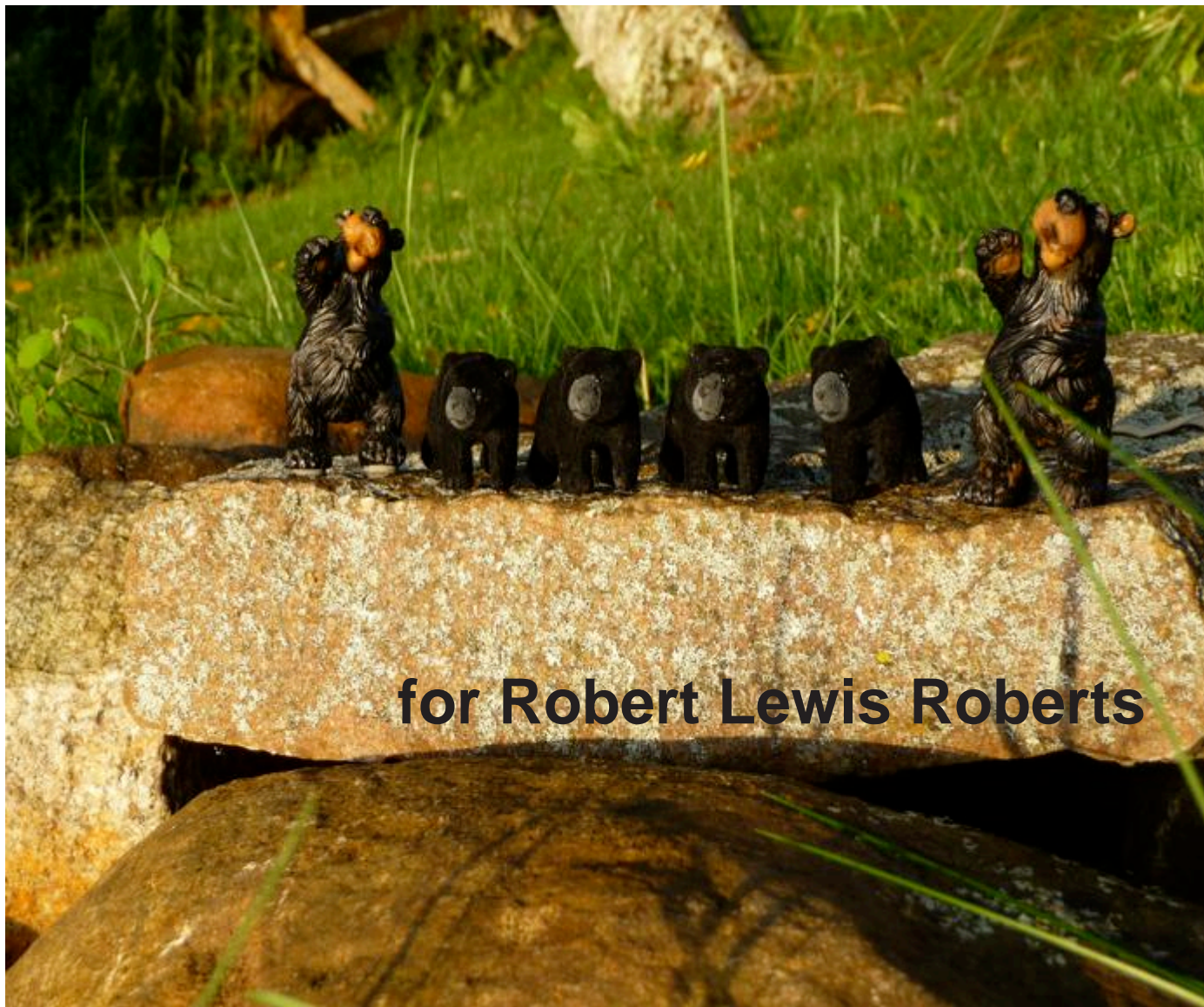




Sometimes Adirondacks

by Amy Louise Phillips-Losso



for Robert Lewis Roberts



Sometimes there is the end of daylight,



sometimes there is the break of dawn.



Sometimes there is the end of summer,



sometimes sun still warms the lawn.



Somtimes a little splash can happen,



sometimes a little double wave.



Sometimes water could be a painting,



sometimes it could have made a cave.



Sometimes water holds the only light,



sometimes it traps the day.



Sometimes it becomes the shoreline,



sometimes it goes away.



Sometimes floats will glide and hide,



sometimes they hang off of the dock.



Sometimes they make it really far,



sometimes they beach upon a rock.



Sometimes the day has all but ended,



sometimes gold is in the last sun rays.



Sometimes we look out at the water,



sometimes we swim and play all day.



this end