Glacier Park in August: Grinnell Lake

by Lisa E. Dahill in the December 25, 2013 issue

First, use four similes to describe the lake:
Grinnell Lake is like . . . a threshold
. . . a turquoise
. . . wings arching open
. . . a nest.

+++
At the end of the boardwalk over red-rock streams,
beyond the suspension bridge, the waterfall, the long hike,
my feet on fire empty into the lake:
home.
Icy aqua iridescence, perfection of mountains, these trees.

Now use four metaphors: the lake is . . . reality
. . . exquisite balance
. . . a window
. . . a cup filled with sky.

+++
In the lobby of the grand hotel miles below
hang beautifully framed old photos. Grinnell Glacier,
a wisp above us now, was enormous a century ago,
its lake many times smaller.

How can we protect the earth but by drawing close, by falling in love?
The lake is the glacier melting too fast.
The lake is the waters from Jesus' pierced side.
The lake is the face of the love that saves us.
How can we love the earth but by falling . . . in?