

Deer on the Kohler Andrae Crestline

By Marilyn Zelke-Windau

**I walk between waves and the crestline,
those hills of sand scrubbed by sprawling,
earth-hugging evergreens.**

**Cold are the lake waters of January.
Ice pockmarks blemish the skin of shore.
Above the waving, white hair
of dry beach grasses, deer stand.**

**Silhouetted sentinels,
they guard the winter silence.
Straight backed, necks erect,
they raise their racks as antennae.**

**Snorting softly at the sound
of ice glass shattering,
of broken icicles tinkling tunes
on the shoreline, they turn,
hoof-tap snow,
continue their guardian march.**



Photo by Bonnie Dickmann (2011)