

Ledge

The darkness is descending upon us

Boats dotting the harbor

Big magnificent houses on high mountains

A suspension bridge high overhead

A little carnival not stirring with activity

A man jogging in a white tee shirt

White tennis shoes and navy blue shorts

The train tracks are visible

The rock formations have formed

To make a natural ledge

The water surges in the distance

Tiny islands emerge in different localities

In the wide stretches of the lake

Soon darkness will draw it's plan for the night

While I catch some glimpses of the beauties of life

Renata Dawidowicz

