

Midnight Walk

By Beth Bartol

Motion through the greens and browns
and branches with the woody balsam.

Quickly feel the wetted shirt sleeve,
slapping raindrops, heavenly bath.

Purely selfish all this walking, by the big
lake where I've come.

And wishful thinking while my mind
unwinds and finds a slower path.

Through it all the moon is waning.
Every star is in its place.

Pools of brackish midnight staining
fields and hills and human race,
and Lake Superior's shining face.

