

# Mystic Shores, by Elizabeth Sproehlich

The shores of the Great Lakes call to you with the rhythm of the waves. They crash onto the shore, gliding softly over the sand where they wearily peak, only to slide backward. A brief kiss from the next incoming wave repeats the sequence. Shoes are an option, but why go to the beach if not to feel the soft crushed shell sand between your toes. It awakens the senses sending a message to your brain that no problems can linger when billions of shells gave their lives to caress you.

Between the lake and the white beach is a mystical place. We call it the dark sand. This water drenched sand says, "Stay with me and I will share treasures and magic."

Walk for miles seeing your foot impressions left behind for others to know your path. But, if you venture too close to the water, they will be erased forever as if you never existed. A clean slate for the next passing visitor.

There are amazing stones smoothed by decades of water tumbling them unceasingly. Some call out to be saved for their beauty, their uniqueness, their texture. A few tiny intact shells somehow manage to escape the savage pounding on the shore. Every venture out allows some wonder, whether you capture it forever, or enjoy it in the moment walking on to seek the next.

Background Photo: Wendi Butkovich

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