



ERNEST WOLF
2' PRIVATE ROAD
YAPHANK, NY 11980

Feathered Friends on the Lake.

On our lake swans have their home, their nest,
Who raise their young ones every year,
Deep in the swamps, quite free of quest,
To keep them safe and without fear.

We see them first in early spring,
When they, protected by their parents guide,
Appear for all the world to see.
No longer do they have to hide.

Hello, you sea gulls, ducks and geese.
They greet each other with aplomb.
May our friendship never cease
And fights amongst us never come.

The swan is boss, though, over all
And leads in all directions.
He may be pushing some around,
But for his family he has affections.

And we enjoy the picture on the lake,
Which nature offers us to see:
This is reality and free of fake.
Oh, Lord, its fun, to be, to be.

EW