

Winter Storm

Written by Marilyn Zelke Windau

I faced her fierceness from the shore.

Seeking the horizon, I saw only fog and furor—
no freighters.

Lake Michigan this day was the lake of the past
which took the Carl Bradley to its depths in 1958.

Far out, navy blue became murky brown
as the lake bottom churned up and over,
up and over, time and again.

Eight-foot waves crashed the rocky shore,
Pelting bullets of water, spewing “bb”s of ice.

Piers disappeared under rising waters.
No seagulls in sight. No place to alight.
Mallards sheltered, crouched beneath trees,
shielded their bills in tail feathers.
No floating out there today.

Allied with the northeast wind,
Lake Michigan’s roar was deafening.
I closed my eyes to listen intently
to the pounding rhythm of her stormy symphony.