

The First Pioneer

Beneath the sky's expansive sprawl,
Where mountains rise and breezes call,
A sorrowed lake with helpless grace,
A keeper of the land, a timeless embrace.

In the heart of nature's hold,
Where tales of old and new are told,
Silent echoes of the passing years,
The lake, a guardian, in joys and tears.

The kin of new are those that pay,
For tales of pioneers in the light of their day.
Within its depths, a subtle plea,
A yearning for care, a call to see.

Oh, within its waters, a story of grit,
Of dreams and struggles, and unfell drips.
As parent to the valley, it's done its part,
Yet now, it craves a mindful heart.

Like children to parents, a tender bond,
A nurturing touch, a connection fond.
Its shores, once caressed, seek love anew,
A dance of reciprocity, tried and true.

Beneath the hues of sunset's fire,
And moonlit dreams that never tire,
The lake, a parent in nature's rhyme,
Sings lullabies through space and time.

So, let us be stewards, gentle and wise,
Nurturing the lake beneath the skies.
In the dance of care and nature's wake,
A promise made, for love's own sake.