

## 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 beat of rain  
on an oil drum from the Chevrolet plant  
shuttered just downriver

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

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

Colors of the strangers' stories—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