

MINNESOTA BEACH DAY

Sun beating down,
hot first of July.

Italian Riviera?
You could be fooled.

Park Point Beach,
along a superior lake.

Sandy, tanning,
smell of sunscreen.

People aplenty—
but none in the water,

at least not
past the waist.

Is there warning
of sharks?

No—but water's cold enough
to stop a heart.

I dive in, head under,
certain and swift, all at once.

It's winter again,
I'm in the thick of it.

Legs are plum popsicles,
chest a mound of snow.

Back to my towel,
I lay out to thaw

melting under the intense,
searing sun.

A Minnesota beach day
makes all seasons one.