

COLOR OF A ROADHOUSE PORCH

Brown closing over the roadhouse, the wild
of the fog-collapse on the lake

Tamarack trees dust rust across the Huron

A blackbird *caws*
like a mystic & the low grey of rain
on an oil drum from the Chevrolet plant
shuttered just downriver

Yellow Corn Moon this far north
deepens as a star to orange

Painted white splintered screen door, iron
green sign for the state correctional
off the interstate in the distance

Color of the stranger's story—his
burnt umber field—her midnight blue
heart

Michigan I return to you

Yellow moon, yellow moon

on me slanting
in the raked-slat back
of a mountain chair

Red-eyed cicadas by the billions
buzzing wild—



-Bonnie Jill Emanuel

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