

Michigan Maritime

photography, poetry, & prose



Michigan Maritime:

Photography, Poetry & Pose

A Restful Light

The greater light
Inside a sphere
Dives in the sea
While the darkness
Is left Behind
For its time to rest
You once illuminated
The sky
As I looked up
Your luminous rays
Seems to fly
Like a bird
But everything
Must rest
Your time
Has come
You did your
Very best
As you become
Even with our
Evening
While submerging
As we wait for you
In the morning



Ambitious Aviaries

Fly my aviaries
On the land
Too much time
You must not
Tarry
For the fish of the sea could
be your nourishment
I see you
In the deepest blue
As a school
Of the fish you see
That becomes your cue
You may catch many
Or a few
You keep on searching
This is what the survival
Of the fittest do
You must be ready
To soar to score
You feel empty now
But you will reach
Your goal
because your hunger
You will never ignore



House Light

Do a sailor
Has a real home
Because all day
And night
The seven seas
He often roams
The darkness fills
His skies
Watching the light
Slowly dies
In his watch for direction
Once again, I must say
Could this be
His home
The boat he uses
Or own
But it's very much prone
To move and sway
As he humbly prays
For a peaceful return
To the once shore
He had left before



As he sees
The faint light
That positions
On his destiny
He demands
A home of lights
That greets his feet
As he steps on its dry land

O' Michigan
How many lakes
How many breaks
I get to have
In Your sunlight
At night
Your moonlight
As well
Your shores are
Rims of pleasure
As I humbly look
At the lighthouses
That already adorns
Your beautiful state
It's demure
To your grandeur
Pristen like a queen
Whom have jewelry

Never seen by her
Royal court
It catches your undivided
Attention
How many
Water holes
That quenches our thirst
To its ambience
To its highest degree
How many lakes
That took our breath away
In Michigan, so many
I would often say

Let's Go Children

I heard those words My
heart would flutter
Dad would utter My
mother affirmed My
previous Was
adjourned Please put
them Toys away She
would shout We are
going To the beach I
grab my pail and
Shovel To my reach To
a land To make sand
castles And mud pies I
was young My sisters
had ultimate precision
To make awesome Dirt
art My older brothers



Would swims

To their heart

content

As mom and dad

Converse Under

Their blue umbrella

I love it

When I would hear

Lets go children

The Lighthouse Day

There is a lighthouse
During the day
There is a space
In the night
It guided my way
The greater light
Hits its windows
The beams
Compliments
It's mystique
The color of its
Base doesn't matter
As long as it's shining
To direct your mind
For it saves mankind
Everyday
The sea waves
Maybe strong
Through its presence
Lives may be prolonged



My Crowded Port

Sometimes these
ships ..
Overflows
So many thoughts
That reaches inside me
I watch many
The waters that surround
My direction
was over taken
By violent
waves of doubt
So many ships
It claimed
By its many
Leagues of its
Width and length
The stamina of 10,000 men
Gone in 60 seconds
Exactly why
So many Times
I'm so overwhelmed
As so many
Did not ever arrive



As I look at this shore
Its massive abundance
That always keeps
Its majestic allure
That they were
So many blessed
To truly endure
Whom heart
Must have been
so pure
How his grace
and his mercy
Made them so secure
I examine closely
at this shore
When I'm not so sure

Black and White

Love to see it
Design
It's a lighthouse
Even from afar
Miles away
The illumination
So bright
It's easier to find
This view
He or she says
It's all mine
So they took
a mental picture
Their Mind
Even though it's colored
The monochromatic
Scheme
of black and white
Always draws their
heart so close
Those shades of Grey
The temperature
of the inky black



Gives it soul and depth
Their smile highlights
It's the height of refuge
Standing alone
In all this darkness
Releasing its guidance
To many Michigan navigators
In their delight
Looking to cross their
Dire sea
Pictured in black and white
As it's shining to invite
In this dismal night

Alone

In the still of the night
In the bustle of the day
Its stands
For a reason
At its bay
Alone in its
Greatest height
Sometimes ...
Alone becomes
Someone coming
Safely Home ..
So it's loneliness
Becomes someone heroic
Through erosion and time
Many who become lost
Can find
A way out of their
Dark spaces
A house that exudes light
A role model built
In physical form
More than brick and mortar
Showing



When can learn
Even in our seclusion
If set on the course
Of our ruin
Look in its direction
To see what its light
Doing...

