

Letter to Lake Michigan

By Adrienne S. Wallner

We don't need to talk.
You always know why I need you.
You comfort without speaking.
You listen without hearing.
I know you will always forgive me.
When I wrap my arms around you
your embrace surrounds and slows me,
to the pace of sleep walking,
lifting the heaviness until I am floating,
concern sinking beyond my reach.
Your appetite for my troubles is always ravenous;
you swallow with each swell
the weight of my worry replacing the hollow
with currents of calm and comfort.
You have rendered me unable
to live beyond the reach
of a strong shoreline,
and incapable of inhabiting
a landscape without water.
Thank you.

