

On Seeing Lake Michigan

By Audrey Spencer

THE gray clouds scuttled, whirled, and skipped like fluff
From cottonwoods. The dune stretched up the sky,
All smooth but where the wind could whip a scuff
With bleached and sifted sand. Sea gulls flew high.
We labored up. Our shoes engulfed such sand
We took them off and let it swish between
Our toes. We stopped to breathe and grasp a hand,
And wonder what such awesomeness can mean.
Then suddenly the top sheered off. And oh!
The blue and green and purple edged in lace
Came thundering up the beach so far below
And rolling off to meet the sky and trace,
In mist of those two perfect blues, release
From doubts, uncertainties—a joyous peace!



From the Memoirs of a Smooth-Shaven Man

By Don Jackson

I AM SHAVING. Time was when this novel process seemed
great fun, but today I hold the entire performance in deep
contempt, even antipathy.

I long for hot water. Each morning I creep to the faucet, half
expectant, half sneering, to see if the impossible has happened—