

The Lakeshore
Bobbi Sinha-Morey

At fourteen I sat in front of
the bay window for the very
first time, a golden peach on
the kitchen table catching
the afternoon sunlight, stationery
before me when I was just about
to start a letter. I was inside my
family's new vacation home
my parents bought just five days
ago right on the lakeshore,
the water itself a lovely glass
blue, and a calm it so gracefully
wore. Not too far in the distance,
just by an island where someone
used to live, the white wings of
a sailboat hung limp, gliding
lazily before plumping up in
the wind. Speedboats, jet skiers,
teenagers inner-tubing, waterskiing
in every direction over the lake,
their ripples wobbling the buoys
and docks in their wake. When
it came close to dusk all was so
still, only my father idly taking
a swim. I confided every word
to my aunt on paper, the hours
melting away, my favorite solace
to convey to her my every thought.
By morning before anyone else
was up I took my own swim,
revelling in the pure silence and
the cool sun on my skin.

Bobbi Sinha-Morey's poetry has appeared in a wide variety of places such *Plainsongs*, *Pirene's Fountain*, *The Wayfarer*, *Helix Magazine*, *Miller's Pond*, *The Tau*, *Vita Brevis*, *Cascadia Rising Revies*, *Old Red Kimono*, and *Woods Reader*. Her books of poetry are available on Amazon. Her work has been nominated for Best of the Net in 2015 and the Best of the Net 2018 Anthology Awards hosted by Sundress Publications. Her website is located at <http://bobbisinhamorey.wordpress.com>.