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Michigan Rt. 37

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Michigan Rt. 37

*Outlined in white
Petosky stone beaches,
the blue lake lies
raw and unsalted.*

The road empties
into the woods,
sunlit turquoise flickers
through washboard walls
of white birch
shimmering in
silver leaf droplets.

Blue-black road,
dark green and silver birch
mingle in the grey
of a windsheild.

On Timber Shore's boat trailer
"Torch," in chipped paint,
dangles its rope and bailer
white against black.

Past the red and black
stenciled sign in front
of Peshawbetown's white church,
a Sunday flea market
tries to close.

Women emerge, clinging
to soft cardboard boxes,
oozing leftovers.

An old Indian,
gnarled and reeking
of Night Train whiskey,
barters angrily over
fish hooks and worms.

Out from behind
a rusted car on blocks,
a small, naked boy
runs from a barking dog.

Ruth Wick