

# Horizons at the Shoreline

By Francis F. Rosa

Fish swing madly across the sun not aimed at anything but beauty; it's just a reflection is all.

Along shoreline, there's no fence but wetland horizon. Ripples throw Lake Michigan at your feet as you stand stunned in the breath of October, all because of darting fish. And isn't the world fantastic that way? How it can throw whole lakes at your feet and just say, "There! Chew on the grand spectacle of that!"

So, you meet a group of strangers at Joliet Park and suddenly you're a member of the "Green Bay Conservation Corps."

Those four words sound kind of magical. It's a germinating seed, a fireside chat, a dive under, building our flippers on the way in.

Admire this fantastic vision. Prehistoric birds, mud-luscious marsh, winding sands, Wisconsin autumns, alive with bugs and color.

You met in a park brimming with invasives. Behind buckthorn, a horizon of murky water was really just an invitation. What do you want to accomplish? What limitless beauty do we want to unleash upon the liquid firmament of earth? Or a single park? And staring at bold futures through ripples, you must know by now the wonderful fact: It's just a reflection is all.