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