

A painting of a sunset over a lake. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and blue. In the distance, a lighthouse silhouette is visible on the right, and another smaller one on the left. The water reflects the colors of the sky. In the foreground, there are dark, rocky shorelines.

Lake Michigan Love Song by Kelsey Hoff

We drive down to the lake
for a melancholy's suicide proxy staycation,
for space to stare at a dashboard
and lap at the rocks of circumstance.
Waves of ambivalence are
hemmed in by the horizon,
the water, the shore, the sidewalk,
in beautiful solemn bleakness.

We hometown strangers congregate individually
in seagull kinship, sullen stargazers
at the wide wishing well of the wistful,
and wallow in the baptismal for bereavement,
loitering blasphemously at the shoreline
of holiness and life.
It's how we exercise.

We share a disconsolate need for
the feeling of chill through a warm sweater,
the irony of constant change,
disseminating connectedness mingling with the wind,
the feeling that you could disappear.

Original photo by Kathryn April