



STONE COUNTRY

Drifts

Becalmed in springtime,
tides out, sandbars in,

and lost from it all.
The scent of coming summer touches,

then blows away.
But even summer comes down

to thunderheads
and long days

and the humid heat of Michigan.
Out on the lake

some sailboat drifts,
having lost it all, upside down:

In remembrance of snowdrifts, other white
sails in wet undulations.

And someone yells,
and starts the dream again.

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