

Lou Allin

## Superior

Not for me the tiny opal  
Pond or battened bay.  
I will not cheat geography  
And hide behind nature's skirts.

Face me four-square  
Into Superior's wind,  
Her gales an icy avatar,  
Nine months' protracted death.

There I'll craft a cabin  
With triple-paned  
Transparent walls  
To mock the tempest,  
Flout the lake,  
A god in a protective booth.