

## Arc Speed

By Marilyn Zelke Windau

They flew on the blue of Lake Michigan  
this morning.

Wet-suited for the coolness,  
three voyagers sought,  
found wave-demanding speed.

In a Sheboygan cove, they urged  
semi-hemisphere arc kites to wield  
their fast flight boards to shore.

Multicolored were these wind catchers,  
challengers to omnipresent seagulls.  
Reds and oranges highlighted the sky,  
dispersed the birds to fish dive.

Ah, the freedom of wind, of water,  
of sky in the morning.  
What a release for them,  
and for me.

# Blue

By Marilyn Zelke Windau

There is a blue, an azure hue,  
that surface-colors my lake some days.  
I drive to the beach to see the gray-green,  
the turquoise, the olive, the navy,  
cerulean, cobalt, pea-shell.

Always a surprise, a thrill of color  
meets me at its horizon or its shore.

There, at a Sheboygan drive turn-out,  
car people park to meditate,  
to watch ducks dive and float,  
gauge the waves, gander at sea gulls diving.

My Lake Michigan creates wonders daily,  
sensory thresholds of peace, of stillness,  
memories of color to dwell on  
when nightly sleep evades me.

## **A Lake Michigan Morning**

**By Marilyn Zelke Windau**

This morning  
beams of sunlight  
smash-crash the lake,  
change azure  
to silver glitter-sprinkles,  
break blue into diamond shine.

A lone white gull  
swoop-mines the treasure,  
catches the day's essence,  
collects gems  
and in glory soars skyward.

## A Water Collage

By Marilyn Zelke Windau

Lake Michigan is fairly calm this morning—  
no crashing waves, only rolls.

Shard-shapes of ice, like thin panes of glass  
float silently  
in irregular forms, trapezoids, triangles,  
cornered and edged.

Some bump in friendly comradery.

Some slide over, slip under.

The lake is composing a collage of winter,  
every moment changing,  
completed only by freezing.