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Winter Storm, The Beach at Leland

WILLIAM NOWAK

The gale winds shake my van
nearing the blizzard engulfed beach

For miles we've heard them thunder

fourteen foot waves deep green
until they smash against the shuddering
harbor seawall and light tower
already buried under snow and ice and new spray
already hardening against the madness

I brought my family to see this violence

to wonder
leaning into the wind just to stand
my children clutching my big orange parka
in dusk's howling half light

The violence is so complete

now becoming seductive
blowing snow and low sky
the way one's dreams can be
a deep green beauty that takes you in

takes you through the night

past Thomas' close and bully night
past Roethke's long and tearless night
To finally become next summer's harbor
through the madness
my blinder masks of years
falling as ice chunks away
I linger
looking out to look inside
in acceptance
No longer fearful of what I see