Many Lakes

So many of them
Making myself
Seems so mini
Small in comparison
Especially
To the huge four
Huron, Michigan, Erie
And Superior
So much life
These fresh waters
covers
The liquid it contains
Nurtures
inside and out
The lakes that stream
This body of constant
moisture
That either
made and destroyed
Dreams
So many wars and births
For many, it made



Their worth
The indigenous thrived
As the new settlers
Would ride
From shore to sea
Don't forget
Its Immense size
Truly. Michigan prize
As commerce
was disperse
Now it's more
Like A joyful sport
So many
Cannot ignore
A thousand ways of
Waves
Teaching us praise
Something bigger
Then we have to obey

Bridging Hope

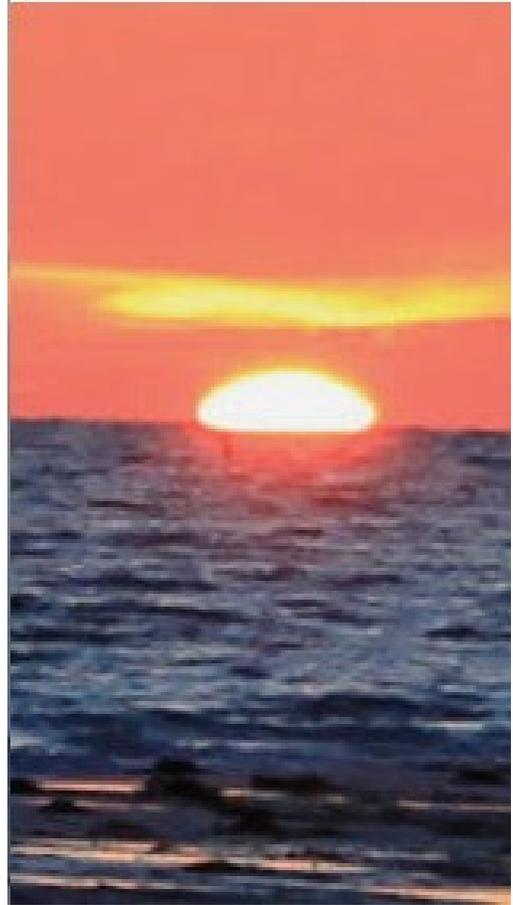
This body of water Seems so
broad That my vision Cannot
complete It's a view of my
destiny They say hope floats
But at this moment I don't
have a boat How can I reach
to the Other side No way
could I swim By the time I
arrive The greater light Would
be dim Taking my plunge I
will certainly Lose my
direction Plus, the water is so
cold I would develop
hypothermia In seconds
Because I have no protection
From the chilling waves That
so violently



Would surround my center
But hold on I see a way
That connects to my vision
Of my purpose A place
where I can freely walk I do
not have to swim Anymore
Built to Help me cross My
stormy sea A place to
distribute The weight of me
A hope that is made with
steel harder Than any stone
A platform to sincerely
yield my dreams Home

Twilight

There is a light
That once ignited
the sky
But later on
it becomes
dimmer
While it descends
Into its
deep darkness
Hurry back
To your awaiting shore
My avid swimmer
For the night will
Succumb to the sky
In due time
But in the twilight
You can see
For your return
Don't wait until
It's too late
To know your



