

## **Surfers**

**By Marilyn Zelke Windau**

In Sheboygan, Wisconsin, on the shores of Lake Michigan  
myriads of ducks eyeball the water's surface.  
They air-float high above waves,  
look for calm stripes of blue.

Some are tourists, not regulars.  
They've surveyed the local lakes and rivers,  
tasted recommended sites for duck weed dinners.

Now they choose to expand their excursions,  
see the possibilities of the huge lake below them.

These ducks are surfers at heart!  
They zoom to the waterflat,  
skid splash, push energy,  
and away they glide!

Settling in, they become enthralled  
watching those humans in wet suits,  
those comrades who also attempt  
a graceful triumph over waves' arched flows.

## **Layers of Color**

**By Marilyn Zelke Windau**

Sometimes Lake Michigan looks like lasagna.

Far out at the horizon, it's so pale,  
a blue ghost of a color.

With green, a next addition, it becomes aqua.

Coming forward toward me, it changes,  
adds yellow, and rebirths as olive-green.

Advancing further, a stripe of blue green  
energizes the expanse to the shoreline.

There, bubble and foam emerge in pure white  
and I know the recipe is complete—  
but only for today.

There will be no leftovers.

Tomorrow, an altered recipe, eye-tasty as well,  
a new layering of color to enjoy.

## **A Wisconsin Visit**

**By Marilyn Zelke Windau**

She came from her mountains of Colorado  
to visit me in Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin,  
to my shoreline level of Lake Michigan's waters.  
We drove north to Ephraim, in Door County.

I brought fun noodles!  
They're usually used to wrap water pipes  
in cold Wisconsin winters.  
We used them as floatation devices,  
kid tools for fun in a pool at the motel.  
We floated like otters, eyes closed,  
hugging and drifting the warm water.  
Across the highway a mini-golf course  
of competition and adventure,  
putt-putted concentration.

We gorged on cup after cup of soup  
at an all you can sip sup cup café.  
We walked the beach at Peninsula State Park,  
gathered stones to skip and to save,  
went back in the dark to see our universe expanded.  
Light of galaxy, light of friendship,  
we renewed our solitude and our togetherness.

# The Eyes Have It

By Marilyn Zelke Windau

Mom had brown.  
Dad had blue.  
She, the older, got hazel.  
I got lizard.  
I got chameleon:  
They changed from green  
to grey with their environment.  
The boy, my brother,  
he got the blue.

Blue prides itself,  
waves itself,  
loses itself,  
stretches itself  
to horizons.

What is it about blue?  
Don't it make your brown eyes?  
The lake is blue,  
the fish to catch—they are blue  
of gill, of want, of trophy.

Blue is sink-in-able,  
It's bottomless.  
It's pure element  
of free, of sea,  
of vast, of unconquerable,  
of quench, of sky,  
of sate.

There's a longing  
when you're a lizard,  
when you change  
like Albers' squares  
according to what you wear,  
and no one pays homage  
except to blue,  
which uniquely reflects  
all others than itself.