

Geauga Lake

Where laughter once rang, now only the breeze,
Sighs softly through towering, green-canopied trees.
The roller coaster stands in the distance, a ghost,
While the water embraces the wild silent coast.
The lake is a mirror, a shimmering blue,
Reflecting the sky in a tranquil view.
A heron stands still on the muddy, soft shore,

Unmoved by the rush that has passed here before.
Oh, the reeds whisper secrets to the afternoon sun,
Nature reclaiming what men had begun.
Where the Big Dipper groaned with a wooden-framed sigh,
Now vines climb the track toward the open blue sky.
The skeletons of thrill rides, once painted in bright,
Are rusting in silence, hidden from sight.

A midway of concrete is breaking apart,
With wildflowers blooming in this forgotten heart.
The carnival echoes have all died away,
Replaced by the chorus of a bright summer day.
The turnstiles are locked, and the bright lights are gone,
While the shadows of twilight grow gentle and long.
There's a wild, quiet magic in the soft, dewy air,

Finding peace in the stillness, beyond all compare.
The trails are forgotten, yet lushly awake,
With the heart of Ohio, in this gem, Geauga Lake.
It is a sanctuary, a quiet retreat,
Where the past and the present in solitude meet.
The memories linger on the soft, silent shore,
Though the wild, happy laughter is heard here no more.