

excerpt from
Listening to the Song of Coal and Metal

by Francis Kazemek 2012

At Lake of the Clouds

High on the escarpment
Looking down on Lake of the Clouds
Dark sky cold rain
Moving across from Superior
An old man in a wheelchair
Pushed up the winding
Wooden rampway by his
Tall angular wife
Stares out over the endless green
Turning yellow and russet
Clasps his wife's hand and exclaims
"Ain't it something, Honey!"

Hunting Agates

At the river mouth as it flows
Into Lake Superior I hunted
With eight other people for agates
They knew what they were looking for
But I didn't so I picked up stones
Of all colors and shapes that caught my eye
White speckled eggs smooth skipping stone shale
A chunk of red rhyolite born deep
In the belly of a volcano
Pebbles of quartz that must have been here
At the beginning of the planet
I threw them all back into the lake
Except for two I kept for no reason
Other than they felt good in my hand
And they had picked me out from countless others