

At Lake of the Clouds

An elderly man sits on the visitor's bench
staring out past the escarpment of hardwoods and pine
to the cloud lake below.

His eyes play tricks,
make him think he is looking at sky
when he is seeing water.

Hikers cross the bridge to Mirror Lake far below.

"Who is that?" he asks,
believing it is his imagination,
his recollections dim of hikes
taken years before.

"It was Cloud Peak," he said,
"where I climbed up with my wife,
asked her to marry me."

He is with his daughter and son;

I don't see his wife.

He leans heavily on his walker

Rosalie Sanara Petrouske

AT LAKE OF THE CLOUDS, page 2, continued stanza

moves awkwardly away from the railing.

“It never changes,” he says.

I watch him walk slowly down the

path away from me.

Framed in my Lens (haiku)

A red leaf flutters,

Above the rushing water;

Manabezho Falls.



Green Solitude

1.

Day draws into the trees
and sketches light with a
charcoal pencil to shadow in evening.

2.

The cabin huddles contentedly
amongst spruce and hemlock trunks,
while beyond its back door
a stream splashes along rocks
to join with the Union River.

3.

Night is kind here, a bit of smoke
curling from the chimney, one or
two birds singing rapturously
as the cabin occupant bends over
her notebook shaping words to capture solitude.

4.

The birches beyond the window create
a montage of silvery trunks and leaf
greenness, not a touch of wind stirs
a branch,
nor does a single leaf quiver.

GREEN SOLITUDE, page 2, new stanza

5.

A gas lamp lit within

throws its comforting glow over the interior,

a bed, a chair, a small table holding books.

What else could possibly be needed

on this first day of June?



Manabezho Falls

Water rushing,
hear its roar
on the approach.

Powerful spirit God
resides in this churning
fall of silver blue.

Tread softly, place a foot
just so, follow the steps
of the Ojibwa who walked
here long ago.

On the Path to Mirror Lake

Maidenhair Ferns grow in abundance
from the lichen-covered rocks.

A cluster of Spring Beauties glow
bunched at my feet.

I never reach Mirror Lake,
turn back when the ground becomes
covered in thick mud, spring run-off
from the embankment.

I don't feel defeated,
only joyful for having found
such green ferns, such small flowers
growing for their own pleasure.

Spell

"Life is a spell so exquisite that everything conspires to break it." –Emily Dickinson

I find the rocks on a picnic table at Presque Isle –smooth, polished by river currents.

Some child left them for me to discover.

One is white, silky as an eagle feather, the other banded with inky black;

the third is a rich, mellow brown tinted with a coppery hue.

I am amazed at this simple find: three stones on a picnic table.

I am amazed at the way they lay in my palm, still warm from the afternoon sun, three blessings
bestowed upon me:

The grace of this day, a walk to Manido Falls, the branch of cherry blossom
waving in the wind.

Please life, don't intrude, let me be amazed awhile longer.

What Was Then

On this late May afternoon,
there are only a few campers
found at Presque Isle.

It is strangely silent
except for the far away tap, tapping
of a woodpecker.

Lake Superior appears through
new green leaf buds, brushed
with mist, it is difficult
to determine what is lake and
what is sky.

Little Girl's Point obscured.



Sitting on a picnic table images
from other years, slowly emerge
like the colors of a transparency
placed on a light table.

Golden sky of evening hazy
with wood smoke from campfires;
a father strums his guitar

Rosalie Sanara Petrouske

WHAT WAS THEN, Page 2, Continued Stanza

while his two small daughters
dance on the dewy August grass,
their white nightgowns billowing
about their legs.

Overhead, a blue-black sky streaked
with stars is barely visible
through the tops of swaying birches.

Fragrance of piney dark, snap
and crack of burning logs.

A barred owl calling from a
distance, his plaintive cry of

Who-who, who, who, who-whoaaah,

"Who-cooks-for-you?" "Who-cooks-for-you-all?"

Then, I held your hand,

loved one,

and felt the breadth of your skin,
providing heat to ward off the damp chill
as we waited for night to deepen.