

A Block Away Tradition, by Marilyn Zelke Windau

I used to go down to the lake
when I was a teenager.
I would place my bare feet
on the sand where alewives
lingered their bodies and smell.
I positioned my feet toward the flow,
daring the wave wash,
the foam curl,
the cold Lake Michigan water
to victimize my toes.
It won in June and July,
but August brought warm!
My toes wriggled,
stood up and cheered!
Toes advanced to feet,
feet to ankles,
ankles to knees,
and soon I was immersed,
raising ballet legs to the blue sky,
toes up but yearning for the water.

