

Of Freshwater and Ships

I float
in the clear shimmering water
Of the famous
Lake Superior
Of which ships flow through
Day
And night.
Breathing misty air
In
and out
Of my slightly blue tinted lips
I rise and fall
to the rhythm of the waves
Like a fish balancing
Water
and air
To float
And sink
To the depth of the frozen lake
And a cargo ship
Releasing ballast,
Sighing almost,
After a long journey.
Small minnows dart below me
Escaping from
Invisible shadows.

A 1000 foot boat
With lights that
stand out like stars
Against ebony night
And a coat of paint that blends perfectly
with dark surreal surroundings
Passes my watchful eye

Underneath the shining bridge
And into the harbor
While the sunlight reflects
Off of churning water
With cheers resonating through the air
and shouts of happiness increase
From the harbor
As a Canadian ship enters
Into the world of Duluth
Inhale
and exhale the ballast
Get ready for another trip through the
Great Lakes

Rocking to and fro
Freshwater lapping the insides
Of a cargo boat.
Ballast infested with zebra mussels
And purple loosestrife
strangling the weak wood.
Sea lampreys

Drink the soul out of
The other inhabitants of Lake Superior.
Round gobies and rainbow smelt
Circle the perimeter menacingly
Eyeing small frightened fish
Hiding beneath sticks and stones
From other worlds.
The invasive ones eat,
Leaving nothing behind
For the original Great Lakes citizen.

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