

MITCHELL KROCKMALNIK GRABOIS
MICHIGAN WINTER

I stood on these cold beaches
at times of the year
no one else came to the beach.

My wife and I pulled out half-frozen sandwiches
and sat at a picnic table covered with ice,
and there was no one there to say:
Those people are crazy.

We wished we could climb the lighthouse stairs
and grip the rails
to keep from being blown off
and flung into the frozen surf
or against some rocks,
but the lighthouses were closed for the season.

We told ourselves that we did this
because we're Michiganders
who believe there's no such thing as bad weather,
only bad clothing.

But we really did it
because we were both laid off and
had nothing better to do,

and after being out in the
freezing cold
the inside of the tavern
felt really good.