

Group Poem from Red Lake

At Red Lake

The majestic red rock
Is overlooking the peaceful valley,
Rings of water
moving outward.

At Red Lake,
I feel the crisp cold of the morning
And dogs barking off in the distance.

At Red Lake,
I am a bit frozen
But everything that surrounds me
It does not seem to bother.

At Red Lake,
the crunching, crackling sound
of walking through the dried leaves,
Voices but no bodies,
Nature captivating spirit.

At Red Lake,
groaning from the north,
coming close, chatter of insects from the west
behind brambles trampled beneath.

At Red Lake,
a roar of an engine,
a soft, but cold breeze,
the sun's warmth on my skin.