

Bayfield--Don't Stop at Five Words

These Bayfield hills hold precious.
Its landscapes reveal more when.
Gichigami's red cliffs stand for.
Big Water now waiting to.

Low green islands offshore provide.
Sailboats and kayaks skim quiet.
Lighthouses glimmer when gales torment.
Tankers and ore boats cross.

Sled dogs lope trails, winter.
Summer gardens dapple color despite.
Orchards dangle apples ready for.
Translucent lutefisk tastes better with.

Clapboard houses have withstood even.
Gritty sandstone pillars rise above.
Brownstone Trail meanders, for many.
Big Ravine, Iron Bridge remember.

Down Manypenny and Rittenhouse, going.
Those lumber mill days saw.
Reminisce historic calamities at time.
Names tell stories of living.

Seasons change, but one thing.
I'd trade anything for not.
Bayfield is where I almost.
I live here now because.

Lucy Tyrrell
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