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AP Literature and Composition

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### **Memories at the Lake**

As I sit by the lake I begin to wonder,  
my mind unravels and starts to ponder.  
How did all this water collect in this one  
specific place, and the time it must've taken  
must surely have been ace. Especially since  
all of this occurred after the last Ice Age.

I wonder what lies under the waters of  
the freshwater bowl. An old steam locomotive  
from the timber days; or perhaps an old dinghy  
that was rejected from the docks,  
during a July thunderstorm several years  
prior.

But unfortunately the bubble of  
my daydream bursts, and I begin to come to  
that there's probably only some  
weeds and a canoe paddle  
or two—under the depths of big blue.

As Mr. Smith's pontoon sails past the shore,  
I'm reminded of the old photos of the tour  
boats that use to sail around.  
Now only the speed boats, dinghies, and  
pontoons can be found riding the waves, as the  
resort closed down back in 1968.

Occasionally I will see a flock of Canada geese.  
Flying back and forth, just like waves.  
As I lay on my back on the sandy beach,  
I watch the wind rush through the top of the trees.  
The ghost of nostalgia is also present, as it floats back  
and forth across the cool blue waters, reminding  
us of better times that occurred at the lake.