



I Hear Ya

Brenda Lussier -Neumeuller

What a glorious day with cicadas around
In the evening twilight, their sounds all around.
But not for the deaf. Not the slightest of sound.
Where beauty's in colours and in friends all around.

The peace and the quiet of an August new moon
With no winds and the warmth. All Nature's in tune.
To dare, to believe the impossible dream,
To swim through the night to the north with a Team.

Hours on hours, I'm relaxed and content
With the words in my head. No curse or lament.
And soon I've surpassed where I've ventured before.
Ten hours in a Great Lake – and who's keeping score?

All through the next day with my friends from the dawn.
Toronto our target. Marilyn Bell draws us on.
With twenty-odd hours. Just a few to remain.
Then currents and wind, and a shoulder in pain.

So changing direction. A new course is at hand.
We'll still make Toronto where our goal is to land,
There's so much support from my friends here beside
And Internet wishes are here, far and wide.

But this shoulder is weak, even though I refrain
From feeling each creak and each tendinous pain.
So the winds and the currents now govern our path
And the land's slipping by. More than a day now has passed.

So my dream passes by, like the sun to the west
And I look to the sky, to my friends and the quest.
For now is the time . . . I've given my all.
We fought . . . We were proud . . . There's no shame in this call.

For I'll remember this moment. For all of my days.
This was my time to say "I love Nature's ways".
For I have my true friends, with whom I have grown
And those new inspirations, that I never had known.

Thank You All



Brenda: Lake Ontario