

"Musings"

Toward the last of August I am tired of summer and company and noise, and I begin to dream of fall, how the place will be empty of people, no screen doors slamming, no boat motoring across the bay, The air will get cold and the leaves begin to turn. Everything will quiet down. Everything will become a skeleton of it's summer self.

Toward the end of August I become nostalgic for what is to come, for that quiet time alone, peace and stillness, calm, all those things that summer doesn't have.

I paddle my kayak

on the quiet lake and see no other boat, a heron and the loons, but soon they will leave..

Toward the end of August the woodpile is stacked, the kindling in, the last of the garden harvested and then there will be nothing left to do, but watch fall play itself out in glorious technicolor ,feel the earth slowly freeze, hear the rumbling of ice forming on the lake, Winter comes.

Carole Rusch