

WE HAVE A PICTURE

of Lake Superior
and the way
the highway bends 'round the stubborn rocks;
of the keen-edged cliffs that displayed
the full breadth of calm before us

of parking
our priceless, laden car
(its decal of Laxmi near the hatchback window)
between the painted yellow lines,
between the luxury of the first hotel
of our expansive journey
and the seductive shoreline

or of the weary road

of red wine in unwrapped plastic cups
and cotton sweaters —
rush of blood beneath the skin
dissolving the evening cool
and sand caught within pockets and fingernails

of laying my cheek upon
the wave-smoothed skin of a driftwood log,
the crown of my head sweetly touching that
of my Love

tresses mixing
blonde into umber
as if in sleep.

David Anderson