

# Sailing Lake Superior

By Lynda Schaller

Flying through the waves  
Partnering with northern winds  
Our blood sings  
Big Lake's chorus fills us up  
Erupts in whoops and laughter  
Motion becomes joy  
Joy becomes sound  
Overflowing with verbs  
Trailing them along behind us  
Tossing them over our shoulders  
With a grin—  
No need to clutch them  
There are plenty more  
More air and more water  
Than we can ever encounter  
Flying through the waves  
Rocking with great lake winds  
Our blood sings