



Musing

September 2021 - "A Day at the Lake"

Jim Bakken, Upper Eau Claire Lake

The orange hue in the eastern sky announces morning time.

The sun peaks over the horizon like an alarm clock to awaken the lake and its inhabitants.

The water's surface is like a mirror, reflecting the trees and the sunrise sky.

Fog rises in the distance in response to the refreshing cool morning air.

A pair of loons is quietly diving for their morning breakfast; an occasional hoot is heard, invading the morning silence.

The bald eagle warms itself atop the towering red pine, keeping watch over the lake and waiting for an easy catch to satisfy its morning hunger.

A lone fisherman makes his way to his favorite early morning spot, leaving his wake behind, interrupting the quiescent waters.

A kayaker slips quietly along the shoreline taking in the morning's serenity.

The sun rises above the horizon warming the air. A gentle breeze brings ripples that dance across the lake, glistening in the sunlight.

As the song sparrow's morning song resounds in the morning sun, the kingfisher bobs in flight as it searches back and forth along the shoreline for its breakfast.

The peaceful morning is interrupted as one by one, fishing and recreational craft zip across the lake.

Voices of children swimming and playing in the cool water fill the air.

Pontoons gather on the sandbar filled with family to collect rays of sunshine, socialize and share their favorite beverage.

Skiers, tubers and jet skis fly across the water providing thrills for many.

Five o'clock, the lake quiets, serenity begins to return.

Swimmers, looking forward to the cool evening air, retreat from a day of bright sunshine and refreshing water.

Loons are diving, searching for their evening meal.

Swallows flit back and forth feeding on air born insects.

The eagle returns to the towering red pine to watch over the lake.

The sun retreats beneath the western horizon leaving behind shades of red and orange in the evening sky and the fragrance of campfires invades the air.

The loons take flight overhead; their mysterious tremolo calls interrupt the silence that has engulfed the lake.

Silence is heard between the mournful call of the loon.

A full moon peeks over the horizon and rises into the dark sky as the moonlight glistens a pathway across the lake.

Nature rests, waiting for the morning sun to again awaken the lake on another day.