

# Letter To Lake Mead from Alex PH

Alexis Jade Peltzer-Harding

Dear Lake Mead,  
How does it feel  
to once be created  
by the hand of man?  
Nothing is native  
about your existence  
and that is beautiful.  
Enjoyed at length by  
those decades apart.  
Marinas of friends  
on inflatable memories.  
We couldn't have  
made it without you.

Thank you for being our  
giving tree.  
Giving your very life  
so that we can drink.  
Thank you for the beating sun  
that always tans us well.  
Thank you for the cool water  
that allows us to escape.  
Thank you for your waves.  
Thank you for the fish  
that sometimes scares us.  
Thank you for everything.

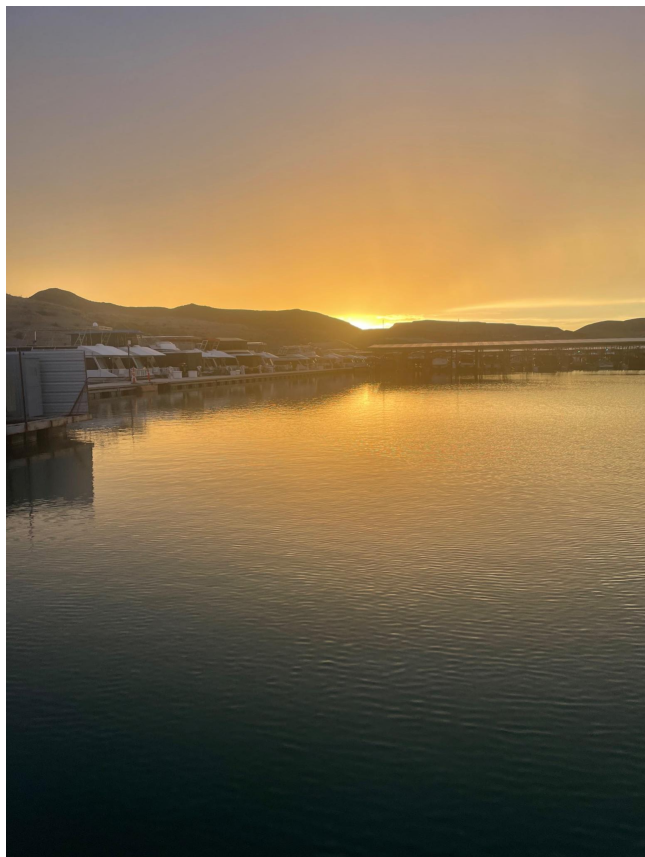
Home away from home.  
You've never made me feel  
as though I have nowhere  
to go.  
Loneliness doesn't exist  
on your friendly drops.  
Even the most torrential storms  
bring a moment of peace

for you know we can handle them.  
Jet skis and tubes and surf boards  
and yachts and houseboats and  
water shoes and hiking  
and fishing and fun.  
All of you brings me joy,  
reminds me of love,  
and gives me a place to exist.

Now I'd like to apologize.  
I'm sorry for the electricity  
that we send through your waters.  
I'm sorry for the trash that  
kills off your fish.  
I'm sorry for the gas that  
we release in our vessels  
that rests upon your skin.  
I'm sorry for the new species that invade and destroy  
all you've come to know.

How does it feel to be destroyed by the hand of man?  
The same hand, that is,  
that once created you.  
We take and infect and destroy and invade and disturb  
and control and inhabit  
and you can do nothing.  
You watch us wreck  
havoc on your body.  
Those that do not know you come in with hordes of ignorance and  
shatter the glass on the water. But we are here,  
we see you,  
and we want to help you  
pick up the pieces.  
Forgive us.

Sincerely,  
Alex PH



Photos by Alexis Jade Peltzer-Harding