

Gulls At Lake Michigan

By Marilyn Zelke Windau

They flutter above the blue —
the soft, calm lake waters.
Like stars, they traverse distance.
Quickly, quickly
the earth revolves,
Speeds their way
onward.
I watch the gulls,
travel with them
to an unknown destiny,
a port afloat.

Solace

By Marilyn Zelke Windau

Light glints
on marina boats in rest.
White pelicans soar,
then rest in
Lake Michigan's solace.
Blue on navy on azure—
lines speak horizon,
speak calm,
peace, quiet.

Sunset at Gill's Rock

By Marilyn Zelke Windau

Airplane's orange-lit wings vee the dusk sky,
hover the sleeping slope of forested land.
Shimmers of blue, dark and light, wave waters to shore.
Warmth of peach sky meets lake's horizon.
The comfort of last of day,
the warmth of sleepy night approaches.

Water Shadows

By Marilyn Zelke Windau

This late fall evening water shadows
shade the sand shore of Lake Michigan.
Incoming waters leave leftovers.
Their silhouette shows a pointed landscape
of tall pine trees,
a pointed cityscape of Gothic cathedrals,
a zigzag path to speed at Road America.
Images burst from my lake.
They create multiple scenarios daily.
Subtle, sweeping water-curves voice softness.
I value their creative drawings.
I breathe in and breathe out.

March 15th, 3:30 PM

By Marilyn Zelke Windau

The lakeshore has wrapped itself
in a thick grey shroud.
It dares anyone to blindly walk
into its fog.
The ides of March are upon us this day.
Forewarned is forearmed.

My forearmed wave is invisible
to those ahead on the beach.
I hear but do not see.
Eventually, I recognize the squawks
are children's, not gulls'.

Late great lake winter waters are cold.
So flat and so calm, I could shoe-shift them,
tiptoe their remnants of ice.

I do not cross the sands to the edge.
I wrap myself
in the thick grey shroud
and continue blindly forward.

Breaking Frozen Clatter **By Marilyn Zelke Windau**

click, click
click, clink
tinkle and roar

Lake Michigan is playing
its tympani this morning,
chipping up ice flows.

Wave foam shoos
sound shapes to shore.

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Lake Superior Waves **By Marilyn Zelke Windau**

When they emerge,
they are like one person
giving a signal:
Appear! Poke the next,
prompt them to respond.

Waves start with one urge,
then elbow right and left of center,
dictate them to answer,
and on and on until they quiet,

absorbed by the blue.

Are they bullies, these instigators?

Some waves they create
are gargantuan sliders,
some minuscule water feathers.

There is rhythm in their beat,
their progressive beat.

Water creates melodies
of flow, of peace, of power.