

We stopped for the night at
 a roadside park along
 the shore of Lake Michigan
A couple miles north of
 Charlevoix the lake dips in
 to touch the forest
A cool breeze gently shook
 some juniper and the monotony
 of the waves nearby,
While roaring in the distance,
 played a constant local aria
 and eased me into sleep

At dawn the lake was glass the gulls
 each squawked their greetings
 in the still air as the
Overcast sky brightened
 uniformly
 north to south and east to west
And a lone female mallard fished
 along the
 rock strewn shore
And gulls perched on several of the
 larger boulders
 grooming, stretching, waiting. . .

I perked some coffee I
 enjoyed the
 serenity of this place while
The others from our roving band
 slept off a late night
 of touring and
By seven thirty a slight
 breeze had picked up, waves
 began to lap the stony beach
And traffic was beginning to rumble by
 up and down, but a safe distance back,
 on highway thirty one.