

Montrose Point

January 24, 2020

Waters School, 7th Grade, Room 302

City

Tall as giants

Luminous as demons

Crowded as a concert

Looms like a shadow so insubstantial but real

Distant as stars

translucent as ghosts

The clouds wrapping around it like a snake on its prey

Fog hugged like a sweater

Crayons stacked in a box that is Chicago

Sky

The geese circle the yacht club like it is their own nest

A freshly washed sheet

A thick blanket

Grey as dust

Grey as the moon

Consumed by fog

Clouded by uncertainty

Surrounding us like the walls of an enclosed room

Not even the ultimate power of the Sun could break through

The sky is falling, mist invades the atmosphere

Lake

She breathes in like a monster

Her green-grey fingers reaching towards you

Her braids cascading like waterfalls

Nature's chest rising and falling

The lake was trying to hug me

Smokey glass from a shattered eye.

Hundreds of greedy mouths gobbling up concrete

Churning like my stomach

Ice cubes in a cold cup

The water crashing on the ground like thunder

Moving like wind

Ice cold water rushing away as if it has somewhere to be

A window after a snow storm

Shore

Beached whales

Shells strewn like a war zone

covered in glass

Rocks and jewels littered the ground like freckles

Hard waves brushed the mellow shore

Thin slate arms brushing from the earth against a background of smoke

Millions of fingers reaching up to nothingness

Cracked with ice, a hard cover over soft sand

Crunchy as a cracker

A cold desert

Still water in pools