

## Lake Huron

(October)

MILES and miles of lake and forest,  
Miles and miles of sky and mist,  
Marsh and shoreland where the rushes  
Rustle, wind and water kissed;  
Where the lake's great face is driving,  
Driving, drifting into mist.

Miles and miles of crimson glories,  
Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze;  
Miles of shoreland red and golden,  
Drifting into dream and haze;  
Dreaming where the woods and vapors  
Melt in myriad misty ways.

Miles and miles of lake and forest,  
Miles and miles of sky and mist;  
Wild birds calling where the rushes  
Rustle, wind and water kissed;  
Where the lake's great face is driving,  
Driving, drifting into mist.

## Sunset, Lake Huron

(September)

THE sunbeams fall in golden flakes,  
Like snow-banks flamed the clouds are furled;  
The soft light shakes  
On wave that breaks  
On wave, far round the gleaming world.