Purposeful shore
Never get so distracted
By life's
inevitable chores
Remember, it's an array
Won't last forever
The greater light
Has a season
Your work
Has to be accomplished
During the day
Make sure
every stroke
Make you a
new way
In moments
In these times
Never have your
Faith in delay
Gain more insight
In your twilight

The Shore

The place Where We
are so sure This
platform We feel Much
more We can endure A
special place We can
commune In its
remembrance Thinking
it left us Too soon
Because it's Our
beginning As we sail off
It quickly becomes Our
ending To a genesis of
Of commitment To
ourselves and others
The shore Contain
more Dreams



To come true
Than many
Can imagine
Respect where you
Begin
Appreciate every
New shore
That comes in
Your life
Where ever
your ship
Dock
Try to make
It right
In every way
To stay reaching
New shores
While seeing
Beautiful Horizons
What a grounds
So stable
As long as there
Is life in our body
To experience
A new one
You are able

Dark Clouds

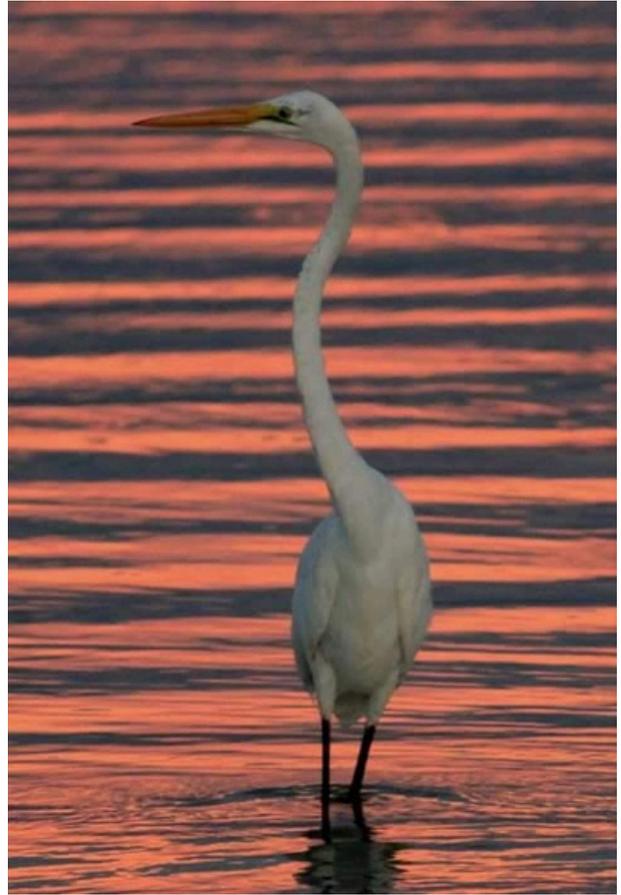
When you find
Your way
But you see
The heaviness
From above
We tend to focus
In the storm
Because frankly
It's not our norm
We seek pleasure
From this great sea
I wanted it
also
By being me
I myself have
Change
When it rains
I see it ahead
But I just
Can't get it
Out of my head
The turbulent winds
I must endure



The hardest thing
is to keep my
Actions pure
The storm might
Surround me
I never want to
engulf
inside of me
To erupt
Even larger
In my center
I know
In my Faith
there is
A greater light
Shining behind
The darkest clouds
Even though
Physically
I cannot see it

A Free Bird

Have you ever
Seen a bird rest
Especially
When it is totally free
A locked bird
Signs of freedom
When it's out of
Its entrapment
Out of others' control
Water he clings
For the temperature
It may bring
Giving homage
To its proximity to
moisture
Of every splash taken
A once locked up
and caged
Aviaries long
For fluidity
In its circumstances
It sings while bathing
In its hope and inspiration
That maybe



Confinement Never
happens To him again
So it stands tall Based
on integrity Showing he
is free to live Around or
in The sea, lakes, or
Even now, a small pond
Its dream and ambition
It always listens To be
even more emancipated
For those many years
Many thoughts That
held him back He looks
to the right Turning his
head To what he left

