Amaranthus

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A Treasure From Lake Michigan

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A Treasure From Lake Michigan

You always said I'd find my niche in life
Now from my perspective I guess I have
The feel of damp weeds clutched in my hands
and razor-sharp Horsetails break apart
at their designated places.

The driftwood and sand remind me of plastic
army men battling in their own little Hell.
It is here, a stone's throw from Lake Michigan,
where I am grasping for life, yet content
to let go.
I imagine myself to be one of the many animals
I saw dead or dying over the years I had spent
hiking this area.
I too will be eaten by the scavenger carnivores
First the larger four-legged ones, next the
web-footed gulls and lastly the amputated maggots,
gorging themselves on everything but my bones.

My bones will lie like magnificent sculptures
stranded on windblown sand dune pedestals.
Some little boy, like me years ago, will find
one and take it home, hoping it is part of
an old Indian or maybe even a dinosaur.

I might sit on a window sill of an allowing
mother or perhaps on a shelf in a bedroom.
Regardless, I would finally be a treasure from
Lake Michigan — like pieces of old ships,
weathered bricks embossed with names,
fishing lures, bottles (occasionally with notes)
aluminum floats from gill nets and anything
else of priceless worth.

Finally, I reach the state of being I've
been longing for
I am a treasure from Lake Michigan.

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