

Lake Michigan Sunset

Category: Poems

written by Joy Gaines-Friedler | May 12, 2023



Everything's gone silent
as though a group of doctors has entered
the children's ward.

Drone of water vehicles stowed,
a couple strolls the long edge of conversation.

Waves, like fear, have subsided—
only their small breaths remain.

A congregate of gulls pass overhead.
I stop counting at ten, tens. I stopped counting long ago,

days absent from school, then returning
soundless as a sunset. There were sicker kids—
a boy from fire, patched with skin grafts,

a girl who walked metal in metal braces. I wonder
where the seagull is this morning,
the one with only one leg, ruined, elegant,
keeping up with flock.

Does it live to teach me something I already know?

Everything has gone quiet. Hushed.
As though the chaplain has arrived.

Lost shovels and forgotten tee-shirts
lie unsaved. In another place
an orchestra has begun its evening tuning.

The sun is sinking. It touches the edge of a wound.