Tour Michigan

So many things they
Say it's true
If you come to
The state of the Great Lakes
What will you do
So many sights to see
Many outdoor events are to be
So much
But none can be done
If you don't cross that line
That Stateline
I'm talking about
More meets the eye
Than nice vintage
Funky cars are driving by
Enjoy its many lakes
And places of business
The Motor City is known
As motown
Detroit and don't
Forget flint
Or Grand Rapids
And Kalamazoo
See it in so many outlets



Where could you be
Running to
Must cross the state line
To see Battle Creek
And Ann Arbor
You will be impressed
If you are an interested reader
You're sure to digest
Jackson and Saiganaw
Where many wonderful
Celebrities are from
The state of Michigan
It's a great place
To visit
Not just its
Great lakes
Are mesmerizing
Because
Its Beauty
is so exquisite

Walking on Lakes

How do I walk On water
I must have support
Because my weight
Needs to be anchored
How can I move While
the waves Of the wind
Starts to begin I must
have a strong friend Who
can guide me Times
when many Would sink
A friend who, through
Turmoil, he coached me
To think And told me
The rock is my true
foundation I shall not
drown Insuring me No
matter if it's the lake Or
sea or sound



He would always
Provide me With stable
ground The rocks may
be hard But through it
Strength: I'm able To
float to see My
lighthouse To reach
another shore My
salvation of faith That I
cannot ignore

The Sky Light

Like a lighthouse
For the earth
It guides our day
Steer us in
The night
It's shining over
The wrong or right
Its has no
Prejudice moment
It shines as we grind
Until it rests
To do it over again
Like it's a great lighthouse
That floats in the atmosphere
Releasing its radiance
and polarizing its warmth
Touching the lakes, the sea
As it kisses all the contents
That lies under its rays
It's free, even the
Improvish
Has Stake
to its inheritance
Because its heat warms



Up the frigid ground
Each morning
It is suspended in the sky
For that next night
To give us light

To Soar

To see
Down below
To move above
The sea, lakes, and
Rivers
To fly in a state
Over the highest
Gate
The trees and rocks
becomes
My pedestal Of
view Looking at
The people Of
Michigan
Looking at The
things They get
into My wings
keep Me afloat
While I see Many
sailboats As they
move With the
current



Of the waters
Underneath me
I feel so free The
way I soar It fills
my core Being
able To move
about Without
fear Because the
Wind is near
That uplift My
wings I soar in
my Challenges
O what joy It
brings

R.I.M.

(Relaxing In Michigan)

Laying down

Resting

Looking up

Towards the sky

It's a beautiful morning

Not too many clouds

I saw

To hide the globe

That's gleaming

Down on my skin

While the wind helps

Cool me

From not getting up

And running for refuge

To a place where the temperature

Is much lower

Yes, and can't forget the rim

Of my sun cap and the rim

Of my icy beverage

That I might add

To help me beat the heat



Also, or it may be There is a tall
structure That I see Its man
made Even though it Didn't
provide me with shade But its
grandeur puts Me a daze
Wondering how many Lives
were saved and protected
Because safety on this beach
Was not neglected Makes me
sleep better On this sunny day
As I place my long Towel on its
scorching Sands As a rem of
rest Is at hand....

A Michigan Moment

Overlooking land and sea

From this house of light

Amazed at the beauty of

The Almighty's creation

The cool summer sea

Breeze

I'm reminded of a family

Fishing trip I took in

Middle school

This body of water

Is much bigger than

That lake we fished

The wave's movement is

Constant

As I wait for what

The sea has to offer

Who will appear on the boat

From a fishing trip or

Distant travels

What fish lives in this body

Of water

Is there a storm coming

As mysterious as the sea

Can be



There's beauty in how
Calm, it can be