The Lake

Eunice English
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The Lake by Eunice English

I walked beside the frozen lake
the crackling grass broke 'neath my feet
My breath steamed out as lightest clouds
and listened to the whispering pines.

I walked beside the melted lake
and saw the shards of ice still there
the birds returning on the wing
to make another summer's life

I walked beside the stormy lake
the waves slapped on the muddy shore
the clouds whipped o'er the darkened sky
and trees bent to avoid the fray.

I walked beside the resting lake
as evening calmly wrapped around
the sunset glowed across the way
reflecting in the waters still

I walked beside the darkened lake
reflecting only star filled sky
and moonlight, frosty bars of light
flowed to my feet and said 'goodbye'.

By Eunice C. English
Having grown up in Robert Burns country (Ayr Scotland) Eunice was exposed to poetry at an early age. Schooling in England then led to Wordsworth and the Romantic poets but after emigrating to Australia in 1972 with a young family poetry was limited to verses for the kids at bedtime. After working at the University of Newcastle for some years she decided to become a mature age student, studied Creative Writing and Journalism and is now published in several anthologies and has published her own anthology.