

Morning at South Shore Park

By Christine Rundblad

The cars line up at sunrise facing the lake
as if a drive-in movie is about to start.

Windows fog with steam from paper cups of coffee.
An arm dangles a lit cigarette
out a window and flicks a glowing ash.

The thump of country western from a truck
the only sound, the season soon for birds.

Two cops pull up and pass the news and jokes
through rolled down windows, then pause to wait
in silence with the rest.

A woman leans against her car outside
and weeps silent tears.

The eastern sky across the lake turns pink then gold,
and sunrise blooms on every single waiting windshield.