

Door County Cove

By Marilyn Zelke-Windau

The path takes turns with the trees.
Sometimes the trees win.
The path curves to allow them their victory.
Sometimes the path carves a straight line
and the trees bend in homage.

Up a small incline the forest abruptly relinquishes its guard.
A wide beach of white smooth stones, a sheltered cove,
old pilings from a long gone wharf and water, steel gray-blue water.

Calm. No wake. No wave. No white cap.
In the distance, floating seemingly weightless,
eleven white swans are visible in sunlight,
only when in profile.

Turning, they're gone. Turning, they're majestic.
Their curved necks own the lake's cove.
Overhead gliding, wing-dip slanting, more aerial relatives fly-by,
low, looking for hospitality.

They land at an unpretentious distance, paddle-feet slowly,
wait for acceptance.
Low honking, honking, from already-residents voice invitation.
Newcomers join in reunion.

Photo by Roy Radosevich