

Door County Fish Boil

Written By Rebecca Seymour

Twilight softly settles in
as the sun emits its final golden glow
before being swallowed by the western edges
of the rolling landscape.

A moment of magic
as day blends blissfully into night.
Swooping sea gulls give up the sky
as twinkling fireflies dance over tables
set in the sand for feasting.

A mesmerized hush focuses guests
on the fire-licked cauldron,
suddenly overflowing frothy, briny water –
a clarion call for imbibing
the sweet whitefish taken
from Lake Michigan's depths.

Contented sighs and bursts of laughter
waft through the heady summer air
as a full moon finally slips free
from the eastern horizon's watery mooring.

Hearts content and bellies full,
promises are made
to gather again real soon
for this sumptuous meal under the stars.