

Fall 1976

## Raining on the Lake

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## RAINING ON THE LAKE

Raining like the time the creek flooded  
the boat livery and all those rowboats  
drifted to Lexington and Port Sanilac,  
waves swimming against them, stripping  
the paint off the sides. One of the boats  
they never found is anchored under sand,  
hours from shore. Another is still steering  
for Canada.

And even I know what it's like to drift,  
to drown in coldness, to be crying on the docks,  
blind and alone, the water pounding in my face,  
the silence screaming between temples.

I stand on the cliff, a willow tree  
pulling half the road into water. There is  
a woman stumbling drunk at Smitty's, kicking  
her car, swearing at it to go home. Out in  
the middle of the lake I see an old father  
rocking in a rowboat, his arms climbing above  
his head, the water swallowing everything.

