

Lake Erie on a Monday Night

by Anthony M. Powers

Lake Erie on a Monday night,
I walked out to the beach to get away from the tree-line
And into the moonlight
With the shadows of the trees stretching out at me like crooked
fingers.

Colin and Mike were taking pictures,
Trying to grab at the last remaining rays of sunlight
Peeking out from between the water and cloud cover
And there was no one else there because
Even though it wasn't fall yet,
The nights were getting much too cold.
And I could smell the water treatment plant further up the
coastline

Like all the shit was piling up from this rotten city—
The waste and death of it all—
As if I should have expected better of it.
The air and the water and the cold and the shit
All mixing together like mud
And I was breathing it in.
And I could feel winter coming
And the leaves were already turning golden, red,
And falling.
And I knew that I'd be trapped here for the winter,
Probably even longer than that.
There was no denying it anymore.
Then we had lost all the sunlight and now we were just wasting
time and film and ink,
And there was a couple sitting a little ways up the beach
But I could only make out their silhouettes,

And I wanted like hell to leave
Because the wind was aching my bones
And that smell was still stuck in my nose
And I knew then like I know now,
Without a shadow of a doubt,
That there was absolutely no getting away from any of it.

