

This noble den witnesses her pigment swap.
Wallpapered in yellowed tansy and paper birch,
it stands stately, stoutly on steeped rock
high above the muse's canvas, a perfect perch.

Now a light grey blue with slivers of sun on its back,
and cedar waxwings skirting the stony shore.
She drips streams of sunbeams leaving a golden track
while flying insects entice the regal birds to score.

With thoughts of bygone days, morrows and sorrows,
she quilts an interlacing patchwork blue.
Swirls and curls, darks and light shadows,
comfort wraps around the glass gazers view.

Yet another morn she brews lightly feathered clouds
lifting the gazers spirits to a new pillowed high.
Bright sunrays lift the watery dark shrouds
while silhouetted sea birds wing the sky.

Then the canvas unfolds to rows of Celtic dancers,
their diamond studded slippers sparking the light
and tapping rhythmic steps over the ice blue waters,
with the gazers hoping this music will last the night.

Somedays she paints the choppy waters tugboat grey.
and like the fisherman's boat, thoughts drift
to a time when mighty squalls scourged the day
breaking apart an unbreakable freighter ship.

Now, with pigments bruised and midnight black,
sailors, fisher folk, glass gazers, the muse tries to warn.
It's time to button up, man the sails and turn back
for soon to come, another Lake Superior storm.