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.