

# Lake Superior

Gitchee Gumee, *gitchi-gami*  
Anishinaabe waters  
Deep. Fresh. Cold

All the superlatives dim  
seem insufficient, inadequate.

She is without equal.

She suffers fools not at all.

Like a woman who never wears the same dress twice,  
Superior never shows the same wave again. White-capped  
she thrusts against the shore: sand, logs, ruins of ships.

Her Depth is magnificent, her colors robbed from the rainbow,  
early morning rains, the last glimmer of Midsummer sunset.

Go away if you can, but return is inevitable  
because the waves have already  
claimed you.  
They won't compromise absence.  
They'll seek you out and haunt you  
while you pretend not to miss them,  
not to care that you are 10,000 miles away.

Other waters will never fill the longing,  
only remind you, of where you once stood,  
firm in the sinking sand,  
imprisoned by even the tiny lapping at midnight  
as She pushes agates, small quartz, bits of driftwood  
ashore.

Marlene Broemer  
Lily Lane  
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