

## WORDS FROM THE STREET

Sunday June 26, 2016

**Carol Eastwood**  
**CROWE LAKE**

The sun slowly sinks into the horizon  
You can see it move, if you watch closely  
As dusk falls, the sky begins to darken  
The crickets start to sing  
The wind rustles through the bulrushes  
The frogs in the cove start singing their nightly songs  
As you look in the distance  
The road begins to fade into blackness the  
tar still warm from the days' sunlight  
Lights can be seen from across the lake  
They flicker like some kind of ghostly signal  
A calmness envelops me  
I feel safe  
The waves lap at the shoreline  
The breeze blows gently through me  
The stars can be seen from end to end  
Such a feeling, I will never forget  
And will always be trying to recreate  
The past from my childhood I  
long to feel again