

From the Lonely Cold

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Northport Point

by

Suzanne Sunshower

The old Indian trail ends abruptly,
leaving us dangling. Cliff-high,
above Lake Michigan's hungry
waters lapping up, we stare down
the abyss - a curt reminder
that we humans are small bumps
on the glacial timeline. Water
churns into stone, breaks stone.
We don't have to step to fall
into the wonder of the wide blue
liquid, open mouth swallowing us
in our foolish tininess. Funny,
from a distance, we look like trees.